

NOVEMBER

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Containing the choicest and most entertaining articles and short stories appearing in the current numbers of the leading magazines of the world, carefully selected and conveniently reproduced; also lists of all the remaining articles of interest in the periodicals of the month.

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Vol. THIRTEEN

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If you will send us the names of any friends to whom we may send a sample copy we will mail them one of this month's issue.

The following might be interested in THE BEE HIVE MAGAZINE, please send them a sample copy. You may use my name when writing there.

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Wintec University

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(Formerly "Business")

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With the present number the *Busy Man's Magazine* enters upon its second year of publication under its new management. The progress made during the past year has been remarkable, being without a parallel in the history of magazine publishing in this country. Each month it has been necessary to increase the run, owing to the larger calls for the magazine from the news stands and from the hundreds of new subscribers added monthly to the lists. The present issue is a very heavy one.

* * *

The editor of the *Irish Monthly* was very kind when he wrote his splendid appreciation of this magazine in a recent number of his publication. He said *The Busy Man's Magazine* "seems to realize the ideal that Mr. W. T. Stead proposed to himself better than Mr. Stead himself has done in his Review of *Reviews*. He, too, proposed to reproduce for busy people the cream of the world's magazines; but he is too original a man, he has too much of his own, to be merely a producer. Every page is sure to be studded with Steadisms. His magazine is not the less interesting for that, but it is the less able to give with adequate fullness the best articles of the periodicals of the previous month. *The Busy Man's Magazine* keeps more steadily to its purpose of reproducing for busy men and women the best articles from the current magazines of the world. The form, too, of the magazine is much more pleasant, of a convenient size and shape, and the type fairly large and readable."

Speaking of Christmas presents, might we not suggest the value of a year's subscription to this magazine? This magazine-giving idea was boomed considerably last year and we understand it took well. Consider the great class of fathers. How difficult it often is to discover something worth while to give to the head of the house! The fathers seem so well supplied with everything and yet mothers, aunts, uncles and children would like so much to give them some gift. Don't you think they would be pleased with the *Busy Man's Magazine*, coming monthly, and so delightfully supplementing their newspaper reading? And fathers are not the only class who would appreciate such a present. When in doubt, therefore, don't forget the *Busy Man's Magazine*.

* * *

We welcome criticisms and suggestions from our readers. The editorial mind is far from being infallible and mistakes are sometimes made, which we later regret. For instance, last month we published an article, which appeared to us to be perfectly fair and impartial. One of our readers, however, felt hurt over it and wrote to explain why he disapproved of the article. This action, on his part, we take in a kindly way, for it lets us know wherein we have erred. In future we shall be enabled to shun this particular danger. How much better this is than for readers to keep silent and let us go on making similar mistakes.

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Kindness

NOTHING else we can do is more worth while than kindness. There is nothing that the world needs more, and nothing else that leaves more real and far-reaching good in human lives. Some day we shall learn that the little deeds of love wrought unconsciously, as we pass on our way, are greater in their helpfulness, and will shine more brightly at the last, than the deeds of renown which we think of as alone making a life great.

J. R. Miller

THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1905.

No. 1

How Science Aids Business

BY THOMAS A. EDISON IN SYSTEM

Encouragement, efficiency, quality—to name these three the business man is calling to his aid every possible instrument and science in his latest quest. For years business men have been looking for some device or process to prevent wasteful expense. To-day scientific men are adding industry in the dimension of waste in production; the addition is to the highest extent of power and the economy of human labor.

SCIENCE, first antagonized by commercial interests, is to-day the strong right arm of business progress. A business not conducted on a scientific basis, not having a knowledge of the scientific principles which are involved in it, cannot succeed to-day.

The revolution from antagonism to close intimacy has been remarkable—due more to persistent research and faith of scientists than to the aumen of business men. But to-day the business man does not and cannot stir without the aid of some factor of science.

Take his day's work, he rides to his work in an electric car, an elevator shoots him to his proper floor in the high building in which he works, if he wants a messenger, there is a call box within a few feet of his desk which will notify an agency miles away; he uses the telegraph, the telephone, the annunciator, without thinking—and only the discoveries of scientists have made them possible.

It took the business man a long

time to overcome his prejudice against the new, and, so far as he was concerned, the untried. Inventors must force their products upon him, and then he is constantly looking for faulty production, either in the machine itself or in its accomplishments. I have in mind one concern just now which has expended enormous sums of money trying to introduce one of its latest products. There is no question about its practical value or of its ultimate adoption; but two or three years will be required to make its manufacture a paying proposition—time consumed in arousing business men to the possibilities of this production.

And this backwardness, this stubbornness, is a more vital loss to business collectively than to the manufacturers of the new device. The profit which business men have lost through delay in the adoption of methods and devices now in common use can never be regained by them.

But business men are learning that science can aid them. I helped build the first type-writer that came out

At that time I had a shop in Newark and a man from Milwaukee—a Mr. Sholes—came to me with a wooden model, which we finally got into working shape. Then came the waste of time and money before the typewriter was looked upon as useful. Now the business man sees that business on a modern scale would be impossible without the help of this little despised machine, based on scientific principles. The typewriter manufacturer eventually won back his initial loss. But how about the business man—the user?

Science comes much closer in its offer of help to the business man than merely in his use of mechanical devices. The two greatest industries of this country, which would be unmanned to-day were it not for science, prove this. The steel corporation would be only a number of scattered local furnaces and forges, the packing industry would still be made up of tens of thousands of little one-man shops—if it had not been for science, which in Pittsburgh produces the best that is possible from the raw material of iron or coke or coal, and in Chicago works into some useful product every part of the animal. And to-day the steel companies and packing houses show their appreciation of science by their \$50,000-a-year laboratories—which the men in the shops may look upon as non-productive and expense-consuming, but which the owners know are the heart which pumps the life-blood of business—profit.

Science has its three great tasks marked out for it in the commercial world to-day: The elimination of waste in production, the utilization to the highest extent of power, and the economy of human labor—these are the chief problems in the development of business.

After capital is assured, the three great factors in production are material, labor, power, which form a link between the source of supply and the egress of the finished product. Science, in the laboratories, in the mine and field, at the loom and engine, is endeavoring to get more value out of these three links.

Every business man has his small problems to solve—concrete adaptations of these three great problems to his own business. He needs science to tell him what coal is the best for his use; what ingredients to use in his product to make it wear; how to treat his wood to give it quality, how to handle his process to save human labor; how to turn into profit his many wastes. The individual business man needs the aid of science here as does the business world in its bigger problems.

The next question then is: How shall the business man use science to the betterment of his business—to secure economy, efficiency and quality?

Many manufacturing houses, among which I have mentioned the steel companies and the packing houses, have permanent departments and employ a force of finely educated scientists with costly equipments, whose sole object it is to make improvements in the product and in the processes of manufacture, to test materials, and lower production costs.

There are perhaps few business houses which can afford a department of this kind, yet many could pay the salary of a chemist, and make a good profit over and above, by employing his trained mind and observation in their business. And those still smaller could find their efficiency greatly increased if they could from time to time take the problems which are arising in their business to a scientist for solution.

A toy manufacturing concern in New England whose output is far under a half million dollars employs all of one chemist's time—and he has saved many times over his salary by his experiments with and watchfulness over the paints, paper and wood which the concern uses in its manufacture.

Before the age of industrial development the scientist could give his time to the Nebular theory, tracing wandering stars, to alchemy and to horoscopes. But to-day the demands made upon his time and strength call him directly into the field of productive action.

Mrs. Casey's Dollar

BY ELLEN PARKER BUTLER IN SUCCESS MAGAZINE

When Mrs. Casey accepted the job of cleaning the windows of the single passenger coach of the English Valley Railway Company, she had no idea what trouble lie before her. Mr. Simon Yoder, president of the company, was an unscrupulous capitalist. His opinion held back Mrs. Casey for months and finally discovered a way to scare her altogether. But Mrs. Casey was unbroken and in the end she got her dollar.

MR. SIMON YODER, president of the English Valley Railway Co., stood on the station platform and looked at the company's only passenger coach. He was feeling particularly pleased with himself, for, as president of the West English Cheese Factory, he had just made a contract for the sale of the factory's entire output of cheese, and, as president of the West English Bank, he had bought a couple of mortgage notes that would undoubtedly have to be foreclosed, making about two hundred per cent. for the bank. For a year or more the conductor had wanted the car windows cleaned, but President Yoder was not an extravagant man.

"If somebody wants to look out of those car windows," he would say, "it ain't no use to it. It ain't much to see out at. I can't afford window washings when round trips to Kilo is only one dollar. One dollar only pays for ridings; it don't pay for scenery."

Therefore Peter Geis, the conductor, fell off the station platform

and skinned the palms of his hands on the cinders when he heard President Yoder's instructions.

"Them windows is too smutty, already, Geis," he said, smoothing his shiny Prince Albert coat over his plump stomach. "Decent railroads don't have such smutty windows. To-morrow get them windows cleaned up good."

Mrs. CASEY was glad to get the job. She was at the car on time next morning, with pad and rags and soap, and went to work. At six thirty the car, preceded by the engine, pulled out from the station on its trip to Kilo, and all the way down and back Mrs. Casey scrubbed and polished, and when the train pulled into West English station the job was done, and she was ready to hurry uptown and collect the dollar, for her son Mike, five years old and freckled like a guinea hen, was lying in his bed at home because Dugan's goat had eaten his pants, and he was due at school, at one o'clock, to speak the "Charge of the Light Brigade" in the grand closing ex-

eries of the year and term, and Edmiston, the general-store man, was having a sale of boys' pants at ninety-eight cents, marked down from one fifty.

As the car stopped she jumped

wantin' a pair o' thin ninety-eight cent pants fer Mike. He ain't got no pants at all."

Edmiston continued to take down the sign.

"That's all right," he said. "How old is Mike? Five? I'll put aside a pair of five-year-olds for you."

Mrs. Casey hurried off. She was round and weighty and to hurry made her gasp and groan. When she reached the bank the president was not there. She went to Yoder's house. Mrs. Yoder said he had gone out to the cheese factory. Mrs. Casey panted out to the cheese factory. She found Mr. Yoder sadly picking up pieces of a cheese that had fallen off the scales and broken.

"Will ye give me th' dollar fer th' ole'zin' of th' ear, Misster Yoder?" she gasped. "An' quick, fer Mike's in hed, him havin' no pants t' his name, an' 't is goin' on twelve o'clock this minute, an' school takin' up at wan o'clock."

Mr. Yoder dropped a piece of the cheese; he was so startled. Not in fifty years had any one been so rash as to ask him for money suddenly.

"Arh!" he cried, angrily. "Now see! That piece of cheese ain't hardly good for fish bait! She gone to nothings already. People don't ask for money so sudden. That ain't business. I don't like giving my money to spend so quick; that ain't no decent way to treat money."

Mrs. Casey glared at him.

"An' phwat is it t' you, amphyow?" she asked, with equal anger. "'T is my own money. Wud ye hear Mike spakin' th' Charge of the Light Brigade' stark naked, like wan av them Peejee haythins? Give me th' dollar, Misster Yoder."

Mr. Yoder bent down and picked



"Marked down from one fifty."

from the step and ran up the street toward the bank, to find President Yoder and collect the dollar.

Edmiston, as she passed, was taking down the special sale sign.

"Aw! Misster Edmiston," she coaxed, "wud ye hate th' sign be till I run up t' th' bank an' git wan dollar Misster Yoder is owlin' t' me, that's th' dear man? I'm

up a cheese remnant. He dusted it carefully with his plump hand.

"So!" he said, mildly. "I ain't paying out for the railroad company, Missus Casey. I ain't the railroad company, already. I ain't but President. I ain't so much yet, ain't got all the say. Them directors, they got a say, too. They pass on bills. You must send in a bill, yet. So is it—you must send in a bill for that dollar?" He went on dusting the cheese.

Mrs. Casey put her hands on her hips and swore with her eyes. Oaths snapped in her red hair, and profanity glowed on her brow.

"A hill!" she cried. "A hill! An' ivry blissee moment Edmiston's raisin' up th' price av pants from ninety-eight eents t' wan fifty, beyond th' reach av me, an' Mike weepin' his eyes out wid you a sthandin' here wilpin' th' end off a chunk av cheese not fit for a pig to ate an' shoutin' at th' top av your voice fer me t' seek out a hill!" Oh, thank ye, Misster Prresident Yoder!" lowering her voice to her most hitingly sarcastic tone. "An' do ye think, Misster Prresident Yoder, I carry me pen an' ink an' me day book an' ledger an' me journal an' writin' desk as' blotty paper whin ter I go washin' windys? T' is in haste I am, Misster Prresident Yoder, if ye plez, fer Mike's pants was entirely et up by Dagan's goat, includin' the suspenderes!"

Mr. Yoder calmly raised another piece of cheese from the floor and began picking dust specks from it.

"It does no good to talk so much, already," he said. "Talk is nothings; hurry up is nothings; pants is nothings! Nothings is nothings! I was not eatin' up Mike's pants yet. Pants make no difference with railroad companies. Pants has not to

do with bills. So it must be, always—a bill! Such is the system—a bill! Always it is—a bill."

Mrs. Casey folded her arms and eyed him sarcastically.

"Th' prresident av th' railroad," she said, slowly. "An' th' prresident av th' bank! An' th' prresident av th' cheese factory! requesting a leddy to mek out a bill fer th' treminjous sum of wan dollar! Much oblige t' ye, sor! A bill I will muk, but let me say wan worrad—There be niggers as' they be black, an' there be injuns an' they be durthy animalls; an' there be French, an' Knobshus, an' Eyetalians, an' all th' races av min that kem out av Noah's ark two by two, an' some of thim be dang mean, but whin th' devil created th' combination av a railryoad prresident an' a Pennsylvany Doctehman he hruck the record! Good day t' ye!"

The air of her departure was magnificent. She had the spiritual presence of rustling silks and glittering diamonds, but her high-spirited nose was a plain, mad pog.

President Yoder looked at her unmoved, and then turned to the cheese.

"Too bad!" he said, with real sorrow. "Man can't hardly sell such busted cheese for nothings."

Mrs. Casey was as quick to recover her cheerfulness as she was to get in a temper, and in ten minutes she was herself again. She let Mike sit up in a cane rocker with a blue gingham apron tied around his waist, and she wrote her bill with a stubby pencil on a sheet of blue-lined note paper that Mike had once brought home from school to use in writing a specimen letter describing an imaginary vacation, but had spoiled.

The bill when completed read—

thanks to Mike's essay at a letter—
as follows:

"Dear Teacher, i had a very nice
vacant—(big blot)—ion, i plaide with
(big blot) Mr. Yoder oes me one
dollar for washin car windys Mary
Casey."

She hurried with it to the office of
the railroad company on the second
floor of the bank building. She
climbed the iron outside stairs, and
tried the door. It was closed and
locked, and she sat herself down on
the top step and waited. At a quarter
of one she heard the school bell
ring, and she wept; at one minute of
one she heard the "last" bell ring,
and she dried her eyes. At one there
was the single stroke of the "tardy"
bell, and she set her teeth and
clenched her fists.

It was five minutes after one when
President Yoder ascended the stairs.
Mrs. Casey stood majestically aside
to let him unlock the door, draw-
ing her skirt carefully away from
him. This was intended to stigmatize
to the heart with her contempt.

She followed him in, and stood be-
side his desk while he took off his
hat and seated himself, and then,
with the air of injured innocence
playing a trump, she laid the bill
on the desk before him, and folded
her arms.

Mr. Yoder put his spectacles on
his nose carefully and picked up the
sheet of paper. He read it; read it
again; frowned and looked a question
at Mrs. Casey, who was stand-
ing glaring down at him.

"What is it?" he asked, puzzled.
"I don't know what it is."

"Tis the bill!" said Mrs. Casey.
"So?" he asked, drawing the word
out long and thin. "The bill? So of-
fice it?"

He lifted it and creased his
forehead into wrinkles.

"Dear teacher," he read, slowly
spelling out the words, "I had a
very nice vacation—What is it,
Misses Casey? It is no bills."

Mrs. Casey's nose trembled like
an offended rabbit's.

"Rade on!" she said, coldly.

Mr. Yoder took up the paper again.
"I—I—plaide, played with—"

Mrs. Casey leaned forward.

"The bill commences t' begin
there," she hissed. There was but
one sibilant in the sentence, but she
made it hiss for all the six words.

"Mister Yoder?" he read,
"o-es, owes, me, ons, dollar, for,
wash, in, windys, Mary, Casey."

"As" so ye do," said Mrs. Casey.

"No," said Mr. Yoder, "I owe
nothing. The railway company
owts—pushy. Make a new bills—
English Valley Railway Company,
so!"

He handed her a sheet of paper.
It was a hand bill, printed on one
side with a sale notice, with a pic-
ture of a fat cow. Mr. Yoder did
not waste things. Mrs. Casey took
the paper and leaned over the desk.
She put the heel of one foot on the
ankle of the other and began to
wrote.

"And, say!" said Mr. Yoder.
"Don't put in such about 'Dear
teachers,' and all I ain't un-
derstanding those 'Dear teachers,'
anyhow. Such makes nothings any
better. Leave it out. So much
writings use up my pencils too much
and ain't no use."

He took the bill when Mrs. Casey
had completed it and looked at it
approvingly. Then he folded it up
and put it in the pigeonhole marked
"Bills." The pigeonhole was so
full he had to squeeze its contents
down to make room for the new
comer. Then he smiled.

"Good!" he said, with satisfac-
tion. "So is it all right ones."

Mrs. Casey did not smile at this
pleasantries. "I am waitin' fer th
dollar," she said, coldly. Mr. Yoder
shook his head.

"It is not so bills is paid, yet,"
he explained. "Railroads run by
systems." Without systems could
there be no railroads; everything
busts up like cheeses. So is there
systems, already. So is there time
tables, and rates, and rebates, and
all systems. Everywhere is systems.
For everythings is some systems.
And for bills is systems, too."

"Twas not fer systems I ken
her, Mister Yoder," said Mrs.
Casey, "but fer wan dollar t' buy
pants for Mike, him hem' half naked
wid Dugan's goat eatin' th' pants
off him, an' Edimiston hedin' out a
pair for ninety-eight einty while I
git th' dollar. I give not was dang
fer yer systems, Mister Yoder! If
I hed twenty systems Mike end not
wear them on th' bare legs av him."

"Business is business," said Mr.
Yoder, slowly. "And, in railroads,
systems is business. Such is the
systems—You give me a bill, yes
here is the bill fied, yes. Comes the
first of the month, and so is the bill
sent to Stein, the conductor, for
O.K., already, yes. Then comes
the bill for my O.K., yes. Then,
next month is the hoard of direc-
tors meeting and comes the bill to
vote, yes. When the directors vote
'yes,' goes the bill by the auditor,
yes. Next makes out the auditor a
voucher, yes. Goes the voucher to
the cashier, yes. And then," he
said, bringing the flat of his hand
impressively down on his desk, "if
is so much money by the treasury,
is the bill paid! So is the system.
Nothing charges such a systems.
Always is it the same. Not for

nothings is the systems changed.
Not for nobody at all. Always,
always, always is the system!"

Mrs. Casey's face had been grow-
ing longer and longer. Hope de-
parted and bewilderment came.

"An' whie—whin, sor, kin I be
expectin' t' receive th' arrival av
a dollar, Misster Yoder?" she
haltered.

Mr. Yoder raised his eyebrows and
shoulders. He was kind, even cheer-
ful, but indefinite.

"Now is but June," he said.
"June! Hah! June! Say—say



"So will you take your bill."

December. Not after December.
Such systems is not fast, no; but
sure, yes."

Mrs. Casey turned and walked
straight to the door. She went out.
Mr. Yoder picked up the old bill
from where it had fallen on the floor
and, tearing off the strip at the hot-
ton on which Mrs. Casey had not
written, put the unused part care-
fully away for future use. A hun-
dredth of a penny saved is a
hundredth of a penny earned. Mrs.
Casey put her head in at the door.

"December!" she cried. Dayokin-

ber!" "I will be plisit fer Mike wid no pants in Daaimher! If the lad catches pneumonia in his bare legs by it I'll hev th' law on yer illegast system! Remember that, Mither President Yoder!"

She went down the steps, and at the bottom she glanced sideways toward Edmiston's store, across the street, and hurried on, for on his ledger Edmiston had an old, old account against Mary Casey, and across it, in violet ink that pretended to be black, was written "N.G.". When she had money in hand Mrs. Casey did not hear Edmiston ill will because she owed him that outlawed account. She was willing to let bygones be bygones and forget the old account; but when she had no money the old account accused her, and she felt guilty, and always avoided him as much as she could.

"Hey!" called Edmiston, "Hey, Mrs. Casey!"

Her impulse was to hurry on, but she could not pretend ignorance of that voice. It was loud enough to call home a deaf cow from the next county. She hesitated, and crossed the street, formulating her excuse as she went:

"Th'ould cheese-rind ar a Yoder," she began, but Edmiston interrupted her with a laugh.

"Wouldn't pay? I thought so. He has to hug a dollar for a month or two before he kisses it good-by. I was thinking I ought to have this store cleaned up—shelves scrubbed, walls washed—wonder if you would do it for me?"

"Wud I do it?" cried Mrs. Casey. "Ah, you're th' swate gentleman as iver was, Mither Edmiston! Law me but git me pail from me shanty!"

"Not to-day," said Edmiston,

"nor to-morrow, that's market day. Say Monday. And here's the boy's pants you spoke for. They can come out of the—"

Mrs. Casey did not wait to hear

"Hirvin' bliss ye, Mither Edmiston!" she cried, grasping his hand. "If there be room fer another saint in hivin', wid them so crowded already, sure 'twill be Saint Edmiston av West English! 'Tis th' patron saint av widly's an' orphans ye he sellin' was fifty pants fer ninety-eight cents, an' takin' them out is wearin', an' nivir sayin' th' worried system, which was invented be th' devil t' oppress th' laborin' man. Thank ye, sor, an' much obligie t' ye, an' if ye wot th' devil himself I wud say th' same."

Mike's clothing in summer consisted of two items: I., shirt, and II., pants. The quickest he had ever dressed was one day when he was swimming when he should have been in school, and saw his mother comin' over the hill with a barrel stave in her hand; but he dressed quicker when Mrs. Casey got home with the new pants, for there were two of them, Mrs. Casey and Mike. He was buttoning the top button of his shirt as he took his seat in the schoolroom, "tardy" but "present," and it did not matter, for there was no "next day" to bring retribution.

The long vacation passed, and the autumn months, and the first of December came, but no dollar came to Mrs. Casey from the English Valley Railway Company. On the second she went up to collect the dollar.

"We don't owe nothings," said Mr. Yoder, calmly. "All is settled up, already."

Mrs. Casey wrapped her shawl around her and stood like a statue of Ireland defying the Dutch. She

was mad at the Dutch, but she had expected to be mad, and she was glad to be able to be. It was almost worth a dollar.

"Such a bill for one dollar, it was passed 'O.K.' by the systems," said Mr. Yoder. "Stein makes his 'O.K.' on that hill. I make my 'O.K.' on that bill. The board of directors they vote 'yes' and 'O.K.' that bill. The auditor makes a voucher for that hill. All is done as the systems says, already. Then comes the voucher by the cashier. Such is the beauty of a systems! Shall I pay?" says the cashier. "First look does Mrs. Casey owe somethings," says the systems. "When we don't owe somethings, then pay."

He paused to let the wonder of system work into her soul, but her soul was so full of anger there was no room for wonder.

"So!" said Yoder. "He looks. He finds on such ledgers a bill against Mrs. Casey for one dollar. So is all squared up, already. The company owes somethings; Mrs. Casey owes nothing. All is even."

"A bill agin Misses Casey fer wan dollar!" cried Mrs. Casey. "An' fer phwat, may I kindly ask, does Misses Casey owe th' railroad, I dunno?"

"For riding on the cars," said Mr. Yoder, blandly. "Such costs is for round trips to Kilo. Nobody rides for nothings, yet. One dollar, round trip to Kilo; so everybody pays, such a round trip you took when cleaning the car windows, already. One way is sixty cents, but I ain't so mean. I ain't charging one twenty. You had a right to buy a round-trip ticket, but I ain't so awfule mean, I say let it be for a round trip, anyway. Just one dollar."

Mrs. Casey did not stop to argue. She went down the stairs and across the street and up another flight to

the court of justice of the peace. The case came up promptly, for it was not a busy time.

"Now when did you clean the windows?" asked the justice, when the case was called.

"Twas awn th' tenth av June," said Mrs. Casey, positively.

The justice of the peace looked at her sternly.

"Be careful!" he cautioned her. "Be careful! How-how, Mrs. Casey, do you fix that date in your mind? How can you be so sure of the date of a trifling event that occurred so long ago?"

"An' end I iver forgit ut!" she asked, angrily. "An' wasn't it Mike's birthday? An' him in bed th' day on account av Dagan's goat havin' et his pants, which was hanging on th' line, me havin' washed th' day before because th' mikt day was th' last day of school, an' Mike goin' t' speake th' Charge av th' Light Brigade, an' who iver heard of speakin' th' Charge av the Light Brigade' wid no pants on' Mebby some does, ver honor, but no Casey does, or will, an' shame t' ye t' think it, yer honor. A Casey's as good as the wixt wan."

The justice of the peace rubbed his whiskers thoughtfully and frowned at Mrs. Casey.

"That sounds like contempt of court," he said. "At least, it is almost contempt of court. You talk so fast I can't tell whether it is or not. If it was, I'd fine you. Next time speak slower."

The defense had a lawyer. He was old Sim Mohray.

"Judge," he said, trembling on his legs, but with the noble frown he had cultivated for fifty years, "this woman has no case. We are prepared to prove, first, she never washed the car windows of the Eng-

English Valley Railroad; second, that she did such a poor job that she is not entitled to pay, and third, that the railroad has an equal counter-claim against her. I—I think, Judge, you should advise this woman to go home and attend to her daily round of household duties. What is nobler, your honor, than to see the noble women of our glorious land attending to their household duties? And—now, mark me!—what is less womanly, more degrading than to see woman, the noblest and fairest of God's creatures, muddling



"He shed it and crossed his forehead into wrinkles."

with the law and seeking to pervert its grand institutions to the base purpose of wringing an unearned sum from the defenseless and—and oppressed English Valley Railway Company, duly incorporated under the laws of the state of Iowa?"

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the justice, "she talk'd the work Everybody in town talked about it. You know that."

"Our counter-claim," said Sim Mohray, "is that she rode from West English to Kilo and back, the fare for which trip is one dollar."

"An' did I want t' go?" asked Mrs. Casey, bitterly. "Wud any one want t' tow th' land in th' cold pig sty av a car that did not her t'?" Twas them dragged me away, yer honor, without sayin', 'hy yer leave, ma'am.'"

The justice nodded.

"Sim," he said, "Yoder'd better pay up this dollar. You ain't got no case at all. As I understand the law it's dead agin you. First, this woman was an employee and she was entitled to the ride. Second, if you charge her for the riding, she can charge you back with mileage for the same amount. And third, if you get sassy about it, she can sue you for abduction for carrying her, too, when she didn't want to go, and, I tell you, abducting a widow ain't no joke. I never knewed anybody to abduct a widow yet that wasn't sorry for it. I don't know the law on it, but I guess it's pretty stiff. I guess I will just grant judgment for one dollar and interest agin the railroad, and tax it for the costs."

Mrs. Casey waited expectantly for the dollar and interest. The light of triumph was in her eyes, but Sim Mohray knew his client. He gave formal notice that the case would be carried to a higher court, but, a week later, when the sheriff levied on the rolling stock of the English Valley Railway Company, Mr. Yoder, assisted by the remarks of the people, ordered the cashier to pay Mrs. Casey one dollar and five cents.

"Wan dollar!" said Mrs. Casey, when the round silver disk was laid in her hand. "Wan dollar! An' there be th' dist in it av President Yoder's fingers from holdin' onto it so hard! An' t' think President George Washington wance t'row a

dollar acrost th' Pat-o-mack River fer newhawn' but th' faw av throwin'! Shure, there be presidents an' presidents! An' foive cents intrist!"

She shook her head over the unfathomable ways of capital and corporations.

"Foive cents! Well, ammynow, there be oil trusts an' no wan kin down them; an' there be railroads trusts an' no wan kin do anything to them; an' there be beef trusts an'

no wan kin hurrt their feelin'; an' there be systems av foliance in Wall Street an' no wan kin make them wink wan eye, but not wan av them all knows th' knowledge av keepin' toight hold av a cuss aqual t' Präsident Yoder, av West English, and a Casey got wan dollar an' foive cents out av him! Wan hundred an' foive cents! Sure, 'twill take wan hundred an' foive years off th' ind av his loile!"

The Business Mayor of Scranton

BY HAROLD J. HOWLAND IN THE OUTLOOK

After a long and bitter struggle, J. Benjamin Dimmick became the Mayor of Scranton. His platform was purely and simply the pursuit of a sound business administration for the city. He was a man who could not be induced to give up his ideals and his mission in these days of graft and corruption, and he got his election to the mayorship because he had been all that could be desired.

THE mayor of the City of Scranton, in the State of Pennsylvania, a few weeks after his election, took the twelve o'clock express for New York. The porter, an old acquaintance, ushered him to his place in the parlor car with his accustomed greeting:

"Here's your seat Mr. Dimmick."

On the return journey, made by coincidence in the same car, the salutation was slightly changed:

"Here's your seat, Mr. Mayor," with a lingering emphasis on the title. In the smoking compartment a little later the porter offered an explanation.

"I didn't know you was our Mayor, Mr. Dimmick. Folks said it was you, but I said, 'No, it ain't. Our Mr. Dimmick's a gentleman. He goes around tending to his own business. He ain't no politician.'"

However hard the antithesis may bear on the rank and file of America's governing class, it contains an

apt characterization of Scranton's new Mayor, Mr. J. Benjamin Dimmick. There are two points in it that need emphasis. First, Mr. Dimmick is not a politician; his experience in public life is limited to something less than a year's membership of the Board of School Control twenty years ago; and his methods are not those that are in common use in political life to-day. Second,

who attends to his own business, and who is now attending to the city's business as if it were his own, and as if it were a real business to be governed by business rules and business principles.

Scranton is a city of one hundred and twenty-five thousand people, situated in the Lackawanna valley of north-eastern Pennsylvania. It is the centre of the great anthracite coal region, and one of the principal distributing points for coal. It has large manufacturing interests and is an im-

portant centre for general trade. To the surprise of the uninformed visitor who had thought of it as a magnified mining town, dingy, dirty, and rough, it has many beautiful streets and fine public buildings. The County Court-house, the City Hall, the Young Men's Christian Association building, the High School, the Public Library, and two hospitals are excellent specimens of public architecture. The location within the city limits of a score of coal mines, with their towering breakers and their huge black culm piles, built up to a height of seventy or eighty feet by the refuse from the breakers, gives a unique and picturesque aspect to the city when seen from a neighboring height.

The population of Scranton has two significant elements, one of which certainly, the other probably, has an influence on the character of its public life. Its laboring class is made up of many nationalities. The churches of a city are perhaps as good an index as any of the racial composition of its population. Scranton has churches in bewildering variety, including the usual churches of the average American city, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, Catholic, and in addition Italian Protestant and Catholic churches. Hungarian, Slav, German, Welsh, even the Greek Orthodox. In so heterogeneous a working population the opportunities for corrupt politics are unlimited, the problem of arousing the public conscience is correspondingly hard. The other element is intimately associated with the history of the city. Scranton was founded and settled by New Englanders, as was much of the territory around it. The northern section of Pennsylvania was originally a part of Connecticut, and it took

years of warfare and arbitration to establish Pennsylvania's claim to it shortly after the close of the Revolution. But its people retained New England characteristics, very different from those of the Quaker inhabitants of Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania Dutch of Harrisburg. It is perhaps not too great a stretch of probability to attribute—as was suggested to me by a prominent Scranton citizen—the movement for civic improvement, represented by the activities of the Municipal League and the nomination and election of Mayor Dimmick, at least in part, to the persistence of the New England spirit and New England ideals.

For many years Scranton has been politically under the control of one family and the Republican machine dominated by the head of that family. It has had the kind of political government (using the adjective in the debased sense which has become its most usual one) too common among the cities of the country to need description. The administration of the city's affairs had not become notoriously rotten. It had not reached the low estate of New York when it was under the control of a Croker who "was working for his own pocket all the time," or of Cincinnati under a Cov, or of Philadelphia under a Durban. But the time-worn motto, "To the victor belong the spoils," with the corollaries which custom has clustered around it, had the force of an unwritten charter supreme among the written instruments of the city's government. A mayor or a councilman or the director of a municipal department was held to owe his first allegiance to the men or the machine that had given him his place. To sum it up, I must return to the word politi-

cal, with the unwholesome suggestions which that word so generally implies.

The impulse which started the movement resulting in Mr. Dimmick's election came from the Scranton Municipal League, which had been working during several years for the improvement of conditions in municipal affairs. A meeting at luncheon of a score of prominent citizens evolved the suggestion of an independent movement to give the city a clean, efficient administration. Mr. Dimmick was proposed as the leader of the movement; the proposal was heartily approved. As he expressed it to me, "It was put up to me, I had been criticizing the existing state of affairs for twenty years, and I felt it was time for me to 'fish, cut bait, or go ashore.'" He felt that a duty confronted him, and he accepted. It was agreed that he should decide whether he should run as an independent candidate or try to get a regular party nomination.

The group of citizens immediately went to work to secure support for Mr. Dimmick's candidacy. Petitions were circulated in all parts of the city, and as fast as they were signed they were sent to him. These petitions read as follows:

"The undersigned citizens and electors of the City of Scranton, without distinction of party, realizing the desirability of eliminating as far as possible baneful political influence from the administration of the city government, and of securing a purely business conduct of its affairs, and having confidence in your ability to promote these ends, request you to permit the use of your name as candidate for the office of mayor at the forthcoming municipal election."

The petitions bore several thousand names, amounting to a sub-

stantial proportion of the total number of votes cast at the last city election. Some of Mr. Dimmick's supporters advised an independent ticket, but he, realizing that it was his business to be elected, and strongly urged by other and perhaps more practical friends, registered his name, as required by law, as a candidate for nomination at the Republican primaries.

Mr. Dimmick's nomination was opposed by the machine, who put up the director of public safety in the then existing administration, Mark K. Edgar. Literally at the eleventh hour of the last day for registering candidates, however, Mr. Edgar's name was withdrawn, and that of William Corless, the warden of the county jail, and a thoroughgoing labor man, was substituted. The purpose of the move was obvious. Mr. Dimmick was a rich man and an officer in corporations; if the labor sentiment could be aroused against him, he might be beaten. Then began a strenuous campaign for the nomination.

In attempting to give some idea of Mr. Dimmick's personality and his qualifications for the office which, in response to the popular command, he was seeking, I cannot do better than to quote from the Scranton Times, the Democratic newspaper of the city:

"A gentleman of wealth, of culture, of public spirit, courteous, amiable, dignified; a successful business man. He is president of the Lackawanna Trust and Safe Deposit Co., and of the Scranton Lace Curtain Co., and is interested in a number of important local industries and charities. He is a Republican in politics, but has never been even indirectly connected with any political machine."

The platform on which he sought the nomination was simple and direct: First and foremost, a business administration as opposed to a political administration; the recognition of merit in the holders of positions in the city government and the rewarding it with security and permanency; the distribution, on a safe, proper, and equitable basis, among the various financial institutions of the city, of all public funds, and the securing to the city on all such deposits of the interest which had formerly been a perquisite of the treasurer's office; the laying of sewers wherever investigation showed the need for them; better construction, maintenance, and cleaning of the city's streets; extension and improvement of the park system; the effort to secure the equitable taxation of franchisees and public utilities. These were some of the special objects that he would try to accomplish; but, above all and embracing all, he promised a business administration.

It was a vigorous campaign. Mr. Dimmick spoke at meetings every noon and every night, going from one end of the city to the other. The machine fought him hard, for a mayor who should eliminate politics from his programme would be disastrous for their organization. They attacked him as a bluestocking, an aristocrat, a corporation man, an enemy of labor. The labor argument they used freely, for his opponent was a member of a labor union and well known as an advocate of union methods. But Mr. Dimmick had for twelve years been an employer of labor in the curtain factory of which he was president; he had never had a fight with the union; he was known to be what union men call a "fair" employer. When these facts became

known, the labor argument lost most of its force.

In the districts where the foreigners lived he was denounced as a man who had no use for foreigners or for any one who was not a New Englander, or a rich man, or an aristocrat. But Frank Hummler, the vice-president of the Lackawanna Trust Co., tells with a twinkle in his blue eye how he quickly stilled that cry by a speech in a very German district where it had been most loudly uttered. Speaking in German, he said:

"They say Mr. Dimmick has no use for foreigners and common people. Fifteen years ago I came into the office of the Lackawanna Trust Co. looking for a job. I was a raw German lad without money and without friends. He was the manager of that company. If he'd been the kind of man they say he is, he wouldn't have had much use for me. But he gave me a job, and kept me in spite of the advice of some of his associates. And to-day I hold the position that he held then."

But I think the personality of the man must have been the best reply to the things they said against him. He went among the people simply and freely and told them straight what he wanted to do. I'm sure they must have believed him.

Anyhow, when the primaries were over, he had won by over two thousand votes in a total of 10,000. One fight was over, but another was yet to begin.

The campaign for the election was no less vigorous than for the nomination. The Democratic candidate was a thoroughgoing politician, Honest John Gibbons, whose allegiance to his party had been tempered during many years by his loyalty to the Republican boss. He controlled

a group of voters who were said to be always at the disposal of that gentleman when he was personally in a fight.

The Republican machine, as soon as the primaries were over, allied itself heartily and actively with Mr. Dimmick's forces. But again the alliance was made without pledge or promise from the candidate. The machine allied itself with Mr. Dimmick, in that it accepted him as its candidate; but he did not ally himself with the machine in the sense of assuming any obligations to it.

Mr. Dimmick made a whirlwind campaign on his simple platform, going directly to the people and asking their support because he promised them business methods in the administration of the public affairs. The result at the polls was close, but business won by a little less than a thousand votes. The total vote was nearly nineteen thousand, an increase of more than forty-five hundred votes over the previous election—a striking witness to the interest aroused by the novel issue.

After the election, Mr. Dimmick, as one of his close friends expressed it to me, "showed his good sense by going away." He went to his camp in the Adirondacks, where he might consider, free from interruption and solicitation, the appointments to his cabinet which he must make on taking office. He returned only a week before his inauguration, but found there was still plenty of time for applications and suggestions. He discovered that either the politicians had not understood him, or else they believed that he could not stand the pressure when it was skillfully applied. And it was applied with all the skill and force of the veteran politician. It included pressure of the hardest kind for a man to withdraw—pressure from his friends. It took the form, too, of an appeal to ambition. It was suggested that, with the machine behind him, he might become the boss of Lackawanna County, that he might even aspire to the Governorship of the State. They did not realize how little such baits could tempt him. It was doubly hard to go his own way because the men they wanted in a prominent position in the administration would probably have filled the position well. There was nothing against him personally; but he represented organized machine politics, and Mr. Dimmick had promised to have none of that in his administration. It was a hard thing to do, but he carried it through. He made his appointments to suit himself, and they seem to be considered good ones.

So he began his administration, trying to run it as he had run the two corporations which he heads, efficiently and honestly. He promptly carried out his pledge with regard to the city funds by dividing them among the financial institutions of the city. He secured the payment of the interest on these into the city treasury instead of into the city treasurer's pocket, or perhaps the pocket of some one "higher up." It brought a protest from the bank that had held the bulk of the city money, for it made a big hole in its deposits. But it was right, and he had promised to do it. With his director of public works he began to look into the question of clean streets, or rather dirty ones, for that kind predominated. To make them cleaner they tried the simple expedient of making every man on the force do a day's work for a day's pay. It was revolutionary, for under a political administration a good

many city employees substitute a day's work at the polls (or, more likely, a few minutes' work) for a good many days' work at their jobs. It weeded out a lot of men who couldn't measure up to the new standard, but it cleaned the streets.

He introduced civil service methods into the police and fire departments. Three prominent citizens were prevailed upon to act as an examining board for applicants. The examinations were not complex—reading, writing, and speaking good English, the elements of arithmetic, knowledge of the city. They were, of course, supplemented by the usual physical tests. It was simple, but it insured better men for the forces on which the safety of the people depended.

He eliminated politics from the police force. In other days the men were instructed how they should vote; they were used to make house-to-house canvasses in favor of the machine candidates; under the new regime they were told that they might vote as they pleased, but that they would better not display too much political activity. He let it be understood that merit and fitness were to be the tests of employes in all the departments; any one who did the work he was supposed to do efficiently and well was sure of his place. And the men seemed to like the idea. But incompetents he had no use for, no matter what their politics or affiliations. He said to me, in the course of a conversation

at his Lake Placid camp, "Many good citizens feel that a man who is old or crippled or otherwise incapacitated for efficient work might better be hired by the city to do as much as he can than be supported in an almshouse. The theory is as fallacious as can be."

The problems that are present in almost every city—those connected with the liquor traffic—existed in Scranton under two forms: the illegal sale of liquor on Sunday and the existence of unlicensed saloons or "speak-easies." Both practices being unlawful, there was nothing to do, under a business administration, but to put an end to them. The police, infused with the new spirit, went diligently to work, and convictions for both offenses began to increase. Curiously enough, Mayor Dinnick found that the reputable saloon-keepers were with him in this work. It is natural that they should want the "speak-easies" shut up, for their competition hurt the business of the regular saloons, while they bore no part of the taxation. In the matter of Sunday selling, however, it is generally assumed that the saloon-keeper wants to keep open every day in the year. But liquor men came to the mayor and told him they wanted to close on Sunday, so that they might have a day with their families; but they couldn't do it if their competitors didn't close too. If a man shut his saloon while the place on the opposite corner kept open, he would soon lose most of his regular customers to his rivals.

The London District Messenger Boy

BY W. R. NORTHROP IN THE ROYAL

This highly interesting account of the duties which fall to the lot of the London district messenger boy is well worth reading. To-day there is scarcely a field of domestic or professional work in which the messenger boy is not to be found. The author gives several examples of tasks which have been set, all requiring nerve and intelligence.

“WHEN in doubt ring for a messenger boy," is the advice of a well-known actor manager. It is a good rule; for there is scarcely an emergency to which the modern Mercury is unequal. In fact, the capabilities of the call-box are well-nigh inexhaustible. Veritably, it holds, in modern times, a position similar to that commanded by Aladdin's lamp of old. Only, instead of rushing a lamp, and ordering an unwieldy and somewhat terrifying Genie about, you pull a lever, and a harmless messenger boy presents himself willing to go anywhere or do anything that may reasonably be required.

Even in the fearsome field of domestic employment, messengers step in where mistresses fear to tread. Already the function of the nurse-maid has been usurped by the boy in blue; and it looks as if we were coming within a measurable distance of the beastly time when even the cook might be defied with impunity. Doubtless, before many years, should coachman, cook, housemaid, nurse, or other domestic servant "give notice," the alarming situation might be met with complacency by merely "ringing up" for the particular kind of help needed.

Indeed, it is not an unusual sight to-day to see little children escorted to the nearest kindergarten by smartly-dressed messengers. As "babyminders" the popularity of the District Service is growing daily. Lady subscribers very often require messenger boys to take babies out

for walks. Pushing perambulators in the park is not a task for which members of the messenger force compete very vigorously with each other; but, as the custom seems to be growing, doubtless before very long there will be organized a regular babyminding corps. These boys will be trained how to face all the infinite little predicaments that arise in the daily life of King Baby, from keeping the sun out of His Majesty's eyes to—well, other things.

As a matter of fact, there is scarcely a field of domestic or professional work in which District messengers may not be found useful in one way or another. Indeed, the range of their employment is almost as astonishing as is the peculiar character of some of the tasks to which they are assigned.

The keynote of messenger duty is diversity. There is a fascinating uncertainty about the work that must be one of its strongest attractions to those engaged in the service. When a call is rung up for a boy at one of the numerous stations scattered about London, the lad who answers it does not know whether he will be required to take an old maid's basket of kittens out for an airing, or carry a tube of dangerous explosive from one Government laboratory to another.

Not long ago a very cantankerous gentleman sent for a District messenger for the purpose of "changing politics." It seems that this gentleman had been taken ill, and, being a woman-hater, refused to ad-

mit a trained nurse to his presence. As a male attendant was not at the moment available, the doctor hit upon the happy expedient of calling in a District boy who performed his duties admirably.

In fact the enumeration of the peculiar bizarre-tasks to which London messengers are set reads more like romantic fable than sober truth. It was more or less the fashion a few years ago to ring up a messenger, and, in a nonchalant way, send him to the ends of the earth on a trivial quest. This somewhat expensive amusement was indulged in with an air of careless indifference which conveyed a very effective impression.

One of the most notable instances of this kind was the trip made by Jaggers at the instance of Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Davis had made a wager with Mr. H. Summers Somerset, son of Lady Henry Somerset, that he could call up an ordinary messenger boy who would go from London to Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, and deliver letters properly, without written instructions, returning to London by a certain date.

The call was "ring in"; the boy Jaggers responded, took the letters, and started out on his journey without further preliminaries. The lad performed his task with marvelous celerity, and on his return to London became the hero of the hour. He was even presented to the late Queen Victoria, who praised him for his long and plucky journey.

Another extremely interesting adventure was that undertaken by Messenger C. J. Hill, who was required to deliver a collie dog, valued at £2000, to the Sultan of Turkey. The animal was a present from Sir Vincent Caillard, of the National Bank

of Egypt. When young Hill reached Constantinople with his dumb charge he created quite a sensation, the members of the Sultan's Court taking the greatest interest in him. On being presented to His Majesty, he was asked if he would not like to remain in Constantinople, and a place in the Palace was offered him. Though the pay was on princely scale, and the duties were comparatively light, the messenger declined the flattering offer, preferring the sober seriousness of dingy London to the golden glamour of the Eastern capital. On his return home, the Foreign Office notified Master Hill that a Court Honour had been conferred upon him in the shape of a decoration, which was duly forwarded to him, and which he wears to-day on State occasions.

The sending of boys on long-distance journeys is no whit less a matter of everyday occurrence. Recently a lad was sent to Madrid to collect luggage left behind by an English traveler who had visited the Spanish capital in a great hurry. Boys think nothing of a "run over to New York and back."

American visitors often send them over to bring back forgotten articles, or to convey personal messages to friends at home.

One of the most interesting American trips ever taken was that performed for the late Col. McCalmont. The Colonel one day rang up a messenger, and handed him a note "for immediate delivery." On looking at the address, it was ascertained that the point of delivery was Hansard, California, U.S.A. In less than two hours after receiving the commission, the messenger was en route to Liverpool, whence he caught the first boat to New York. Arriving at New York, he lost no time

in booking to California, at that time a seven-day trip by rail across the vast American continent. The note was safely delivered several hours before the arrival of the regular mails; and, as this was Col. McCalmont's object in sending the note by this means, the trip proved a decided success. It is said that the fees in this case amounted to considerably over a hundred pounds, to say nothing of the special present made to the District messenger boy on his return to London.

District messengers are often sent to Paris to pay bills, and even to redeem pledges pawned in the French metropolis. These missions are generally of a very delicate nature, requiring great judgment, tact, and, of course, absolute secrecy. Only those who have been long in the service and who know French well are sent on such quests.

One of the strangest trips ever taken to France was by a District courier sent to the Pasteur Institute to bring back a tube of deadly microbes, required by an English scientist. On another occasion a messenger was despatched to Paris for some liquid air.

These messengers are very popular among scientific investigators, and even the Government occasionally employs them to carry various objects. Not long ago, a boy was required to go from one laboratory to another with a parcel of cordite—one of the most powerful explosives known to man. As cordite is not dangerous unless handled in a certain way, the life of the messenger was not in jeopardy. However, persons who knew what he carried on this occasion were careful to give him a wide berth, and it is safe to say he was not subjected to any

rude "shocks" by his playful companions.

Lecturers on medicine frequently require the attendance of messengers for the purpose of converting them into "models" at physical demonstrations. A not very agreeable task imposed on one of the boys last year was the watching of a corpse. When duties such as this are required, it is the rule of the inspector to call for "volunteers"; but it is seldom boys are daunted by any such demands.

District boys are in great favor among the blind. They are regularly employed in large numbers to take blind persons from place to place. It is said they are most successful in all situations requiring tact and sympathy. Some blind people have become so attached to their messenger guides, that they employ no other attendant. The boys are employed also to wait upon other persons suffering from various afflictions. They are useful in such employment as wheeling the paralytic about in bath chairs, reading to sick people, and doing other kindly offices which verge on the duties of the nurse. Many boys are very entertaining conversationalists, and several of them are quite successful in dealing with patients who prove unreasonable and refractory.

A boy was recently required to conduct a lunatic from London to a point some distance in the country. The journey was performed at night. Naturally, few were anxious to undertake a task requiring that they should be locked in a railway compartment at night alone with a lunatic. The manager of the District Company, who asked for volunteers for this work, was surprised to find, however, that several were quite

willing to perform this unpleasant duty.

But it is not "all work and no play" which falls to the lot of the London messenger. There are some so-called tasks which any of them would be highly delighted to fulfill. Last Christmas, two boys were employed to show the "sights" of London to a couple of Indian Princes and to aid them in their selection of presents to send home.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the guides had a splendid time, from start to finish. The days were spent in sight-seeing and going to shows of various kinds; every night there was a theatre, or a big dinner, and for a week these two youths lived in an earthly paradise. It was very hard on them when they had to return to the ordinary duties of life, after having, practically, been elevated into the rarer atmosphere of Royalty for more than a week.

London messenger boys are not employed by Indian Royalty only, however. They are much in favour in several of the titled families of England. Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House frequently send for them, while at the home of the Duke of Connaught—Bagshot Park—they may be said to be quite a part of the ordinary domestic arrangements. At Clarence House, too, His Royal Highness employs several messengers on the tennis courts to pick up balls. They are also engaged as caddies on a number of ducal golf courses.

A very unique service connected with the Messenger Boy Brigade is "reminding." This consists in calling some people to keep appointments, arousing others at stated times in the mornings, in order that they will be in time for work, keeping some posted with reference to events in which they are interested;

and generally acting as a species of secondary memory, relieving the mind of many petty and vexatious yet, in themselves, important particulars. During the last solar eclipse boys were employed to remind persons of the hour; and, when the last show of meteors was predicted, many boys were engaged to arouse scientific observers from their slumbers in order to observe the phenomena.

If you are interested in some coming event, and fear that, through some inadvertence, you might fail to think of it in time, you can employ a messenger to remind you, and you may depend upon it that your interest in the event will not be allowed to flag.

To the naturally forgetful, messengers have at times rendered yeoman service. A traveller to America via Liverpool recently forgot his ear-trumpet. As the instrument was absolutely necessary to him, he wired to London to have it sent to Queenston, the first point of call of the boat the next morning. A messenger boy dispatched from London with the ear-trumpet arrived at Queenston in ample time to go on board, to the infinite relief of the passenger, who hailed the boy from the tender with great enthusiasm as soon as he saw him.

On another occasion a traveller from Marseilles to India forgot some luggage at the French port. A boy was dispatched from London, and he succeeded, on reaching Marseilles, in having the baggage forwarded in such a way that it was placed on the Indian boat before it had reached the Suez Canal. There are hundreds of cases recorded where forgetful travelers have been wonderfully assisted by

calling in the aid of District messengers at the last moment.

It was out of an incident of this kind that the saying arose: "When in doubt—send for a messenger boy." The story goes that a well-known London actor, traveling in the provinces, on one occasion forgot an important piece of "stage property." He was almost at his wits' end over the matter when, looking out of the window of his hotel, he chanced to see a messenger boy crossing the street. The idea occurred to him to telegraph to London to have a messenger boy to look after the missing article. This was done with great success, and the situation saved.

There are often existing incidents in the careers of messenger boys. Not infrequently their services have been useful in connection with the trapping of criminals. Now and then call-boxes are used as burglar-alarmes. A notable case of this kind occurred in St. John's Wood a few years ago, at the residence of Mr. Cohen. Finding that his house had been broken into, Mr. Cohen rang up the District Messenger Station at Swiss Cottage, and conveyed the intelligence that a burglar was on his premises. Of course this was done without the knowledge of the trespasser. Two messenger boys went immediately and brought policemen to the spot, just in time to capture a man leaving the house with his booty.

Some of the tasks imposed upon messengers are ludicrous. For instance, one boy was required to lead a live donkey from Charing Cross to Euston. He left the station amid the applause and taunting chaff of the railway porters. As he proceeded to his destination, his progress became a species of triumphal

march, most of the street gamins of that section of London manifesting the liveliest interest in the boy and his somewhat frisky charge.

Another boy was called up to take a basketful of kittens out for an airing. Taking pet dogs to walk in the parks is one of the most usual occupations of the messengers; while they are often employed to look after other pets as well, such as small hawks, parrots, and monkeys.

One of the most amusing experiences ever had by a messenger boy was to conduct a Chinese servant belonging to the family of a wealthy peer from London to a place on the Continent.

The Celestial from the Flowery Kingdom arrived in England direct from the East too late to meet his master, who had gone abroad, and the Chinaman was turned over to the tender mercies of a messenger boy. Of course, the stranger could not speak a word of English, nor did the boy know any Chinese; while neither of them knew a word of French. The journey was performed by means of signs, the "inexplicable dumbshow" affording an immense fund of amusement to the fellow-passengers of the strange pair. However, despite all his difficulties, the messenger delivered John Chinaman safely, and the efforts of the knight of the call-box were duly rewarded.

There are times, however, when the employment offered these boys are far from amusing or pleasant. Bank robbers and cheque forgers have occasionally utilized them as part of their "system." The usual thing is to call a boy to some first-class hotel—where a room has been engaged as part of the plan—and send him to the bank with a forged cheque. The boy, innocently enough,

presents the cheque, and very often obtains the money before it is discovered that the document is a forgery. By this means the impostor himself is not seen in the bank, and cannot be identified subsequently, except of course, by the messenger boy.

Another form of employment which is to be deprecated is sending boys to various points for the express purpose of dispatching telegrams conveying the impression that the principal is absent on business.

This kind of work is, it is scarcely necessary to say, not encouraged by the company. As the boys when called out, however, are at the service of whoever employs them, they are not supposed to be more than mechanical instruments of their employers, who are responsible to the company for their time. If they are required to go down into the country to send a telegram message back to London, that is part of their "day's work," and the boys themselves are not supposed to ask questions.

One of the most important duties of messenger boys is acting as guides to London visitors. Many of the newly-elected Members of Parliament have employed them in this capacity, and found them extremely efficient. Several of the boys are endowed with exceptionally accurate information of a unique character concerning points of interest in London; and nearly all know the streets of the metropolis "like a book." Indeed, it is part of the training of the messenger boy to know his streets quite as well as does the policeman or cab-driver.

As escorts for young boys, or for ladies visiting London for the first time, messenger boys have proved invaluable. The District Company

often receives a commission from an anxious parent to conduct some tender youth about the city in such a manner that instruction may be combined with amusement of the proper kind. Most of these boys seem to possess exceptionally sound ideas of their responsibilities in life. They are, as a rule, selected for service only after the most rigid inquiry into character, and it is doubtful if one would be able to find anywhere so numerous a body—they number nearly 1000—with so clean a record for upright service. As guides for young boys, children, and young ladies, they have never been known to render anything but exceptional service.

One of the most popular forms of messenger employment is in the theatre "queue." At the famous Terry benefit recently, no fewer than ninety-nine boys were engaged to hold places during the record wait of thirty hours. At nearly every performance of popular plays in London one may see lads holding places in line for those who are not willing to "stand and wait."

In certain offices in the City messenger boys are engaged to operate lifts, and do other responsible tasks usually assigned to well-trained officials. At times offices will need extra help in a clerical line, and not infrequently messengers are called in for this work.

All the call-boxes connected with the various central and sub-stations on the District service have a special indicating lever to be pulled in case of "fire." The very prompt action of messenger boys in notifying the nearest fire-station, or even smashing the glass fronts of the street alarms, has often prevented serious conflagrations.

The Ethics of Pig

BY G. HENRY IN MUNKEYES

Jefferson Peters is firmly of the belief that it is next to impossible to find a hamming pig more vicious than he. He has recovered a hocky-wocky village and fenced out a lively-looking neighborhood by the apparent exertions of skin village raccoons devoured him and before he knew he himself became the chaps of his own panther.

ON an east-bound train I went into the smoker and found Jefferson Peters, the only man with a brain west of the Washash River who can use his ocrhium, and medulla oblongata at the same time.

Jeff is in the line of swilligal graft. He is not to be drossed by widows and orphans; he is a redearer of surplusage. His favorite disguise is that of the target-hat at which the spendthrift or the reckless investor may say a few inconsequential dollars. He is readily vocalized by tobacco; so, with the aid of two thick and easy-burning烟管, I got the story of his latest Autolyean adventure.

"In my line of business," said Jeff, "the hardest thing is to find an upright, trustworthy, strictly honorable partner to work a graft with. Some of the best men I ever worked with in a swindle would resort to trickery at times."

"So, last summer, I thinks I will go over into this section of country where I hear the serpent has not yet entered, and see if I can find a partner naturally gifted with a talent for crime, but not yet contaminated by success."

"I found a village that seemed to show the right kind of a layout. The inhabitants hadn't found out that Adam had been dispossessed, and were going right along naming the animals and killing snakes just as if they were in the Garden of Eden. They call this town Mount

Nebo, and it's up near the spot where Kentucky and West Virginia and North Carolina corner together. Them States don't meet? Well, it was in that neighborhood, anyway.

"After putting in a week proving I wasn't a revenue officer, I went over to the store where the rudo fourflushers of the hamlet lied, to see if I could get a line on the kind of man I wanted.

"'Gentlemen,' says I, after we had rubbed noses and gathered 'romed the dried apple-harrel. 'I don't suppose there's another community in the whole world into which sin and chicanery has less extensively permeated than this. Life here, where all the women are brave and propitious and all the men honest and expedient, must, indeed, be an idol. It reminds me,' says I, 'of Goldstein's beautiful ballad entitled 'The Deserted Village,' which says:

III fares the land, to hastening ill
a prey;
What art can drive its charms
away?

The judge rode slowly down the
lane, mother,
For I'm to be Queen of the May.'

"'Why, yes, Mr. Peters,' says the stockkeeper. 'I reckon we air about as moral and torpid a community as there be on the mountin, according to censuses of opinion; but I reckon you ain't ever met Rufe Tatam.'

"Why, no," says the town constable, "he can't hardly have ever. That air Rufe is shore the most-sneast scalawag that has escaped hangin' on the galluses. And that puts me in mind that I ought to have turned Rufe out of the lockup day before yesterday. The thirty days he got for killin' Yanee Goodloe was up then. A day or two more won't hurt Rufe any, though."

"Shucks, now," says I, in the mountain idiom, "don't tell me there's a man in Mount Nebo as had that."

"Worse," says the storekeeper. "He steals hogs!"

"I think I will look up this Mr. Tatum; so a day or two after the constable turned him out I got acquainted with him and invited him out on the edge of town to sit on a log and talk business.

"What I wanted was a partner with a natural rural make-up to play a part in some little one-act outrages that I was going to hook with the Pitfall & Gim circuit in some of the western towns; and this R. Tatum was born for the role as sure as nature east Fairbanks for the stuff that kept Eliza from sinking into the river.

"He was about the size of a first baseman; and he had ambiguous blue eyes like the china dog on the mantelpieces that Aunt Harriet used to play with when she was a child. His hair waved a little bit like the statue of the diskus-thrower in the Vacation at Rome, but the color of it reminded you of the 'Sunset in the Grand Canon,' by an American Artist,' that they hang over the stovepipe holes in the saloons. He was the Rosh, without needing a touch. You'd have known him for one, even if you'd seen him on the

Vanderbilt stage with one cotton mander and a straw over his ear.

"I told him what I wanted, and found him ready to jump at the job.

"Overlooking such a trivial little peccadillo as the habit of manslaughter," says I, "what have you accomplished in the way of indirect brigandage or nonconventional thritiness that you could point to, with or without pride, as an evidence of your qualifications for the position?"

"Why," says he, in his kind of Southern system of procrastinated accents, "hain't you heard tell? There ain't any man black or white, in the Blue Ridge that can tote off a shoot as easy as I can without bein' heard-on, or coteched. I can lift a shoot," he goes on, "out of a pen, from under a piazza, at the trough, in the woods, day or night, anywhere or anyhow, and I guarantee nobody won't hear a squeal. It's all in the way you grab hold of 'em and carry 'em afterwards. Some day," goes on this gentle despoiler of pig-pens, "I hope to become reckenzerned as the champion shoot-stealer of the world."

"It's proper to be ambitious," says I; "and hog-stealing will do very well for Mount Nebo; but in the outside world, Mr. Tatum, it would be considered as crude a piece of business as a bear raid on Bay State Gas. However, it will do as a guarantee of good faith. We'll go into partnership. I've got a thousand dollars cash capital, and with that homeward-plots atmosphere of yours we ought to be able to win out a few shares of Soon Parted, preferred, in the money market."

"So I attaches, Rufe, and we go away from Mount Nebo down into the lowlands. And all the way I coach him for his part in the grafts I had in mind. I had idled away two months on the Florida coast,

and was feeling all to the Pease de Leon, besides having so many new schemes up my sleeve that I had to wear kilimons to hold 'em.

"I intended to assume a funnel shape and mow a path nine miles wide through the farming belt of the Middle West; so we headed in that direction. But when we got as far as Lexington we found Blitsley Brothers' circus there, and the bluegrass peasantry romping into town and pounding the Belgian blocks with their hand-pegs sabots as artless and arbitrary as an extra session of a Datto Bryan duma. I never pass a circus without pulling the valve-cord and coming down for a little Key West money; so I engaged a couple of rooms and board for Rufe and me at a house near the circus grounds run by a widow lady named Peevy. Then I took Rufe to a clothing store and gents'-outfitted him. He showed up strong, as I knew he would, after he was rigged up in the ready-made rutsabaga regalia. Me and old Misfitzky stuffed him into a bright blue suit with a Nile green visable plaid effect, and riveted on a fancy vest of a light Tuskegee Normal tan color, a red necktie, and the yellowest pair of shoes in town. They were the first clothes Rufe had ever worn except the gingham layette and the butter-nut topdressing of his native kraal, and he looked as self-conscious as an Igorrote with a new nose-ring.

"That night I went down to the circus tents and opened a small shell game. Rufe was to be the capper. I gave him a roll of phony currency to bet with and kept a bunch of it in a special pocket to pay his winnings out of. No; I didn't mistrust him; but I simply can't manipulate the ball to lose when I see

real money bet. My fingers go on a strike every time I try it.

"I set up my little table and began to show them how easy it was to guess which shell the little pea was under. The unlettered hinds gathered in a thick semicircle and began to nudge elbows and banter one another to hot. Then was when Rufe ought to have singlefooted up and called the turn on the little joker for a few tens and fives to get them started. But, no Rufe. I'd seen him two or three times walking about and looking at the side-show pictures with his mouth full of peanut candy; but he never came nigh.

"The crowd piked a little; but trying to think the shells without a capper is like fishing without bait. I closed the game with only forty-two dollars of the unearned increment, while I had been counting on yanking the yoomen for two hundred at least. I went home at eleven and went to bed. I supposed that the circus had proved too alluring for Rufe, and that he had succumbed to it, concert and all; but I meant to give him a lecture on general business principles in the morning.

"Just after Morphus had got both my shoulders to the shuck mattress I hears a houseful of unbecoming and ribald noises like a youngster screeching with green-apple colic. I open my door and calls out in the hall for the widow lady, and when she sticks her head out, I says: 'Mrs. Peevy, ma'am, would you mind chokin' off that kid of yours so that honest people can get their rest?'

"Sir," says she, "it's no child of mine. It's the pig squealing that your friend Mr. Tatum brought home to his room a couple of hours ago. And if you are uncle or second cousin or brother to it, I'd appreciate

ate your stopping its mouth, sir, yourself, if you please."

"I put on some of the polite outside habiliments of external society and went into Rufe's room. He had gotten up and lit his lamp, and was pouring some milk into a tin pan on the floor for a dingy-white, half-grown, squealing pig.

"How is this, Rufe?" says I. "You flamboyed in your part of the work to-night, and put the game on crutches. And how do you explain the pig? It looks like blacksliding to me!"

"Now, don't be too hard on me, Jeff," says he. "You know how long I've been used to stealing shoats. It's got to be a habit with me. And to-night, when I see such a fine chance, I couldn't help takin' it."

"Well," says I, "maybe you've really got kleptopigia. And maybe when we get out of the pig belt you'll turn your mind to higher and more remunerative misconduct. Why you should want to stain your soul with such a distasteful, feeble-minded, perverted, roaring beast as that I can't understand."

"Why, Jeff," says he, "you ain't in sympathy with shoats. You don't understand 'em like I do. This here seems to me to be an animal of more than common powers of ration and intelligence. He walked half way across the room on his hind legs a while ago."

"Well, I'm going back to bed," says I. "See if you can impress it upon your friend's ideas of intelligence that he's not to make so much noise."

"He was hungry," says Rufe. "He'll go to sleep and keep quite now."

"I always get up before breakfast and read the morning paper whenever I happen to be within the radi-

us of a Hoe cylinder or a Washington hand press. The next morning I got up early, and found the Lexington daily on the front porch where the carrier had thrown it. The first thing I saw in it was a double-column ad on the front page that read like this:

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

The above amount will be paid, and no questions asked, for the return, alive and uninjured, of Boppo, the famous European educated pig, that strayed or was stolen from the side-show tents of the Binkley Bros. circus last night.

GEO. B. TAPLEY,
Business Manager.

At the circus grounds.

"I folded up the paper flat, put it into my inside pocket, and went to Rufe's room. He was nearly dressed, and was feeding the pig the rest of the milk and some apple-peelings.

"Well, well, well, good morning all," I says, hearty and amiable. "So we are up?" And piggy is having his breakfast. What had you intended doing with that pig, Rufe?"

"I'm going to crate him up," says Rufe, "and express him to me in Mount Nebo. He'll be company for her while I'm away."

"He's a mighty fine pig," says I, scratching him on the back.

"You called him a lot of names last night," says Rufe.

"Oh, well," says I, "he looks better to me this morning. I was raised on a farm, and I'm very fond of pigs. I used to go to bed at sun-down, so I never saw one by lamp-light before. Tell you what I'd do, Rufe," I says. "I'll give you ten dollars for that pig."

"I reckon I wouldn't sell this

shoat," says he. "If it was any other one I might."

"Why not this one?" I asked, fearful that he might know something.

"Why, because," says he, "it was the grandest achievement of my life. There ain't airy other man that could have done it. If I ever have a fireside and children, I'll sit beside it and tell 'em how their daddy tote off a shoat from a whole circus full of people. And maybe my grandchildren, too. They'll certainly be proud a whole passed."

"Why," says he, "there was two tents, one opeain' into the other. This shoat was on a platform, tied with a little chain. I seen a giant and a lady with a fine chance of bushy white hair in the other tent. I got the shoat and crawled out from under the canvas again without him squeakin' as loud as a mouse. I put him under my coat, and I must have passed a hundred folks before I got out where the streets was dark. I reckon I wouldn't sell that shoat, Jeff. I'd want ma to keep it, so there'd be a witness to what I done."

"The pig won't live long enough," I says, "to use as an exhibit in your sensible fireside mendency. Your grandchildren will have to take your word for it. I'll give you one hundred dollars for the animal."

Rufe looked at me astonished.

"The shoat can't be worth anything like that to you," he says. "What do you want him for?"

"Viewing me caunstically," says I, with a rare smile, you wouldn't think that I've got an artistic side to my temper. But I have. I'm a collector of pigs. I've secured the world over for unusual pigs. Over in the Wabash Valley I've got a hog ranch with most every specimen on

it, from a Merino to a Poland China. This looks like a blooded pig to me, Rufe," says I. "I believe it's a genuine Berkshire. That's why I'd like to have it."

"I'd shore like to accommodate you," says he, "but I've got the artistic tenement, too. I don't see why it ain't art when you can steal a shoat better than anybody else can. Shoata is a kind of inspiration and genius with me. Specially this one. I wouldn't take two hundred and fifty for that animal."

"Now listen," says I, wiping off my forehead. "It's not so much a matter of business with me as it is art; and not so much art as it is philanthropy. Being a connoisseur and disseminator of pigs, I wouldn't feel like I'd done my duty to the world unless I added that Berkshire to my collection. Not intrinsically, but according to the ethics of pigs as friends and coadjutors of mankind, I offer you five hundred dollars for the animal."

"Jeff," says this pork esthete, "it ain't money, it's sentiment with me."

"Seven hundred," says I.

"Make it eight hundred," says Rufe, "and I'll crush the sentiment out of my heart."

"I went under my clothes for my money-belt, and counted him out forty twenty-dollar gold certificates.

"Till just take him into my own room," says I, "and lock him up till after breakfast."

"I took the pig by the hind leg. He turned on a squeal like the steam calliope at the circus.

"Let me tote him in for you," says Rufe; and he picks up the beast under one arm, holding his snout with the other hand, and packs him into my room like a sleeping baby.

"After breakfast Rufe, who had a chronic case of haberdashery ever

since I got his trousseau, says he believes he will amble down to Misfitzky's and look over some royal-purple socks. And then I got as busy as a one-armed man with the nettle-rush pasting on wall-paper. I found an old negro man with an express wagon to hire, and we tied the pig in a sack and drove down to the circus grounds.

"I found George B. Tapley in a little tent with a window flap open. He was a fatish man with an immediate eye, in a black skull-cap, with a four-ounce diamond screwed into the bosom of his red sweater.

"'Are you George B. Tapley?' I asked.

"'I swear it,' says he.

"'Well, I've got it,' says I.

"'Designate,' says he. 'Are you the guinea pigs for the Asiatic pythons or the alfalfa for the sacred buffalo?'

"'Neither,' says I. 'I've got Bepo, the educated hog, in a sack in that wagon. I found him rooting up the flowers in my front yard this morning. I'll take the five thousand dollars in large bills, if it's handy.'

"George B. hustles out of his tent, and asks me to follow. We go into one of the side-shows. In there was a jet black pig with a pink ribbon around his neck lying on some hay and eating carrots that a man was feeding to him.

"'Hey, Mac,' calls G. B. 'Nothing wrong with the world-wide this morning, is there?'

"'Him? No,' says the man. 'He's got an appetite like a chorus girl at 1 a.m.'

"'How'd you get this pipe?' says Tapley to me. 'Eating too many pork chops last night?'

"I pulls out the paper and shows him the ad.

"'Fake,' says he. 'Don't know

anything about it. You've beheld with your own eyes the marvelous, world-wide porcine wonder of the four-footed kingdom eating with supernatural sagacity his matutinal meal, unstrayed and unstoic. Good morning.'

"I was beginning to see. I got in the wagon and told Uncle Ned to drive to the most adjacent office of the nearest alley. There I took out my pig, got the range carefully for the other opening, set his sights, and gave him such a kick that he went out the other end of the alley twenty feet ahead of his squeal.

"Then I paid Uncle Ned his fifty cents, and walked down to the newspaper office. I wanted to hear it in cold syllables. I got the advertising man to his window.

"'To decide a bet,' says I, 'wasn't the man who had this ad put in last night short and fat, with long, black whiskers and a club-foot?'

"'He was not,' says the man. 'He would measure about six feet by four and a half inches, with corn-silk hair, and dressed like the pansion of the conservatory.'

"At dinner time I went back to Mrs. Poesy's.

"'Shall I keep some soup hot for Mr. Tatum till he comes back?' she asks.

"'If you do, ma'am,' says I, 'you'll more than exhaust for firewood all the coal in the bosom of the earth and all the forests on the outside of it.'

"So there, you see," said Jefferson Peters, in conclusion, "how hard it is ever to find a fair-minded and honest business-partner."

"But," I began, with the freedom of long acquaintance, "the rule should work both ways. If you had offered to divide the reward you would not have lost—"

Jeff's look of dignified reprobation stopped me.

"That don't involve the same principles at all," said he. "Mine was a legitimate and moral attempt at

speculation. Buy low and sell high—don't Wall Street endorse it? Bells and bears and pigs—what's the difference? Why not bristles as well as horns and fur?"

Lord Aberdeen's Coldstream Ranch

BY GLESTON BLACK IN FALL HALL

Out in the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia is located the ranch which Lord Aberdeen owned, when he was Governor General of Canada. It is among the finest in the part of the world. Over nine thousand acres comprise the estate, making 1,200 acres are timbered and 1,500 acres under cultivation. Orchards cover 200 acres. The stock is superintended by an Englishman, who has under him a whole army of workers.

THE eagle flying over British Columbia sees below him an ocean of mountains, petrified at the height of a horrible storm. The monstrous jagged billows, crested white with frozen foam, are what they have been since the mountains were raised, and what they will be till every mountain is laid low. Here and there, doubtless, the conservative eye of the king of birds is shocked by the sight of change, revolutionary change, astir in the depths between the unchanging waves. But surely its resentment must be softened by the gentle guise in which change has come to the Okanagan Valley.

The fairy godfather who has touched the Okanagan with his wand is the Earl of Aberdeen. He is Viceroy of Ireland now, as he was once before; but from 1893 to 1898 he was Viceroy of Canada. The Dominion, almost always happy in its Governors-General, was peculiarly happy in Lord Aberdeen. Canadians as a whole are a plain-living, God-fearing folk, and to them the peculiarly human qualities of the unassuming Abberdens were altogether lovable.

The affection of the Canadian rank and file for Lord Aberdeen was not

lessened, you may be sure, by his enterprise in becoming a Canadian farmer himself. The fascination of that marvellous land is not easily shaken off; and many a Viceroy has shown a lively interest in Canadian affairs long after his re-absorption in the domestic activities of the Mother Land. Lord Aberdeen followed up his official and temporary connection with Canada by establishing a permanent connection of the most substantial kind.

From the Canadian Pacific terminus at Vancouver there sail to-day, and from the Grand Trunk Pacific terminus at Prince Rupert there will sail to-morrow, British fleets laden with wares for China and Japan. The dream and passion of all the great navigators from Columbus to Franklin have been fulfilled. The way by the west to the east, from Europe to Cathay, lies open—through the gateways of British Columbia. The value of this route to British trade will be enormous, and British trade will be chiefly represented for many years to come by the trade in Canadian produce. The Asiatic market now made accessible will, for one thing, give a new stimulus to the cultivation of wheat,

and therefore to the growth of population. Increase of the prairie population means an increased market for the neighboring fruit growers among the British Columbian mountains, and at the head of these fruitgrowers stands Lord Aberdeen.

From a village called Sicamous, in the heart of the Rockies, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a little branch line runs south into the valley where Ireland's Viceroy has his ranch. There is only one train a day, and it takes three hours to cover the forty-six miles between Sicamous and Vernon. It is, however, a most accommodating train. When I was in the valley there happened to be a circus at Vernon; and the north-bound train put off its departure from 1:40 p.m. till about 5 p.m. for the convenience of the passengers who had come for the performance and wanted to get home the same night.

The ranch occupies the greater part of a valley which, before cultivation began, was a dry and barren place, the hillsides thinly clad with the scanty grass of a droughty land, while almost the only trees were crowded down in the bottom beside the little stream. To a large extent this description still holds good. Of the whole 13,197 acres forming the estate, 8,200 acres form the "range" where nothing grows or is expected to grow except the sparse natural herbage, green for a short time in the early Summer but brown and dry for the rest of the year. Brown and dry, but nourishing all the same. Over this hillside range the cattle roam—a little herd of nine hundred head—and thrive, and breed. The yearling steers are picked out annually and taken over the mountains to fatten on the Albertan prairie till they are ready for transformation

into beef. Some 1,220 acres are under timber. This leaves about 3,770 acres available for cultivation—a quantity which might be increased by clearing the strip of forest from the bottom of the valley. As a matter of fact, only about 1,700 acres are actually under cultivation.

Last year 250 acres consisted of orchards—and such orchards! In picturesqueness they cannot compare with the old orchards of England, with their gnarled and unkempt trees rising from a knee-deep undergrowth of thick lush grass. The Okanagan orchards are for use, not for academy pictures; and nothing is allowed to rob the trees of an ounce of the nourishment or a drop of the moisture that the soil contains. For the first few years, before the trees begin to bear, it is permissible to grow among them a fair quantity of raspberries, currants, blackberries and other small fruit; but after five or at longest ten years these must be ruthlessly cut away if the trees are not to be stunted and stunted. The trees themselves, moreover, must be thinned out with unsparring hand, if they are not to starve one another. The plan adopted, as the result of much experience here and in the older fruit-growing region of California, is to plant 160 apple trees to the acre, to reduce their number by half at the end of five years; and, after another five years, to make another 50 per cent. reduction of the remainder.

In 1904, the complete statistics of which year lie before me, the Coldstream orchards covered, as I have said, 250 acres, of which 80 acres had reached the fruit-bearing stage, with another 50 acres ready to graduate into that mature class in the following Autumn. The crop of 1904 amounted to nearly 1,000,000

lbs. in weight, of which perhaps 50,000 lbs. were culls—suitable only for local consumption, though far superior to much that I have seen fetching its price on London streets. The remaining 950,000 lbs. and over were judged fit to maintain the high reputation of the ranch in the towns of Alberta on the one hand and in the coast city of Vancouver on the other. Roughly speaking, three-fourths of the crop consists of apples, the second place being taken by plums and prunes, cherries completing the total. The production of pears has lately been under a cloud, the trees having been destroyed wholesale in order to exterminate a parasite which had settled upon them. Peaches grow well farther down the valley. Canadian apples and plums are unsurpassable in the world, and those grown by Lord Aberdeen in the Okanagan Valley are unsurpassable in Canada.

The hop-garden covers another 120 acres, and the hop-picking is a sight to see, for it is done by a battalion of about 300 Indians—most of whom have farms of their own further west among the mountains, and who, when their crops are safely in, come down and pitch their tents in the Okanagan Valley for the hop season. Man, wife and children, all join in, and payment is made to the father for the quantity picked by the whole family. The hops are dried at kilns on the spot, compressed into bales, and shipped off—some to Eastern Canada, and some even as far as England.

What may be called the farm property consists of about 700 acres, mostly under wheat, barley, oats and potatoes; with another 500 acres of artificial hay. Large quantities of oats and hay are necessarily consumed on the ranch itself. There are

more than 80 horses to be fed; and even the cattle are not left to forage for themselves all Winter. The tale of the live stock is made up by a herd of 500 swine, whose numbers are doubtless to be found in the Coldstream census—for the Coldstream bookkeeping, like everything else on the ranch, seems to be wonderfully complete—but of these I can only say that every year a surplus population of about 200 pigs are compulsorily emigrated. Last year, I should add, the beginning of what ought to become a great egg industry was made, with the hatching of 1,500 white Leghorn chickens.

The human element on the Coldstream is of the most varied description. The continents of Europe, Asia and America all contribute largely to the population of the ranch, and I daresay you would find representatives of Africa and Australia, too, if you scanned the list. Mr. Ricardo, the Viceroy's viceroy—in plain words, the manager-in-chief—is an Englishman. The staff of experts whom he has gathered round him to keep the various departments up to the highest point of progressive efficiency are mostly Scotsmen and Canadians. Altogether, the labor bill of this big ranch amounts to about \$43,000, or £8,700 a year.

Down by the crook, behind the group of boarding houses and farm buildings, there is a saw mill; and among the other uses to which water power is put is the production of electric light, with which, as well as with a telephone system, the ranch is completely equipped. But the water power on which the Coldstream Ranch depends for its assurance of prosperity, I had almost said for its existence, is far away up in the hills. The rainfall is so small and uncertain that without irrigation the en-

terprise would be but a risky speculation. By an extensive scheme of irrigation dunes and ditches bringing water from mountain tanks eight miles away, large and regular production has been made practically certain. No pumping is needed; there is plenty of water, and all that it needs is direction into proper channels. Gravitation does the rest.

This leads me to the latest and in some respects the most interesting development of Lord Aberdeen's great enterprise. Having brought this life-giving and profit-laden water down from the mountains for his own use, he is now putting it at the disposal of others. At the lower end of his estate, where it comes out upon the beautiful shores of Long Lake—I had almost written Loch Long—he is laying out a number of twenty-acre and forty-acre plots for settlers who wish to follow his example and become growers of fruit. The price of this land, under irrigation, is about \$150, or £30, an acre. If the settler does not want to plunge at once into the responsibility and difficulties of a new occupation, he can have the planting and initial culti-

vation of his orchards carried out by the skilled labor of the Coldstream Ranch itself; and if he does not care to seek a market for his fruit, he has only to hand it over to the Coldstream staff, who pack and ship and sell it with their own. This part of the business of the ranch has already reached considerable proportions, about one-third of the Coldstream fruit shipment being purchased from neighboring growers. The new landowners are mostly men of good social standing from the Mother Country, including army officers and business men, who feel more at home in the comparatively mild climate and among the picturesque surroundings of the Pacific Province than they would on the prairies of Central Canada. Thus there is growing up in the Okanagan Valley a community which will preserve the traditions and refinements of the Old Land while adopting the industry of the new: a community which owes its origin, as it is likely to owe its success, to the enterprise of Lord Aberdeen in establishing the Coldstream Ranch.

Life is a business we are all apt to mismanage, either living recklessly from day to day or suffering ourselves to be gulled out of our moments by the manias of custom. We should despise a man who gave as little activity and forethought to the conduct of any other business.—R. L. Stevenson.

Co-operation in Sweden and Denmark

BY V. S. HOWARD IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

Beginning with a description of the only women's co-operative store in the world at Stockholm, Sweden, the writer continues to discuss co-operation in general, showing that in the countries of western Europe it has made vast strides. One of the 50,000 inhabitants of Stockholm is over 1,000,000 in number and importance in these organizations. In Sweden there are 400,000.

THE City of Stockholm, Sweden, can boast the only women's co-operative store in the world. Shareholders, management, buyers and sellers are all women. Only two men are employed; these drive the delivery wagons. Miss Anna Whitlock, leader of the woman suffragists in Sweden, was the promoter of this scheme. Her appeal was to the cultured women of small means. She outlined the possibilities of this movement in talks before the women's clubs of Stockholm. Her propaganda met with favor in the Fredrika Bremer Association, Students and Workers, White Ribbon and the Woman's Club.

On April 5, 1905, Svenska Hem, as the women's co-operative society is called, was incorporated, with a membership of 391 women and a capital of about \$6,000. Quarters were found in Jacobshergs Gatan, and the women went to work with a will attuned, and plenty of enthusiasm.

But they found themselves, as the Americans say, "up against it!" They were boycotted on all sides. The retail dealers made up their minds to crush these women, who had dared to compete with them. The women soon learned that the markets of their own country were closed to them, for every wholesale dealer had been warned. To sell to these women would be nothing short of suicidal! It meant the loss of all other customers. Drivers, who

deliver to retailers, were also warned, but they got around the thing by making night deliveries. They did not dare, however, to drive boldly up to the women's store, as detective was always on the alert, but they stopped in a side street, some distance away, where the women sent their workmen to haul barrels, sacks, etc., to their own storerooms.

These gentlewomen put their wits together; they were determined to succeed in spite of all opposition. Since the Swedish markets were closed to them they sent their hayers to Denmark, Holland, Germany and England; they traded only in ports where goods could be shipped by water route, as the heavy railroad freight rates and high tariff in Europe, would eat up all their profit. In the face of all these obstacles they have made a good showing. Their sales have averaged more than \$120 a day, for the year, and their membership is increasing steadily. They are paying dividends on capital and sales every six months. The last report shows a payment of 4 per cent. on capital, and 5 per cent. on purchases. Like the other co-operative societies, the women sell to members only, and on cash payments. So well have these women succeeded with this first venture, that they have secured quarters in another section of the city, for a branch establishment.

Other co-operative concerns have been watching these women with interest, and are assisting them by

buying in sugar, coffee and spices and selling to the women, under cover.

There are several large co-operative bakeries and flour mills in Denmark and Sweden where all the employees are shareholders.

The co-operative movement now far advanced in these countries is opening up every possible avenue to help the laboring classes to get upon a basis of independence, and to awaken in them an appreciation of their economic value. When the profit of their labor is kept within their own confines, they have an incentive to work and study the best interests of all concerned. In Stockholm, small restaurants have been organized on the co-operative plan by laborers, students and army officers—these are all temperance promoters—and the patrons are, of course, shareholders.

The Rinbo Railway, a double track road, running between Djursholm and Stockholm, was entirely built by railroad laborers who take contracts on the co-operative plan. This society numbers eighty. The members have proved to the satisfaction of capitalists that they can furnish better work and cheaper materials than can be had on the old principles. These workmen are their own labor leaders and their own employers, therefore it behoves them to make sure that all their members are competent workmen; they, themselves, are the losers if they turn out humping and indifferent work.

There is a movement on foot to organize co-operative fire insurance companies. At the congress of the co-operative association, held the last week in June, the question came up for discussion. The possibilities of returns in this direction are infinite, and such a movement ought to

be to the best interests of the people. The various townships in Sweden are to be thoroughly canvassed for this purpose.

The editor of *Co-operatören*, official organ of the co-operative association in Sweden, proposed at the meeting that a pension fund be set aside for employees in the co-operative societies. The discussions were nearly all in favor of this movement.

The usefulness of the co-operative system in Denmark and Sweden has been two-fold : it has made it more difficult for trusts and private concerns to grow rich on the poor man's earnings — millionaires are very scarce in these countries—on the other hand, you do not find the dire poverty and suffering here that one finds in other lands. The idea of the whole movement is to do away with extreme wealth and extreme poverty. An object of the association is to get as many different kinds of labor into the co-operative plan as possible; in fact, it is desired to secure the very best economic advantages for producers and customers.

A brief history of the co-operative movement in Sweden and Denmark may interest the reader. The Danes, who are essentially an agricultural race, became dissatisfied with their economic conditions at home. About thirty years ago, a handful of laborers and farmers took the thing into their own hands. They began to ask themselves why all their profits should go to merchants and shopkeepers. Why could not they buy direct from the producers, and share with them the middleman's profits? Prior to this movement, the economic conditions of the farmer and the laborer were deplorable. Buying on the credit system had reduced the laborer to a state of chronic indebtedness; at the end of the year he had

nothing to show for his work but a mass of debts for the bare necessities of life, while the merchants, on the other hand, were growing rich. Tremendous strides have been made in thirty years. Denmark, a little country no larger than Rhode Island, now has 1,150 co-operative societies. Out of 2,500,000 inhabitants, more than 1,000,000 are shareholders in these organizations.

The cardinal principles of this co-operative system are :

1st—Honesty, justice and sound economy.

2d—Pure and unadulterated goods.

3d—Cash payments.

4th—Division of profits to members in accordance with their purchases.

Copenhagen has one immense co-operative concern in Ny Toldhøgade, where not only food stuks are handled, but clothing, furniture, hardware and tools as well. This concern has five large branch establishments in the same city. It is in the smaller towns and country districts, however, where the co-operative movement has been the most successful. The Sydlynske butter export, a Danish association of butter makers, exported, in the year 1905, nine million dollars' worth of butter, for which they received market prices, without the intervention of middlemen.

The co-operative movement in Sweden began in 1897. In six months fifty-five societies were formed. In 1906 there are 600 societies. In Sweden, as in Denmark, the co-

operative stores have been the most successful in the smaller cities and towns. In manufacturing towns, like Gefle, Norrköping, Falun and Eskilstuna, the increase in membership has been enormous. Eskilstuna, which has the largest and most flourishing co-operative society in the country, opened its first co-operative store in an old log cabin. Three working men, with a capital of forty dollars, bought from producers and sold to other workmen who had joined them. These men could do business only at night, as they were employed during the day. They soon outgrew their quarters, and moved into a two-story building. It was not long before this was too small for their rapidly increasing membership and business. They have recently purchased a four-story building at a cost of about \$40,000. They have also established branch stores in neighboring villages. After paying dividends to the shareholders, they have set aside a sum to be used for the children's Summer school colonies, for sanitary improvements and for the working people's library.

No spirits, wines or beers are handled by any of these co-operative concerns, consequently, the Swedish working classes, more especially the younger generation, are becoming total abstainers. A malt brew, called *svalgrödris*, containing about 1 per cent. of alcohol, is made by a co-operative brewing company, and is the only drink sold by the societies.

Impressions of the Northwest

BY ANNIE S. SWAN IN LONDON CHRONICLE

The popular writer of this sketch has been visiting Western Canada and in it she gives some of her impressions. On the whole, she approves of the West, its cows and its horses and the fine life as the plains. With skillful pen she describes some of the sights she has seen and arranges a human note in her references to the settlers.

WE arrived in the hot glare of an August afternoon at a dusty little wayside station, pertaining to a flourishing new town, that has been built with an eye to the picturesqueness on the edge of a high bluff overhanging a deep ravine, well watered, with a deep swift river, which flows on to join the greater Assiniboine. The thick belt of trees covering the ravine gives a fine relief to the level stretches of the prairie land, and as we cover, with swift easy-going horses, the dusty miles between the station and our destination, we are struck by the fact that these deep ravines, with their accompanying water supply, occur at regular intervals, seeming to indicate the kindly plan of nature anxious to accommodate herself to the needs of man.

It is a well-settled country, which has all been homesteaded within the last fifteen or twenty years. Also it is considered one of the best farming tracts in the Northwest. The little town has that curious, unfinished look, that incongruous mixture of the pretentious and the elementary so characteristic of Colonial life. The main street sweeps round in a crescent, facing the ravine, and has fine substantial buildings side by side with the wooden shack which takes one back to pioneer days.

If outward signs mean anything, then Canada is pre-eminently a loyal country, since every new-fledged township has its "Queen's" or King Edward Hotel. Here the King Edward, an imposing structure four

storeys high, invites the traveller to good cheer and shelter at the moderate sum of a dollar and a half per day. There are plenty of stores, those devoted to hardware and to drags the most imposing to behold. The hardware store is the farmers' vade mecum, without which he cannot exist. Here he purchases all he requires for household comfort and for keeping his machinery in repair. It is the storekeepers who make their pile quickly, who build the fine mansions with the hospitable verandas all round, who hank quickly, and have an immense turnover without risk. It is practically a monopoly in these parts, and freight is so dear that it does not pay the farmer to send for goods to distant cities, however tempting the catalogues may be. He has to be content with such supplies as lie nearest his hand. The prosperity of this, like hundreds of other similar townships, depends upon the wheat. Small wonder that it is the word in every mouth. In the spring they talk of how soon it will be thawed out for the plough; later on the blade is keenly watched, and as it grows in beauty and in strength every possible accident or pest is discussed. We arrive at a moment when red-rust may eat out the goodness, or the dreaded tornado may hail it out.

To be haled out is surely the most terrible and disastrous of all misfortunes. Now, when it is ripening for the sickle, in an hour, with out warning, the storm may come,

and, singling out a certain pathway for its devastation, cut the heads clean off, as if a sharp scythe had been at work, leaving only the heated straw behind. This happens many times, and is always the dread at the back of the farmer's mind. There is no hint of such disaster today, however, as we speed through the pleasant life-giving air, sensations of and eager for all the exhilaration of new surroundings.

The roads are guiltless of road metal or gravel, and the summer dust is thick upon them, but the riding is very easy, the springs of the wagon responsive to every vicissitude. Thus we can ride many miles without fatigue.

The roads, surveyed and ordered from headquarters, are all of uniform and striking width, a few feet of earth more or less having but little value here; there are always two, and sometimes three tracks, while in between are masses of the golden rod, of Michaelmas daisy, in every shade of mauve, and the low-growing wild rose, which blooms all over the prairie in wild and exquisite profusion, filling the air with its subtle sweet perfume. Indeed, the sweet wind is laden with innumerable delicate scents, and never had the eye a wider feast of form and color. It is said that every known species of flower and plant life is to be found in primeval form just here, on the open prairie.

But the dominant note of the landscape is wheat, just as it is the all-absorbing theme of talk at the bars, in the trains, by the homestead fires. It is everywhere, wonderful golden tracts, uncheered by hedge or tree, and its music gives to the wind a new voice, a note of plenty and contentment; it chants a

psalm of promise that the laborer shall be rewarded for his toil.

Although no hedge or tree is suffered to break or mark the boundaries of the fields, each homestead has its little belt of woodland, varying in importance according to the time it has been planted or the care that has been taken of it. Trees are not natural to the prairie, and only grow with careful selection and kindly fostering. But how they break and relieve the level lines, and how suggestive they always are of home.

Many of the farmhouses are quite handsome, new structures, built of wood, painted white and picked out with color, and farther adorned with a wide veranda. But always you will see close by the old wooden shack, where the early days were spent, and where the children were born. It is never destroyed, and seldom put to base uses; although sentiment is not rampant on the prairie, there is just enough to redeem it from sordidness. They all speak tenderly of the old shack; and though the comfort of the new, airy, well-warmed and lighted home is fully appreciated, the memory of the old home is cherished, and that well.

There is as yet no new house at the homestead, where we are eagerly expected; and we are pleased, in a way, that we should taste life under primitive conditions. It is very bare: a little unpainted wooden house, a story and a half high, standing at one angle of the farm-yard with the barn ahead, and a wild garden to the rear. Inside, a little living room, with a summer kitchen behind, and three or four bedrooms, very tiny and very bare, comprise the whole accommodation. The domestic arrangements are of

the simplest. There is no water in the house, nor anything drinkable within half a mile. A well in the yard pumps up a fluid so full of alkali that it is practically of no account. The rain water barrel is empty after the long drought, and the creek in the ravine bard by nearly dry. They fetch the water every day in a barrel fixed in a kind of sled called a stone boat, which a farm horse draws easily across the soft track. But in busy times in the fields it means that water has to be treated with respect, and not thrown about after the wasteful habit of cities.

This is a household bereft. The wife and mother, gently nurtured, was one of those physically unable to stand the conditions of life in the Northwest. She made a brave struggle and no word of complaint ever crossed her lips; the universal memory of her in these parts has a sweet savour; but it is a sore sight to those who loved her to see only the empty chair, the lonely man, and the little motherless boy. They have "batched," i.e., done their own chores, off and on, since that

bleak February day when she went away. In view of our coming, and more particularly because the harvest hands will be here presently, requiring huge chunks of meat and pie to fortify them against their arduous labors, some "help" has been got up from the Immigration Department at Winnipeg.

She is newly out from England, Londoner born, an elderly woman of the true Lambeth type, wedded to ancient traditions, ignorant and pigheaded as only that type can be; and lazy to boot. Yet this "help" save the mark! expects a wage of £30 a year or so, all fowled, and can get it too. She would be dear at the price of her food. Yet they are thankful to get somebody who can produce a meal of any sort, and make a semblance of comfort in the little shack. A strong, capable woman could organize the work of this little home so that it rested upon her lightly, but there is no organization here; the morning hours are dissipated with frequent rests, with arms folded across an ample bosom, and dissertations upon the lost delights of Lambeth.

We were born with certain capacities and opportunities; they may be great or small; we cannot greatly change them; they constitute the limits within which our work must be done; but the interest we take, the zeal we show, the use we make of those powers—all this is left in our own hands.—Samuel V. Cole.

The Will and the Way

SMITH'S WEEKLY

The importance of the estimation of will power is emphasized by the writer of this short series in young men. By means of carefully selected examples he shows how into use can be put to encourage all manner of vice, while also implying a determination not to be beaten. The will rules the mind and every other rule is to power. In time its sway becomes invincible.

THE young man who has made up his mind to succeed in life, and who is satisfied that he is on the right road to that end, must very seriously consider the extent to which he is going to use his will power. Will power is, perhaps, the first essential virtue in every undertaking. Will power is the lubricating oil that drives the human machinery.

You can't run a machine for any length of time without oil. Human exertion won't last for any length of time either, unless will power and determination, ambition, and hope enter into the mass and give him the means of easy running. Let that soak well into your brain and oil your thinking machinery. The mere act of work and labor is of no interest to a man. It is the pleasure he gets out of it that counts. To see a thing grow and shape itself under the hand of constant toil guided by a brain that plans and wills—that is what brings success.

It seems almost a hopeless task to bring the raw recruit to the prompt obedience and military precision of the experienced veteran.

"Attention!" rings out the drill sergeant. The awkward soldier does not know at first what to do with his hands, his feet, and his head. There is too much for him to do all at once. But he gradually learns to concentrate his thoughts upon the various commands, and according to the intensity of his attention and will power are the celerity and accuracy of his motions.

It is the will that makes the march to victory. It is the want of will that causes panic and makes the coward.

Henry of Navarre was a natural coward. At his first battle he fled ingloriously from the field of conflict. Then he sat in a ditch and shivered. He tried to pull himself together, and he thought something like this: This won't do. It's got to stop. I swear I will do better next time.

In the next encounter, when fear began to make his teeth rattle and his hair stand on end, he shouted out, "Down traitorous flesh!" and he struck his spurs fiercely into his horse's side, to be plunged into the thickest of the fight. Ever afterwards his white plume led the fight.

You remember, also, the case of Bernard Palissy, the French potter. He knew he was on the threshold of discovering the secret of the glaze on porcelain. Nothing could deter him from his purpose. When he had no more money left to buy fuel to heat his furnace, he began to strip his house. He went on and on, burning his household goods right down to the last chair. And at length success came. With trembling hands and burning head and starved body he tore down his furnace and clasped a priceless treasure to his breast. He had the will to go on.

Take one more case. I like these illustrations because they remain before you. An eminent physician had been overworking himself. He did not feel bodily ill—only tired.

But he began to feel his mind wandering. Now and again in the dark hours he saw strange shapes that kept haunting him.

In his disordered condition they spoke to him, and made faces at him, and put their hands upon him. When he wished to read they tried to close his eyes. When he tried to sleep they jabbered around him. He knew this meant insanity if he could not assert his will power to win against the feeling. So he started in a simple way to combat it. He took a story-book and commenced to read with the fixed determination in his mind not to skip a word, and to understand every line. He held his book before him and read steadily in spite of the gibes and jeers of the ghosts hovering around.

He read a page. Then he had to stop and fight them off. He had only understood half the page. He read that half-page again, and then did understand it. And so he went on day by day, each time increasing the number of pages he could read intelligently. And he saw the shapes less distinctly, and heard the voices less clearly, and felt the pressure of their hands lighter, until the glad hour came when he was a free, sane man. That, also, is what will power did.

The will rules the mind. The will makes "I can" into "I will" and "I did." If your mind and your energy begin to waver, bring them both back again and again. You will find it wonderfully easy in time. Every effort adds to some controlling force. "I will" will make you think and pay attention to the thinking. "I will" will make you act and pay attention to the action.

Will power is perhaps the greatest deficiency in the young man of today. One young man writes to me:

"I have recently noticed that you laid stress on the value of will power and concentration. Unfortunately, I am lacking in will power and boldness. I also suffer from nervousness, and am addicted to blushing when obliged to talk with strangers."

"I am afraid this will tell against me, and cause me to be passed over when an opportunity for promotion comes along, and this would be a great disappointment to me. I am considered a good hand, and have several times been selected for special work."

"If promoted, I should be expected, to some extent, to control and supervise a body of men, and I am afraid that I should be considered incapable of controlling others when all the while I have so little control over myself. Perhaps I am rather too sensitive; however, I want to alter my condition if it is at all possible. Do you think I can overcome my difficulties by cultivation of will power? and can you suggest a method which would bring about the desired effect?"

If this young man reads this article carefully he ought to find some words of comfort. All young men so afflicted, ought to remember that, if they want promotion, and to be at the head of a body of men, they must command and hold respect. The weak man will not obtain either. His authority is bound to be broken down.

Whilst I do not hold with being severe and autocratic with those under you, I do hold with being strict and firm. I hold with the master being the master or the master's deputy.

The weak-willed, nervous, blushing man cannot do his work conscientiously, or make those under him do

theirs if they feel the knowledge of his limitations.

You won't be able to get over your troubles all at once. You will have to drill, drill, drill.

You can't get rid of a twenty or thirty years' disease in a day. You will have to physique yourself.

You must work hard. Certainly for months, perhaps for a year or two. You may make so little progress that you will only see you have advanced by looking backwards.

That is what happened to William Lloyd Garrison. He is one of the finest figures in humanitarian history. And yet I don't suppose you ever heard of him. You wouldn't, of course. Being an Englishman, nothing matters to you outside your own history book. I am not casting a slur on you. It's only because of the way they taught you at school. There they teach you the names of a lot of emperors, and presidents, and hills, and rivers, and lakes, and you forget them all within a week or two. If they taught you the stories of many great men in foreign lands in an anecdotal way, and showed you on the map the field of their labors, I'll wager you would never forget them. Then schooldays might be passed without tears.

But to return to Garrison. He was a good American. He hated the American slave trade. He was one of the first—the first of importance—to raise his voice against it. In 1830, when he was bringing out the

first number of the Liberator, he was a slim, sickly youth of twenty-six, and looked younger. He had just been discharged from Baltimore jail. We find him in a Boston attic, living on bread and milk, sleeping on the floor of his printing works, penniless, and without influence and friends.

Somewhere or other he had scraped together a second-hand printing plant, on credit. And when he issued the first number of the Liberator, he had practically no subscribers. The only things he really did have were courage, will power, and a cause to fight for. He wrote an editorial—this slim, sickly, penniless youth did—for his first number on the iniquities of the slave trade. It ended like this: "Let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble. I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice. I am in earnest. I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard. Posterity will bear testimony that I was right." And posterity does so.

Looking back on the progress made, we first hear the shrill voice of William Lloyd Garrison, and then the roar of the guns that culminated in the American Civil War and the abolition of slavery. You saw the picture I drew of Garrison, and how everything was against him. You can't be worse off now than he was then. And you have more chances. The one thing you may be lacking is the will power to make the most of them. Garrison had the will power

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.—Gibbon.

Seeing by Electricity

BY WILLIAM MAHER IN CANTERBURY

That we are on the eve of important discoveries in the realm of sight is demonstrated by the simultaneous invention of a device for seeing at a distance by two scientists. The details of the inventions are not yet available but the writer of this article expects the time along which experiments have been made.

ALMOST simultaneously from two different places in the United States the invention of a device for seeing at a distance by electrical means is announced by two different inventors. Somewhat strange to say, the name adopted by each inventor for his device is "Telvus." The names of the two inventors are J. B. Fowler and William H. Thompson.

A non-technical description of Mr. Fowler's device in one of the electrical papers shows a woman speaking into a telephone transmitter, while at the side of the transmitter is a projection akin to that of a hand stereoscope. The idea is that the apparition of the person at the distant end of the wire will be seen within this projection. It is said that four wires are at present required to accomplish the speaking and seeing, but that eventually two wires only will be necessary. It is also said that natural colors are reproduced in the apparatus. Complete details of the operation of this interesting apparatus are withheld, it is said for certain reasons connected with Patent Office matters. In the meantime, however, it is reported that a company has been organized to push the scheme, and stock in the company will be offered to the public.

Mr. Thompson does not appear to have progressed so far with his invention as Mr. Fowler, but it is stated on Mr. Thompson's behalf that his device will be an improvement on the other one.

In the absence of details it is obvious that no opinion can be expressed as to the value of the claims of these gentlemen. It is well established that the problem which they have set out to solve is not an easy one. Attempts without number have been made to solve it by men thus far without success.

Not long ago M. A. Nisco, of Belgium, made a careful study of many of the methods that have been proposed for seeing at a distance electrically, and concluded that none of the devices thus far experimented with possess the necessary requirements for successful operation.

In the majority of the methods for transmitting sight to a distance, that property of selenium by which its electrical resistance varies with the intensity of the light thrown upon it, has been employed, but the use of this substance for this purpose has not hitherto met the expectations of inventors.

As a result of Mr. Nisco's study of the subject, he believes that a system constructed somewhat as follows would give practical results.—Let a sensitive screen be prepared by coating a metallic net with an insulating varnish. Into the meshes of the net copper wires are inserted before the insulating material hardens. The surface is then filed off smooth and a coat of selenium is spread over the net, this forming a connection between the net and the copper wires. The selenium is then treated in such a manner as to

crystallize it, which brings it into the required sensitive condition.

The copper wires are led into a hollow chunite cylinder and are then brought to the outer surface of the cylinder through holes that are arranged to correspond to the position of the copper wires in the netting. The holes are arranged in spirals around the cylinder, and a steel blade is caused to pass around the cylinder at the rate of 600 revolutions a minute. As it does so, the blade makes momentary contact with the protruding copper wires, ten times per second. The blade, the copper wires and the metallic screen are in an electric circuit with a battery and a telephone receiver. To this telephone is connected a minute microphone which repeats the variations of current that may be set up in the selenium circuit in the transmission line.

At the receiving station a second telephone receiver, by means of another suitably arranged microphone, repeats the variations of current into a local circuit, which is arranged to produce a spark, the luminosity of which depends on the strength of the current, which latter, in turn, varies directly with the intensity of illumination at the selenium screen at the transmission station.

The spark-gap is placed within a

cylinder which is provided with slots arranged spirally around the cylinder in a manner corresponding to the arrangement of the copper wires in the transmitting cylinder. The slotted cylinder revolves in unison with the blade at the sending station.

If then, says Mr. Nisco, a picture be thrown upon the metallic screen while the apparatus at each station is operating synchronously, the light of each spark at the receiving station will be cast on a receiving screen in a manner capable of producing an illuminated image of the picture at the transmitting station. The method just described produces only variations in illumination, and it requires two wires, one for maintaining synchronism between the moving apparatus, the other for transmission of the variable currents.

While Mr. Nisco's plan thus outlined does credit to his ingenuity, its practicability appears rather problematical. It is not altogether unlikely, however, that Mr. Nisco's suggestions have formed, and will form, the basis of the efforts of numerous aspirants for fame and wealth in this direction. The public, however, should take all statements of successful accomplishments of this nature cum grano salis.

A man is not physically perfect who has lost his little finger. It is no answer to say that such a man can do many things as well as before his mutilation. Can he do everything as well? So every bad habit cripples in kind, though not in degree.

Women in Technical Work

BY WILLIAM HARD IN TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE

In the following extract from the leading article in the *Technical World* for October, the author discusses the work of women in technical fields, and especially in the field of the technical and never made a success up-to-now. The story goes with us to significant As elsewhere, however, more and more opportunities are frequent, it will be found that women will never succeed in all walks of life.

SIMMONS College in Boston is perhaps the most spectacular concrete recognition of the fact that there is a technical side, even to the household duties which have long been classed together under the phrase "woman's sphere." This college is devoted entirely to the idea of providing a technical training for women in sanitation, in ventilation, in the chemistry of cooking, in biology, in the cost of proper food, in the preparation of proper clothing, in the construction of hygienic houses, and in the art and science of healthy living. It is characteristic of the present age that there should be an institution of learning dedicated to the proposition that a woman who manages a home needs a few qualifications in addition to a good complexion.

But, besides the technique of housekeeping, which in itself is immensely important, there is the big, outside world of technical endeavor, of engineering, of invention, of architecture, of electricity, of agriculture. In this world the pioneers of the secluded sex have already staked out their claims.

In Pittsburgh, in the workshops of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, there is a woman who every day does engineering work of a high order, making the designs for direct-current electric motors and generators. This woman began her work as Miss Lamme. She is now married to a fellow-engineer, Mr. R. S. Feicht. Mr.

Feicht designs induction motors. His work, therefore, exactly parallels that done by Miss Lamme on direct-current motors, and their union was technically as well as sentimentally appropriate. Miss Lamme early won the admiration of her fellow-engineers as a "slide-rule phenomenon," because of her unusual rapidity in making the intricate mathematical calculations for the construction of the metal monsters which provide the driving power for the gigantic machinery of modern factories.

Among other cases of woman engineers may be mentioned that of Miss Alice Law, of Chicago. Miss Law's struggle toward her ambition ought to prove stimulating to other ambitious young women. She was teaching school out in the Northwest, and had to begin her technical education by studying the catalogues of the big firms that manufacture machines. Then she went to a school of mines. After that she took engineering work at Purdue University. Leaving Purdue for real work in Chicago, she was employed for some time in an engineer's office. To-day she is on the staff of an engineering journal.

The American Institute of Mining Engineers has gone farther than the American Society of Civil Engineers. Instead of having one woman in its membership, it has two. They are Ellen H. Richards, of Boston, and Lena A. Stenberg, of Silverton, Colorado.

Ellen H. Richards is known all over the United States, not only for the work that has made her a member of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, but even more particularly for her constant and successful attempts to apply the principles of laboratory science to the every-day, practical affairs of the home. She is an instructor in sanitary chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. She writes learned treatises on the "Potable Waters of Mexico." But she is most widely and favorably known as the author of practical books on "The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning," "Food Materials," "The Cost of Living," etc., in which the results of her experiments of many years' duration are put into popular form for general use. That Mrs. Richards' technical skill is thoroughly recognized, is shown by the fact that she has been employed as a chemist by the Chemical Manufacturers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company. As an official of that company, she has made many valuable experiments on the nature of explosive oils.

Out in the western country, the names of women mining engineers are beginning to be heard. Miss Clara Clark, of Butte, Montana, is doing the kind of work that any man mining engineer might do. She is a graduate of the Montana School of Mines. While she was in that school, she had a fellow-student of her own sex, Miss Isabell Little, of Baltimore, Maryland. These two girls took the whole mining engineering course without flinching. They waded mountain streams in high rubber boots. They spent whole nights in the open-air in blankets. They climbed perpendicular ladders in the darkness of deep mines. These little

diversions of their student days have prepared them for the mature pleasures of their profession.

Mrs. Sara Steenberg, of Chicago, is also a mining expert. But she is not a mining engineer. In fact, although she knows a great deal about mines, she did not gain her knowledge till after she had acquired herself with great credit in another profession. She is really and mainly a fire insurance agent. Left with a daughter to educate and with no means of educating her, Mrs. Steenberg looked about for a profitable occupation, and chose that of soliciting fire insurance policies. She had such splendid success that she not only sent her daughter through the grade school, through the high school, and through the university, but even finally to the cities of Europe for the completion of her training. Mrs. Steenberg still devotes a full day to her fire insurance work. But in her leisure time she has acquired an interest in mines. Her latest success is with a lead and zinc mine in Wisconsin. Mrs. Steenberg is the manager of this mine, as well as its financial promoter. She makes the contracts for the sale of its product. She buys the machinery for it. She signs the payroll. Her success is an inspiring example to women who either have to make their way in the world or else just simply want to do so.

Miss Olive M. Percival, of Los Angeles, California, deserves special mention in this connection on account of remarkable success achieved in promoting the business of a well-known fire insurance company of New York in the Western and Southwestern States. She is also a writer of prominence, the author of a book of travel and of numerous short stories relating to the Chinese

in America, and is an authority on Oriental art.

If a woman can manage a mine or surmount obstacles in the field of insurance agency work, she ought to be able to manage a telephone company. And she can. Mrs. Anney M. Brett, of El Paso, Texas, has for some time been the president and manager of the Southern Independent Telephone Company, and is a striking example of what a woman can accomplish in the business world. Promoting public utilities has seemed peculiarly a man's work, but Mrs. Brett has a record in Texas for successfully launching telephone companies in fields where even the stout-hearted business man would hesitate to venture, that must challenge the admiration of the boldest of promoters. With a telephone company already in the field and operating under a generous franchise from the city council of El Paso, Mrs. Brett, a widow, with no capital but her knowledge of the telephone business and a determination to win, applied for a franchise to construct and maintain an independent telephone system. Her application was met with the strongest opposition from the "old" company, but Mrs. Brett had learned from her husband some of the fine points of the game of politics, and she won her fight. She has recently secured a franchise for a telephone system in Mineral Wells, Texas, and is now engaged in promoting that undertaking.

If a woman can manage a telephone company, why not a gas company? The answer is Miss J. J. Dickerman. She has not found her sex a disqualification in acting as the manager and purchasing agent of the Benton Harbor St. Joseph Gas Company of Michigan.

From managers of companies, the transition is easy to contractors. At the recent meeting of the National Electric Contractors' Association at Cleveland, it was found that two of the members were women. They were Miss Rose B. Richardson of Syracuse, New York, and Mrs. C. Fred Warner of Rockford, Ill.

In electricity, in gas, in engineering, in sanitation, women have thus made their way into the same fields with men. It is not surprising therefore, that they have effected an entrance into architecture, which is more or less a summary of the technical trades, with the added element of art.

Mrs. Louise Bethune of Buffalo, New York, is an architect whose place in the profession is so well established that she has been elected to membership in the American Institute of Architects. Her husband is also an architect. Like Monsieur and Madame Curie in science, and like Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb in economics, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune have been able to carry their companionship from their home to their daily work.

Alice J. Hands, of New York City, has also done some interesting architectural work. She began by making anonymous designs for men architects to use. Afterwards she secured a practice of her own. She put up a model sanitarium in San Francisco and a row of model tenements in New York.

One of the most versatile of women architects is Miss Marion Mahony, of Chicago. This young woman not only did all the architectural work for the Unitarian church in Evanston, Illinois, but rounded the job out by doing the stained-glass windows and the mural painting.

Passing from the professions for a moment to the handicrafts, it is interesting to observe that women are capable, not only of the intellectual effort needed in architecture and in engineering, but also of the manual strength and dexterity required for the actual work of rough construction. Miss Nellie Patterson, of Mount Carmel, Connecticut, for instance, is a full-fledged machinist. She handles the file, the drill, and the planer, standing at her place before her lathe and turning out tools with as much knowledge of the tricks of metal-work as the men who labor by her side.

In the field of invention, the work done by women has long been recognized. And the number of women inventors is steadily increasing. The United States Patent Office makes the calculation, that, while in 1820 there was only one woman in 350,000 who ever exercised her inventive powers, there is now one such woman in every 33,500.

One of the most remarkable woman inventors is Mrs. Margaret A. Wilcox of Los Angeles, California, who, at the age of 76, still makes inventions, patents them, and organizes companies for manufacturing and selling them. Her latest interest is in a device for heating houses by electricity without the inconveniences which attend almost all other methods.

Another woman inventor who does not allow advancing years to interfere with her inventive activity, is Amanda T. Jones of Junction City, Kansas. This unusual woman seems to divide her time between writing poems which have received high praise from the literary journals, and inventing machines which pass the scrutiny of the Patent Office. She has five patents on vacuum-pre-

serving devices, and she is just now taking out a patent for a furnace in which the use of oil as a fuel is said to be provided with several new conveniences.

With so many women inventors, it is natural that women should become interested in the field of patent law. There are at least two women who have found this field both lucrative and fascinating. One of these women is Florence King of Chicago, the other is Edith Julia Griswold of New York.

Miss King started from the farm. She deserted agriculture for shorthand writing. After awhile she became a court stenographer. From reporting law cases, she went on to the study of law. Pretty soon she had fought her way up to the point of being admitted to the bar. But meanwhile she was taking scientific courses in local technical schools. The energy of this woman was inexhaustible. Her legal knowledge and her technical knowledge together gave her a firm hold on the intricacies of the Patent Office. She established her reputation forever in a great suit which was concerned with a patented material used for packing the axles of railroad cars, and which finally went for decision to the Supreme Court of the United States. While still a young woman, this graduate of the rough work of the farmhouse argued before the judges of the Supreme Court and won. It was undoubtedly a matter of gratification to her that her client, whose property was saved by her skill, was also a woman.

Edith Julia Griswold of New York has been equally persistent and equally successful. She opened an office in New York as a mechanical draftsman in 1886. After awhile she closed up this office, and because

managing clerk for the firm of Howson & Howson, patent-attorneys. Here she decided to study law. Being admitted to the bar, she hung out her own shingle, and began to use her knowledge of law and her knowledge of mechanical drawing at the same time. She has been so successful as a patent-attorney that now she has turned most of the office work over to a partner, and confines herself in the main to appearing as an expert witness in patent disputes. In 1904, at the World's Fair at St. Louis, she was a member of the International Jury of Awards in the Machinery Department.

Of all industrial enterprises, however, perhaps that of building and managing railroads is regarded as the most strenuous and the most masculine. Special interest attaches therefore to Mrs. Annie Kline Rickett, of California, who, after working for many years in mining enterprises, at last built the Stockton & Tuolumne Railroad, became the president of it, and established a

board of directors in which four out of the six members were women. Mrs. Rickett has successfully acquired the manners and customs of railroading. The dispatches from California announced not long ago that a judge had sentenced her to five days in jail for contempt of court in refusing to show the books of her railroad company.

In transportation on water as well as on land, it is possible to entrust one's self to feminine hands. There are six or seven women in America who have been granted pilots' licenses. Mrs. Carrie B. Hunter of Snow Hill, Maryland, is the pilot and master of the Carrie. She navigates this boat in the waters of Chesapeake Bay. Miss Jane Morgan of Philadelphia, the master of the Waturus, a steam vessel over 290 feet long, is another who has passed the necessary examinations for a pilot's license and who is allowed by law to undertake a pilot's responsibility for the lives of passengers on the high seas.

It is character that counts in a nation as in a man. It is a good thing to have a clean, fine, intellectual development in a nation, to produce orators, artists, successful business men; but it is an infinitely greater thing to have those solid qualities which we group together under the name of character—soberity, steadfastness, the sense of obligation towards one's neighbor and one's God, hard common sense, and combined with it, the gift of generous enthusiasm towards whatever is right. These are the qualities which go to make up true national greatness—Roosevelt.

Galveston: A Business Corporation

BY GEORGE KIRK TURNER IN McCLURE'S

In Galveston, by far the largest city in the Gulf of Mexico, there is a corporation of five men, who carry on the affairs of the city. These five directors carry on the affairs of a big business. Both the ward system and the system of aldermen at large had been tried in Galveston but with the usual unfortunate results. The new system has made Galveston strong and prosperous.

FIIVE men about a long table—a president and four managers of departments—govern the city of Galveston, Texas. This board is now five years old. It is probably the most direct and simple city government in the world. More than that: it is a revolution in local government in America; for it is organized on entirely new lines—the lines of a business corporation. Till now we have assured ourselves: "A city is a business corporation"—and run it with a legislature.

The Galveston Commission government has not only been a startling success in that city, but it is being adopted with great rapidity throughout the Southwest. The two largest cities in Texas have already taken it up, and within two years it is believed that every city of consequence in the State will have done so. From these—if its success continue—it must find its way north to the region of great cities.

The new idea was born of a tremendous disaster. On the 8th of September, 1900, the Great Storm came down on Galveston, and all but tore her from the map. One sixth of the population were drowned, one third of the property was destroyed in a night. The municipality itself was ruined—paved streets washed away, lights blown down, city buildings wrecked. And worse than all there was no money. Taxpayers—the great majority of them—could not pay their taxes then. The credit of the city was gone. Her bonds went down at once to sixty.

Yet millions must be spent in public works to keep the city in existence. Thousands of people were harring away. To retain her population the city must have the assurance of protection from a repetition of the disaster.

These were the days when good government was no pretty theory in Galveston. It was a great serious desire. The community loomed big; the individual seemed very small. For the community was the only hope. Unless it could reorganize and go on, the individual was ruined. There was in the city a body known as the Deepwater Committee, formed to secure national appropriations for deepening the city's harbor. Its fifteen members are believed to have represented, in one way or another, nearly half the property of the place. Without delay, although it had never before concerned itself with municipal matters, this organization took affairs into its own hands. It planned ways and means of raising money, of satisfying creditors, of building public works, and it especially considered the formation of some agency to take over the management of the ruined city—a strong responsible, centralized city government which would really govern. Now there were two systems which the city would certainly not adopt. She had tried them and found them wretched failures. The first was government by a mayor and ward alderman, the second was governed by a mayor and a board of aldermen elected at large.

Galveston inherited, together with the other cities of the United States, the usual system of dividing its territory into artificial districts, each of which elected its representatives in the city council. Until 1890 the was ruled by the ward aldermen, who constituted by far the strongest branch of her government. It was impossible to elect really representative men to this body. Its members represented, not the city, but the ward; and the ward, in the great majority of cases could be almost certainly manipulated by the worst type of politicians. The aldermen had the distribution of the patronage and improvements. They divided them among their wards. Each alderman had the naming of his own election officers. The ward alderman had Galveston, as he has most American cities, securely organized. It was a disgrace, but it could not be corrected. Citizens went about their own business and disregarded it.

In 1893 Dr. A. W. Fly, a big, aggressive, popular physician, was elected mayor of Galveston. The city council was then, and had been for several years, in the control of the Eleven. This assortment was made up as follows: one saloon-keeper, one bar-tender, one drayman, two wharf laborers, one negro politician, one journeyman printer, one retail butcher, one retail grocer, one embattled real-estate broker, one political agent for a railroad which never existed except on paper. War started immediately between the mayor and his aggregation. The Eleven overrode more than thirty votes of the mayor in two years. The mayor, on his part, decided in 1894 to have an examination of the city's books. Being refused an appropriation for

this by the Eleven, he paid for the work out of his own pocket.

It took four bookkeepers four months to unmask the thing. The whole system was honeycombed; the city had been exploited right and left. But far more astonishing than that was the absolute barbaric crudeness of the affair. The losses from a defaulting ex-collector had been wiped off the books of an ex-auditor with a great dash of ink; the acting collector was calmly withholding thousands of dollars. The Eleven were giving all the city contracts to one contractor, and were frankly getting his endorsement on notes which they did not pay. These peculiar creatures, secure within the protection of the imaginary lines which made them, did not even trouble themselves to steal in a quiet and businesslike way. They battened openly on the city. If they had been less hungry or more intelligent, they would have fared better and gone farther. As it was, regardless of investigations, they had destroyed themselves. The citizens were refusing to pay taxes. The aldermen and their friends did not do so, then why should any one? Government cannot well continue without taxes. The rule of the ward aldermen was coming to a standstill—after having brought the affairs of the city into chaos.

There have been two plans of procedure commonly adopted, in America, under such circumstances. One kindly, but pathetically ineffective—has been to try, to elevate the ward aldermen. The other, growing in popularity for fifty years, has been to take all power from him and leave him a shadow. This movement has gone furthest in New York, where in the last ten years the ward alderman has been so robbed of his

vitality that little now remains but to put him out of his pain. Galveston did neither of these things. She neither attempted to evangelize the ward alderman, nor to destroy the creature and retain the name. She merely wept to the State legislature and put out of existence this Einstein monster which she had created with her own hands to pursue her.

From 1895 to 1901 Galveston was under another system—a mayor and a board of aldermen selected at large. She might be said to have had the usual type of American city government, reduced to its simplest form. She had escaped the viciousness of ward politics, but she retained exactly the same old machinery of operation. Imagine a business in which every matter to be considered goes first to a committee of three or five, then to a body of from twelve to two hundred, then at last to a single independent head for approval or disapproval—never once on its journey feeling the vital touch of a responsible hand, or the illumination of an expert mind. How long would a body of this kind exist in competition with the savage personal self-interest which drives the corporation of to-day? Yet that is city government—whose daily business brings it into relation with the sharpest and most unscrupulous elements in the business world. Is the present general hopelessness and indifference toward civic affairs fairly surprising under the circumstances? Can anything come out of such machinery but failure and disgust? The interest in Galveston, stimulated by the reform of 1893, continually died down, both on the side of the public and the office-holder; but, in the meantime, the sharp interest of the politicians remained. In 1899 a ma-

chine mayor was elected, and the better element had the greatest difficulty in electing a bare majority of the aldermen. It was this government which broke down under the strain of the Storm—offering the melancholy spectacle of a chief administrative body in a tremendous crisis, with its two branches in open hostility.

After the Storm this body arrived nowhere. At first it made a few feeble moves, some of which proved most unfortunate in a business way. It was advised by one of its members to resign, but it would not even do that. It merely talked loudly and vociferously. The public disregarded it entirely. They looked first and always to the Deepwater Committee—a body without any delegated authority whatever. The people of San Francisco did a similar thing after the earthquake, and those of Memphis after the scourge of yellow fever in 1878. In the white flush of great calamity the population of cities sees with perfect clearness the inadequacy of the old machinery of city government in the United States. It is useless when we need it most.

The Deepwater Committee met nightly, discussing the community's affairs. They viewed Galveston, not as a city at all, but a great ruined business. What agency should be selected to reorganize it? Obviously, no mayor and aldermen—not with the memory of the past: not with that pitiful, chattering thing before them as an object lesson! The matter was not to be considered. But about a month after the storm the present commission government was suggested. Within ten minutes the idea was approved and adopted, and a committee chosen to formulate it. R. Waverly Smith, a former

city attorney who suggested the idea, was chosen chairman. Two other lawyers—Farrell D. Miner and ex-Congressman Walter Gresham—acted with him.

There were hints for the Galveston government in the commissions of Washington and Memphis, Tennessee, but they were little more than hints. For the important feature of the system the committee drew straight from modern business practice. Now, there can be no doubt of the splendid, brutal vitality of the great business organization. The whole earth is filled with it. We cannot escape its compulsion—eating or drinking, getting up or lying down. The problem of the charter committee was to inspire with the force of this strong, live thing, the moribund institution of city government. But where does this great driving force of the modern business corporation come from? From personality. The corporation succeeds because it has harnessed to its use the ambition and interest of strong men, by placing upon them individual responsibility and authority. The Galveston committee, in the same way, brought into the impersonal, perfunctory operations of city government, the same power of personal interest and ambition—stimulated, not by any empty political preference, but by the satisfaction of a fine and important passive service.

The Galveston Commission is a body of five men—a mayor or general manager, and four managers of particular departments. All power resides in the commission. A majority vote of the body is final. The mayor is presiding officer and general director of the affairs of the city, but he has no power beyond his vote as commissioner, except some minor abilities to act in case of emergency.

The commissioners must also come to the board for all power to act. The commission, at its first meeting, divides its departments among its members by vote, under these four heads: commissioner of finance and revenue, police and fire commissioner, commissioner of streets and public property, and water works and sewerage commissioner. The mayor is elected specifically for his office, but the commissioners are not. But, though the division of departments is under the charge of the board, the public are practically certain, when they cast their votes, of the office each man will assume. In fact, the men who now serve were chosen because of special fitness for their work. The elections to the board are, of course, at large, and the whole body is elected together every two years—the election taking place in May, a time as far removed as possible from the time of other elections.

You must understand exactly the function of these commissioners, for this is very important. They are not superintendents in any sense—although they are salaried men, the mayor receiving \$2,000 and each commissioner \$1,200 a year; they are governors or managers of departments. First of all, each represents his department in the board. They outline its policy there as specialists in its affairs, and all questions concerning it are referred to them for their opinion. All matters of the daily conduct of their departments are under their supervision. They are in much the same position to the city that the British ministry is to the affairs of England. Their superintendents under them take the management of the routine. They simply advise and direct. The work, consequently, in all but the largest cities,

will not be so great but that it can be undertaken by most business men. Varied amounts of time will, of course, be given it, according to the temperament of the individual in charge, but the daily average need not be large. As a matter of fact, the Galveston commissioners give it more time than they would if they were not so actively interested in their work.

It is a wide-spread belief—and one of the most hopeless beliefs in the current pessimism concerning city government—that strong and representative men can never again be had for the service of cities. There is an ample supply for the management of libraries and hospitals and boards of trade, but none for the vastly more important work of city government. Galveston has contradicted this skepticism successfully. Her commissioners came into her service, it is true, under the pressure of a great calamity; but they still remain, and from present appearances they will continue some years longer. Their work interests them; it has become their hobby, as the libraries and hospitals and parks have their thousands of wealthy and successful men throughout the country. The change in the form of government has made this possible. In Galveston, where the office of alderman was a street joke or a disgrace, the office of commissioner is a high honor, and an absorbing personal interest for its holder.

This is the class of men who do the city business of Galveston: the first mayor-president was Judge W. T. Austin, for years one of the leading attorneys of the city. His death, in the Fall of 1905, made the first and only change in the commission up to date. He was succeeded by Henry A. Landes, a veteran wholesale merchant, with wide and varied interests in local business affairs. I. H. Kempner, the commissioner of finance, is perhaps the most promising young business man in the city—a banker and active manager of large business interests. Previous to his election he was for two years city treasurer. H. C. Lange, the water works and sewerage commissioner, is an active partner in a prosperous wholesale house. Before becoming commissioner he was for a number of years a member of the subsidiary board which managed the routine of the water department under the aldermen. V. E. Austin, commissioner of streets and public property, is a successful real estate dealer. A. P. Norman, police and fire commissioner, is the secretary and treasurer of a live stock concern, and has seen previous service as alderman. The first two men are wealthy, the third in more than comfortable circumstances, and the last two of moderate means. They are all good, clean, representative men. Galveston has at last a really representative government.

The Galveston commission government began in September, 1901. Under their installation, its members immediately reorganized the official force of the city. The salaries were not large, but they secured an excellent corps of officers. Albert Ferrier, the expert accountant who unearthed the scandal of the city's books in 1894, was made city auditor. Dr. C. W. Trueheart, a veteran physician with a life-long enthusiasm for proper sanitary regulation, was chosen health physician. John T. Rowan, one of the cleanest and bravest men on the police force, was put at its head. Throughout all the departments the best available men were selected with as much care as

for a private corporation. This force still remains intact. Together with the commissioners, whose board has been broken only by the death of Mayor Austin, they form an administration as continuous as that of any business concern. Galveston, in-

stead of changing managers every two years, has been governed by trained and experienced men. This government has now served five years. It has ceased to be an experiment. It has had ample time to prove itself.

The Will to be Well

CHAMBERS JOURNAL

Everyone knows the power of imagination. No one doubts that there are imaginary diseases and that imitations of beauty have no other disease than that they imagine themselves diseased. Is it not then as possible, and even so much better, to imagine oneself healthy? And may we not in this way increase and preserve health, just as the contrary plan we can increase or produce disease?

MOST people have noticed that got to disregard it, and, while there might be palpitation and panting in the chest, all was calm and cheerful in the head; and this philosopher lived to a ripe old age. Kant writes: 'Even in real diseases we must separate the disease from the feeling of sickness. The latter generally much exceeds the former; indeed, one would not notice the disease itself, which often consists of a locally deranged function of an unimportant region, were it not for the general unpleasant sensations and pains rendering us miserable.' These sensations, however—this action of the disease on the system—are often for the most part under our control. A weak, enervated spirit, with its increased sensitiveness, becomes completely prostrated; a stronger, more resolute one, resists and subdues these sensations.

Every one allows that it is possible to entirely forget one's bodily troubles when anything occurs of a startling or pleasant nature, anything which conducts the mind from itself. Why, then, cannot one's own mental power bring the same result about by its own determined effort?

Kant mentions cases in which he and others have done so, to which Hufeland adds 'It is incredible what a man can effect by the power of a determined will, even in his physical conditions, and similarly by hard necessity, which is often the cause of the exercise of this determined will. Most striking is the power of the mind over infections and epidemic diseases. It is a well established experience that those are the least liable to be infected who have good humor and do not fear or grieve over the disorder. But I am myself an example that an infection which has actually taken effect may be removed by cheerful mental excitement. And so on.'

I quote these extracts merely as samples; the whole essay is well worth study. No doubt the views preached and practised by our authors have cropped up in literature at various times since history began; the Stoics taught and practised similar precepts, and Asiatic races for ages have done the same. The recognition of the power of the will and of imagination over definite physical and physiological conditions in the animal body is as old as religion, as old as quackery.

The power of the will in influencing bodily conditions depends on the determinate direction of the attention to or from the sensations or ideas presented to the mind; and, as Dr. Carpenter says, 'this capacity depends, first, upon our conviction that we really have such a determining power; and, secondly, upon our habitual use of it.' It has been proved that this attention, however induced, changes the local action of the part; so that, if habitually or repeatedly exercised, it may produce important modifications in its nutrition, probably through the vascu-

lar trophic nerves and through the vaso-motor system of nerves which control the capillary circulation of the region concerned. In this way it often happens that a real malady supervenes upon the fancied ailments of those in whom the mind dwells upon its own sensations; while, on the other hand, the strong expectation of benefit will often cure diseases that involve serious organic change. Doubtless, most of us remember where our reading or hearing of some cases of illness has caused us to recognize symptoms of severe disease in ourselves, and where disregard to these sensations, either voluntarily or as a result of a medical verdict, has removed all evidence of disorder.

Among the bodily changes more obviously directly resulting from mental influence, especially sudden emotions, may be mentioned, fainting, vomiting, change of the color of the hair, and of the nutrition of other parts. St. Vitus's dance, indigestion, innumerable changes in the secretions and excretions, brain-disease, and death itself. On two occasions the writer has seen well-marked jaundice follow in two or three days after the individuals had been plucked at examinations, no other cause than the despondency produced being evident.

Undoubtedly many of the good effects attributed to magnetism, baths, pads, and the nostrums of the day are due to their mental influence; and much of the doctor's cures are due to the same 'expectation' of benefit from the drugs and rules of diet and conduct he recommends. The physician's personality and individual tact, the 'bedside manner' which has often been ridiculed, is often of more importance to the patient than all the drugs in his

pharmacoporia. The marvelous therapeutic effect of many a placebo astonishes the physician and should cause him thought. One of the worst signs in many diseases is despondency or fear or the lack of a desire to recover, while we are often surprised at the tenacity of life evidenced by the hopeful and by those who have determined not to die. The desirable mental state may be induced or aided by the physician and by others about the patient, and is largely under the patient's own voluntary control.

There may be danger of exaggerating the capacities of this voluntary direction of the will towards the benefit of the economy, and such exaggeration can only cause disappointment. The power differs greatly in different people, and develops marvellously by practice. It is not sufficient to cry "peace, peace, when there is no peace;" and Shakespeare tells us:

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache pa-
tiently;

but in the large class of functional disorders of the nervous system, including the fashionable nervous-breakdown and neurasthenia, the first thing is to remove the causes where possible, and to improve the habits where necessary, and the next thing is to strengthen the determination to be well. Sleep is largely under the control of the will, and so

is pain, as are the various sensations known as symptoms. One method by which the will can act is by switching the attention off from such symptoms by interesting studies or light literature, by music, theatres, cheerful company, and travel, and especially by congenial employment; physical and mental Ennui, worry, lack of interest and employment are more common causes of nervous breakdown than the unjustly maligned overwork. How rapidly the man ages, and how easily he dies, who has retired from business and not secured employment!

To imitate the child and play at "let's pretend" is an excellent game. Smile and you will soon feel cheerful, frown and you will soon fret; say and think "I am well and happy," say it firmly and often, and you will excel Mark Tapley as an optimist. Laugh, and the world laughs with you.

Let us recognize the undoubted benefit derived from the mental influence of relics, shrines, faith-healing, Christian Science, quacks and nostrums, and similar stimuli in all ages, and let us determine to have a bit on our own! Recognizing the power of voluntary conduct to materially influence happiness and good health, let us determine to be happy and well.

It is the mind that maketh good
or ill;
That maketh wretched or happy rich
or poor.

Mr. Parslow's Fellow-Traveller

BY FRED JAY IN CASSELL'S MAGAZINE

Mr. Parslow must surely have felt that he was living in a dream when he encountered the a certain individual, who came into his sleeping carriage from London to Liverpool, and who was dressed in the garb of the vagabond, offering to sell him the fruits of his experience and a wisdom that was extraordinary for one of his years. Mr. Parslow was bewildered and the reader is bewildered too right to the end of the story.

MR. SAMUEL PARSLAW, with many sights and grants, settled his huge carcass in the cushions of a first-class smoker. A worrying day in the city had not improved his temper, and he looked forward to as hour of quiet seclusion on his homeward journey. The few travelers who glanced into his compartment were favored with a glaze that sent them further along the platform, and Mr. Parslow, with a cigar between his lips, lolled back with satisfaction as the train started. Then suddenly there came a shouting and a fumbling at the handle of the door, and a small human object, as sized in the rear by the guard, came tumbling anyhow into the carriage.

The intruder recovered his equilibrium and returned Mr. Parslow's resentful stare with a smile of placid assurance.

He was a little fellow of perhaps sixteen years, long enough a city man to have acquired that self-confidence, not to say aggressiveness, common to office boys, but not long enough to have lost the color and roundness of his cheeks—a Raphael cherub after ten years' experience of a hard but magnificently interesting world. A neat little short black coat, and trousers, also short, encased a small but expanding frame with an effort that could not be much longer sustained. To compensate for these deficiencies, a hat of the bowler variety, a full size too big, came well down over his head, giving the wearer a peculiarly old-fashioned appear-

ance, which was not diminished by an accessory handbag and a carefully rolled umbrella.

He produced a tobacco pouch, and, dexterously filling a small briar pipe, lit it and sent a cloud of smoke in the direction of Mr. Parslow. It had a nasty suggestion of shag about it, and gave the latter a much-desired opportunity to relieve his feelings.

"You've no business to smoke," he said rudely.

The boy glanced casually up at the window, and his pink cheeks took a slightly rosier hue.

"It is a smoking carriage, I believe," he replied.

He spoke in a broken treble, but with such easy assurance that Mr. Parslow, whose bullying manner was so effective in his counting house in Wood street, was visibly taken aback.

"I am quite aware of that," he rejoined. "I mean, a boy your age has no business to smoke."

"Indeed," said the other in the same tones.

"Yes, sir, indeed," said Mr. Parslow sputteringly, his temper ruffling. "The habit, when indulged in youth, stunts the growth and cures feebles the brain."

"If that is so," replied the boy, quizzically eying Mr. Parslow's gigantic proportions and not over intellectual features, "when I look at you and hear you speak, I am quite at a loss to judge whether you contracted the habit in early years or have only recently become a devotee of the weed."

Mr. Parslow looked at him in astonishment and began to bluster.

"You know that disgusting pipe out?" he demanded fiercely.

"Certainly," said the boy; "I will—when I've finished it." And he smiled complacently at the big and

stitched to box his ears. But there was an expression in the boy's eye that he had seen on occasions in Miss. Parslow's, and he sat down again.

"You're a very rude little boy," he said, lamely, "and have no right at all to be in this carriage."



"Confident and entirely at his ease, swinging his little feet."

lurious man, and filled the carriage with smoke.

Mr. Parslow hanged down the windows and opened the ventilators with a good deal more violence than was necessary or becoming in a man of his years. To be fouted by a mere urchin! The thought was well-nigh unbearable, and Mr. Parslow's hand

"My dear sir," pleaded the other, with an irritating wave of a skinny and not particularly clean hand, "pray spare me that inevitable retort of the railway carriage disputant. You're not, you're really not going to ask me to show my ticket."

"I'll have you turned out at Leigh," said Mr. Parslow furiously.

"Unfortunately we don't stop before that."

"You would have some difficulty to keep me in at Leigh, I can assure you," replied the boy. "To be quite candid, I have a third, and should there be any unpleasantness with the officials, you, as a gentleman, will of course bear witness that I was put into this compartment—I might say thrown in, I think."

"And will be thrown out, I presume you," rejoined Mr. Parslow with heat. "You ate a most impudent and audacious young rascal!"

"You forget yourself," said the boy in a repeating voice. "And on second thoughts," he added, "I can't blame you. If I were you I should try to do the same."

"You shall be thrown out," retorted Mr. Parslow, for lack of another retort. "You don't appear to know who you're talking to."

"Nor care," said the boy.

"Perhaps you will care when I tell you I'm a director of this line," continued the big man vulgarly.

"A director," said the other, with a curious little smile hovering around the corner of his mouth. "Chairman, you mean, my dear sir. Make it chairman."

Mr. Parslow was staggered. He sat looking hard and long at the greatest monster he had ever met in his life, and tried to think how he could reduce him to a proper state of respectful humility, and the monster, who might have weighed six stone, sat opposite, confident and entirely at his ease, swinging his little feet, which did not reach the floor by a couple of inches.

Staring at the enemy offered no solution to the difficulty, and did not disconcert the other. He was a mystery; Mr. Parslow, picking his teeth

reflectively with a gold quill, gave it up. Then of a sudden it occurred to him that he was not a boy but a man. He had heard of such a case; was not one to be seen in the neighborhood of the Stock Exchange any day during the last thirty years—a boy of sixteen, to all appearances?

Mr. Parslow was convinced that here must be the explanation of his fellow-traveler's conduct, but at the very moment he definitely arrived at that conclusion the object of his speculations knocked the ashes out of his pipe and, opening his little handbag, took out an orange and consumed it with youthful avidity.

Mr. Parslow's theory was shattered.

"I should have thought you were old enough to know that it is very rude to eat oranges in a railway carriage," said he, blundering into the attack again.

"I must apologize," said the other. "In my haste to catch the train I hadn't time to finish my dinner, so brought the dessert along with me. You, I take it," he added conversationally, "dine at the more fashionable hours, although one might be disposed to assume, from the free use you are making of the toothpick, that you, too, had already partaken of that meal."

Mr. Parslow actually changed color. The theory was taking form again, and he began to consider the best way out of an awkward position. After all, a man had no right to go about misleading people, and if he were treated as a boy he had only himself to blame.

In the excitement of the encounter Mr. Parslow had let his cigar out, and, opening his matchbox, was disgusted to find it empty. He went carefully through every pocket two

or three times in the hope of finding another box, and then discovered that the only matches within reach were in the possession of his fellow-traveller. So he kept the untilt cigar between his lips, and looking out of the window became intensely interested in the sunset.

The boy was dealing novitàly with his third orange, the smell of which, unpleasant to most people, was particularly offensive to Mr. Parslow. If he could only smoke it wouldn't be so bad; but he couldn't, so sat fuming in spirit.

The dessert came to an end at last, and Mr. Parslow, without tarsing his head, became aware of the other refilling his pipe. An idea rose into his head, the brilliancy of which surpassed the sunset and almost startled him. He heard a match struck, and turning round, said as politely as he knew how:

"After you, sir, please."

The tobacco was so long in lighting that the boy nearly burnt his fingers, and what was left of the match dropped expired to the floor.

"Sorry," said the boy.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Parslow, amiably.

"I mean, sorry I can't oblige you," said the other, putting the matches in his pocket. "After your remarks on the evil consequences of juvenile smoking you couldn't possibly accept a light from me. That would be compounding a felony, and preposterous and impudent though I may be, I do not care to put temptation in anybody's way."

Mr. Parslow forgot the oranges.

"I begin to think," he said, apologetically, "I have made a very foolish mistake."

"I can't blame you, my dear sir," interrupted the other, smiling.

"It's very good of you," murmured Mr. Parslow.

"Not at all," said the boy, "I was about to say that it is probably hereditary."

"Appearances are sometimes very deceptive," continued Mr. Parslow, failing to appreciate the relevance of the last remark.

"Sometimes," agreed the other. He was not assisting the big man in his difficulty.

"You, no doubt, are—or—very much older than I at first thought," blundered on Mr. Parslow.

"I've turned ten," said the boy, smiling.

"Well, let us say no more about it," said Mr. Parslow in desperation. "Have a cigar."

For the first time the boy showed some signs of hesitation in his manner.

"They look rather strong," he said, but he took one.

"Not too strong for smokers of our experience," said Mr. Parslow, jocularly.

"I'm not accustomed to cigars," confessed the boy. "My means prohibit such luxuries."

He bore the band off the cigar, and it occurred to Mr. Parslow, who kept his on, that he had seen gentlemen who ought to know better do the same thing.

"A Murias," said the boy, rolling it critically between his fingers. "A good smoke, though I prefer a Larraga on the rare occasion I indulge. You won't take that unkindly, I know."

Mr. Parslow inclined his head gravely; he was waiting for the matches.

The other knocked his pipe out and put his hand in his trouser pocket for a knife. That useful article, however,

appeared to be missing, and in the search for it he disclosed some of the contents of his pockets.

Amongst other articles of youthful acquisition, Mr. Parslow observed with increasing bewilderment several

as for foreign stamps, he knew boys of fifty who collected; the coin, too, was probably off a watch-chain. But the marble and jumping frog he was quite unable to reconcile, unless—and the thought came to him with some-



"Abstracting a pennyworth of chocolate."

pieces of string, some foreign stamps, a perforated silver coin, two glass marbles and a jumping frog.

String was useful—Mr. Parslow invariably carried a piece himself; and

thing like a shock—unless he was taking them home for his children.

The object of these speculations returned the various articles to his pockets, and, biting the end of his

cigar, put it between his teeth and lit it.

"You will oblige me with a light now," said Mr. Parslow, holding out his hand.

"I have already given my reason for not doing so," said the boy, putting the match-box away again.

"But after accepting my cigar you surely can't refuse," said the outraged Mr. Parslow.

"I've no companion on that score," replied the other, rolling the smoke with his tongue and watching it float up to the roof of the carriage. "I know perfectly well why you gave it me—you hoped it would make me ill."

"My dear sir," protested Mr. Parslow, artfully, "why should I hope it would make you ill?"

"Because," said the other, "I am a most impudent young rascal, who will be thrown out at the first stopping-place by the justly incensed chairman—I mean director—of the line."

Mr. Parslow looked a little shame-faced.

"I thought," he said in an aggrieved voice, "you accepted my apology for an unfortunate misunderstanding. I certainly apologized."

"Did you?" rejoined the other. "Well, I would not have you think me ungracious!" And he passed the matches over.

Mr. Parslow lit his cigar, and, settling himself more comfortably in the corner, surreptitiously watched his fellow-traveler, who, deeming the unpleasant incident closed, had become absorbed in a newspaper. From where he sat, Mr. Parslow was unable to see what part of the paper he was interested in, and he fell to wondering whether it was the leading article or cricket results; in a circle of business

friends he was considered a "sport," and would have het even money either way.

He looked at the quaint little figure and fresh-complexioned face that bore not the faintest trace of hair on the upper lip; and he thought of the oranges and the marbles and the jumping frog. Then he caught himself repeating some of the conversation that had passed between them, which did not reflect any great personal superiority, and he observed that the other was half-way through a big and strong cigar, and appeared to be enjoying it. Man or boy, he was a mystery.

More out of inquisitiveness, perhaps, than with any confidence of getting the better of further argument, Mr. Parslow opened on him again.

"We shall soon be running into Leigh," he said. "Do you live there?"

The boy glanced over the top of his paper with a look that boded no more success to Mr. Parslow's curiosity than his aggression.

"No," he replied simply.

Mr. Parslow was not to be put off so easily.

"Might I ask, without being guilty of rudeness," he continued, "what your occupation may be?"

"No," repeated the other.

"I'm rather interested," persisted Mr. Parslow. "I'm in the rag trade myself."

"I gathered as much," said the boy.

"Really," said Mr. Parslow. "How?"

The boy smiled.

"Well, railway directors do not generally travel with the Draper's Record sticking half out of their pockets."

"You are very keen," said Mr.

Parslow. "Since you have discovered my business, I'll make a guess at yours. You're a schoolboy—teacher, I mean."

He looked at the other narrowly.

"Well, I'm not usually interested in guessing games," said the boy, "but I don't mind telling you you're wrong. I'm not a school teacher, although I do give a lesson occasionally."

"Then you refuse to satisfy my not unnatural curiosity with regard to a most interesting personality," said Mr. Parslow.

"As you insist," replied the boy a little weary, "I will tell you I am a detective."

"A detective!" gasped the astonished Mr. Parslow. "Well, that explains a good deal!"

"It certainly explains," said the other, "an apparently hurried and undignified entry into a railway carriage where one has been anything but welcomed."

"I don't understand," said Mr. Parslow, stiffly. "Perhaps you will be good enough to enlighten me?"

"I will," said the boy. "I am at present engaged to watch the movements of a notorious swindler known to the police as Sandy Simpson. His description is interesting. Height, six feet one and a half inches, high-chested and bigger waisted, dresses rather too well, bold complexion, small grey eyes, almost lost in bagsy eyelids, red moustaches and side whiskers, as implied in his nickname—to be quite frank, a description answering your own so accurately as to

cause me to embark on a journey of thirty miles and back for nothing."

The train was running into Leigh.

"You are quite sure," suggested Mr. Parslow with a sneer, "you haven't found your man?"

"Perfectly," said the boy. Mr. Parslow tried to look amused. "When did you discover your mistake?" he asked.

"The first moment you opened your mouth," replied the other.

"Really," said Mr. Parslow, "this is most diverting. By the teeth, I suppose?"

"No," said the boy, quietly, as the train pulled up at the station. "Sandy Simpson's are false too."

He got out and stood on the platform, holding the door open.

"I got on the wrong seat," he continued, "as I've already said, by a great similarity of appearance. Both of you have the same abnormal physique, both the same simple—forgive me if I say silly expression. I discovered my error the first time you opened your mouth, for in the case of Sandy Simpson, the only thing silly about him is his expression."

The train started suddenly, and the boy shut the door politely. Mr. Parslow sank back in the cushions in a confused state of perspiring indignation. A sudden impulse took him, and letting down the window, he put his head out for a last look at his fellow-traveler.

He was extracting a pennyworth of chocolate from an automatic machine.

Economic Wastes in Transportation

BY W. E. RICEY IN POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY.

In the following extract from a lengthy study of an important transportation problem, we are given a number of concrete instances of economic waste. In the remaining portions of the article, the writer goes on to present the causes of the waste, its effects on commerce, and the remedy. As no extract by itself is a valuable contribution to an analytical analysis,

THE vast extent of the United States, the necessity of transporting commodities great distances at low cost and the progressiveness of railway managers has led to an extraordinary development of one phase of rate making. This is the principle of the flat rate, based upon the theory that distance is a quite subordinate if not indeed entirely negligible element in the construction of freight tariffs under circumstances of competition.

Concrete illustration of the effect of disregard of distance naturally falls into two distinct groups. Of these the first concerns the circuitous carriage of goods; the second, their transportation for excessive distances. Both alike involve economic wastes, in some degree perhaps inevitable, but none the less deserving of evaluation. And both practices, even if defensible at times, are exposed to constant danger of excess. It will be convenient also to differentiate sharply the all-rail carriage from the combined rail and water transportation. For as between railroads and waterways the difference in cost of service is so uncertain and fluctuating that comparisons on the basis of mere distance have little value.

Recent instances of wasteful and circuitous all-rail transportation are abundant. A few typical ones will suffice to show how common the evil is. President Ramsay of the Wabash has testified as to the round-about competition with the Pennsylvania

Railroad between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh by which sometimes as much as 57 per cent. of traffic between those two points may be diverted from the direct route. "They haul freight 700 miles around sometimes to meet a point in competition 300 miles away." Chicago and New Orleans are 912 miles apart, and about equally distant—2,500 miles—from San Francisco. The traffic manager of the Illinois Central states that that company "engages in San Francisco business directly via New Orleans from the Chicago territory, and there is a large amount of that business, and we engage in it right along." This case therefore represents a superfluous lateral haul of nearly a thousand miles between two points 2,500 miles apart. The Canadian Pacific used to take business for San Francisco, all-rail, from points as far south as Tennessee and Arkansas, diverting it from the direct way via Kansas City.

Goods moving in the opposite direction from San Francisco have been hauled to Omaha by way of Winnipeg, journeying around three sides of a rectangle by so doing, in order to save five or six cents per hundred pounds. Between New York and New Orleans nearly one hundred all-rail lines may compete for business. The direct route being 1,340 miles, goods may be carried 2,651 miles via Buffalo, New Haven (Ind.), St. Louis and Texarkana. A generation ago conditions were even worse, the various distances by competitive routes

between St. Louis and Atlanta ranging from 526 to 1,853 miles. New York business for the west was often carried by boat to the mouth of the Connecticut River, and thence by rail over the Central Vermont to a connection with the Grand Trunk for Chicago. To be moved at the outset due north 290 miles from New York on a journey to a point—Montgomery, Ala.—south of southwest seems wasteful, yet the New York Central is in the field for that business. It is nearly as uneconomical as in the old days when freight was carried from Cincinnati to Atlanta via the Chesapeake & Ohio, thence down by rail to Augusta and back to destination. Even right in the heart of eastern trunk-line territory, such things occur in recent times. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton prior to its consolidation with the Pere Marquette divided its eastbound tonnage from Cincinnati among the trunk lines naturally tributary. But no sooner was it consolidated with the Michigan road than its eastbound freight was diverted to the north—first hauled to Toledo, Detroit and even up to Port Huron, thence moving east and around Lake Erie to Buffalo. In the Chicago field similar practices occur. Formerly the Northwestern road was charged with making shipments from Chicago to Sioux City via St. Paul. This required a carriage of 470 miles between points only 536 miles apart; and the complaint arose that the round-about rate was cheaper than the rate by the direct routes. I am privately informed that the Wisconsin Central at present makes rates between these same points in conjunction with the Great Northern, the excess distance over the direct route being 283 miles. Complaints

before the Elkins Committee are not widely different in character. Thus it appears that traffic is hauled from Chicago to Des Moines by way of Fort Dodge at lower rates than it is carried direct by the Rock Island road, despite the fact that Fort Dodge is 80 miles north and a little west of Des Moines. The Illinois Central, having no line to Des Moines, protracts with the Minneapolis & St. Louis, the two forming two sides of a triangular haul. An interesting suggestion of the volume of this indirect routing is afforded by the statistics of merchandise shipped between American points which passes through Canada in bond. The evidence of economic waste is conclusive.

A common form of wastefulness in transportation arises when freight from a point intermediate between two terminals is hauled to either one by way of the other. Such cases are scattered throughout our railroad history. One of the delegates to the Illinois Constitutional Convention of 1870 cites, as an instance of local discrimination, the fact that lumber from Chicago to Springfield, Ill., could be shipped more cheaply by way of St. Louis than by the direct route. And now a generation later, it appears that grain from Cannon Falls, 49 miles south of St. Paul, on the direct line to Chicago, destined for Louisville, Ky., can be hauled up to St. Paul on local rates and thence on a through billling to destination, back over the same route, considerably cheaper than by sending it as it should properly go. The Hoosier Committee reveals shipments from Rochester, N.Y., to St. Louis, Minneapolis or California, all rail, on a combination of local rates to New York and thence to destination. Presumably the freight was hauled

300 miles due east and then retraced the same distance; as New York freight for Southern California is today hauled to San Francisco by the Southern Pacific and then perhaps 300 miles back over the same rails. Even if the rate must be based on a combination of low through rates and higher local rates, it seems a waste of energy to continue the five or six hundred miles extra haul. Yet the practice is common in the entire western territory. From New York to Salt Lake City by way of San Francisco is another instance in point. Of course a short haul to a terminal to enable through trains to be made up presents an entirely different problem of cost from the abnormal instances above mentioned.

Transportation over undue distances—the carriage of coals to Newcastle in exchange for cotton piece goods hauled to Lancashire—as a product of keen commercial competition may involve both a waste of energy and an enhancement of prices in a manner seldom appreciated. The transportation of goods great distances at low rates, while economically justifiable in opening up new channels of business, becomes wasteful the moment such carriage, instead of creating new business, merely brings about an exchange between widely separated markets, or an invasion of fields naturally tributary to other centres. The wider the market, the greater is the chance of the most efficient production at the lowest cost. The analogy at this point to the problem of protective tariff legislation is obvious.

For a country to dispose of its surplus products abroad by cutting prices may not involve economic loss, but for two countries to be simultaneously engaged in "dumping" their products into each other's mar-

kets is quite a different matter. In transportation such cases arise whenever a community, producing a surplus of a given commodity, supplies itself, nevertheless, with that same commodity from a distant market. It may not be a just grievance that Iowa, a great cattle raising state, should be forced to procure her dressed meats in Chicago or Omaha, for in this case some degree of manufacture has ensued in these highly specialized centres. But the practice is less defensible where the identical product is redistributed after long carriage to and from a distant point. Arkansas is a great fruit raising region, yet so cheap is transportation that dried fruits, perhaps of its own growing, are distributed by wholesale greengrocers in Chicago throughout its territory. The privilege of selling rice in the rice-growing states from Chicago is, however, denied by the Southern Railway Association. An illuminating example of similar character occurs in the southern cotton manufacture, as described by a Chicago jobber:

"Right in North Carolina there is one mill shipping 80 carloads of goods to Chicago in a season, and a great many of these same goods are brought right back to this very section. . . . I might add that when many of these heavy cotton goods made in this southeastern section are shipped both to New York and Chicago and then sold and reshipped south, they pay 15 cents to 20 cents per hundred less each way to New York and back than via Chicago. This doubles up the handicap against which Chicago is obliged to contend and renders the unfairness still more burdensome."

Not essentially different is a case recently brought before the Interstate

Commerce Commission, outlined to me by the chairman, Hon. Martin A. Knapp. A sash and blind manufacturer in Detroit was seeking to extend his market in New England. At the same time it appeared that other manufacturers of the same goods located in Vermont were marketing their product in Michigan. The burden of the complaint of the Detroit producer was not directed to this invasion of his home territory; but rather to the fact that the freight rate from Boston to Detroit, probably due to back loading, was only about one-half the rate imposed upon goods in the opposite direction, from Detroit to the seaboard. Is not this an anomalous situation? Two producers presumably of equal efficiency in production are each invading the territory naturally tributary to the other and are enabled to do so by reason of the railway policy of "keeping everyone in business" everywhere, regardless of distance. President Tuttle, of the Boston & Maine Railroad, is perhaps the most outspoken exponent of this policy, it being in a sense a necessity imposed upon New England by reason of its remoteness to stimulate the long-haul business.

"Generally the roads have never refused to help in the stimulation of industries everywhere. They all participate. I have even known it to happen between New York and Boston that a freight train would have a carload of bananas going in one direction and would pass a train having a carload of bananas going in the opposite direction, so that a carload of bananas are landed in New York and in the Boston market on the same day. I do not know how it is done, but it is done. . . . I should be just as much interested in the stimu-

lating of Chicago manufacturers, in sending their products into New England to sell, as I would be in sending those from New England into Chicago to sell. It is the business of the railroads centring in Chicago to send the products from Chicago in every direction. It is our particular business in New England to send the New England products all over the country. The more they scatter the better it is for the railroads. The railroad does not discriminate against shipments because they are eastbound or westbound. We are glad to see the same things come from Chicago into New England that are manufactured and sent from New England into Chicago."

This is of course what naturally results. The overwhelming desire of the large centres to enter every market is well exemplified in the Elkins Committee hearings by testimony of the Chicago jobbers.

"A few years later, when the railroads established the relative rates of freight between New York and Philadelphia and the southeast, and St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago and the southeast, giving the former the sales of merchandise and the latter the furnishing of food products, the hardware consumed in this country was manufactured in England. At that time we, in Chicago, felt that we were going beyond the confines of our legitimate territory when we diffidently asked the merchants in Western Indiana to buy their goods in our market. To-day, a very considerable percentage of the hardware used in the United States is manufactured in the Middle West, and we are profitably selling general hardware through a corps of traveling salesmen in New York, Pennsylvania

and West Virginia, and special lines in New England.

"What we claim is that we should not have our territory stopped at the Ohio River by any act of yours. It is not stopped, gentlemen, by any other river in America. It is not stopped by the greatest river, the Mississippi. It is not stopped by the far greater river, the Missouri. It is not stopped by the Arkansas; it is not stopped by the Rio Grande. It is not stopped even by the Columbia; and, even, in the grocery business, it is not stopped by the Hudson. There are Chicago houses that are selling goods in New York City, groceries that they manufacture themselves. Mr. Spangle's own house sells goods in New York City, and Chicago is selling groceries in New England. As I say, even the Hudson River doesn't stop them."

All this record implies progressiveness, energy and ambition, on the part of both business men and traffic officers. Nothing is more remarkable in American commerce than its freedom from restraints. Elasticity and quick adaptation to the exigencies of business are peculiarities of American railroad operation. This is due to the progressiveness of our railway managers in seeking constantly to develop new territory and build up business. The strongest contrast between Europe and the United States lies in this fact. European railroads take business as they find it. Our railroads make it. Far be it from me to minimize the service rendered in American progress. And yet there are reasonable limits to all good things. We ought to reckon the price which must be paid for this freedom of trade.

In No Danger

The men who have the capacity to work and are content to work are in no danger of making failures.

Success never comes to the man who is watching the clock for fear that he might work overtime. The man who succeeds is the man who is not merely satisfied to do the work laid out for him, but willing and glad to do more.

How to produce wealth is another question. One answer is thorough organization. Better methods of conducting business are coming into rapid adoption, and the man who works with a system has common sense and the right material in him, can make his way to the top, no matter how humble his start or how poor his circumstances.

An English Mechanic in America

BY JAMES BLOUNT IN WORLD'S WORK (AMERICAN)

Mr. Blount is a mechanical engineer, who has had experience in shops both in England and the United States. He explains the fundamental differences between methods in the two countries, the way of work, the attitude of the workers towards their work and the results achieved in both. It is a most instructive comparison illustrating as it does, the influence of education.

THERE has been a long controversy about the comparative industrial efficiency of England and the United States. Probably no one is better qualified to compare the merits of one country with another than one whose lot has been to rough it in both. I have had the fortune to work in engineering shops in both countries, and the following is an account of my experiences and observations. The comparisons drawn are between a first-class large American factory and a well-equipped English works of moderate size and perhaps somewhat indifferent management.

Having taken an engineering course at an English college and received a sound theoretical and some little practical training, I decided, at the age of eighteen, to apprentice myself to a firm of manufacturing engineers. As it is customary for these firms to demand a premium from its pupils, varying from \$350 to \$1,500, according to their standing and reputation, I looked about for some weeks and finally entered works in London at which I was duly articled for a period of four years. I was considered fortunate to be admitted for a premium of \$300, for which sum they undertook to teach me the trade or business. The whole of this tuition I found consisted of being allowed in a limited measure to choose my own work and to take a holiday when I felt so inclined.

By way of remuneration for my services I was to receive \$1 per week

during the first year, rising to \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 in my second, third and fourth years respectively, so that at the age of twenty-two I should have been in receipt of a salary of eighty-five dollars per annum, which would be reduced by deductions for lost time and holidays, the latter being much more numerous than in America.

On putting in an appearance to start work I was soon told by an informal deputation of two of the workmen that I should be expected to "pay my footing," which I found meant presenting each man and boy with a cigar. On my refusal I was subjected to a series of practical jokes, among the mildest of which were being made a target for pieces of waste soaked in dirt and oil, having buckets of dirty water rigged over my machine when capsized on my head when I started the machine, and having the handles of tools heated. I was continually being sent around the works on some fool's errand, such as finding a left-handed wrench (this, however, I'll admit was more the result of my greenness than anything else), and many more objectionable and offensive pranks, all which, though doubtless very amusing to the perpetrators, made life so unbearable that at the end of a fortnight I was glad to surrender and to buy my peace by producing the necessary cigars.

I ought, perhaps, in justice to add that if a boy was really too poor to pay, the demand was not pressed and

the hating died a natural death after a few days.

The works, exclusive of the office staff, were in operation fifty-four hours a week. Starting at 6 a.m., work was carried on until half-past eight when a stop of half an hour was made for breakfast. At one o'clock there was another intermission of an hour for lunch. The regular day's work ended at five o'clock. The whole works shut down on Saturday afternoon, as is the general custom in England.

The foreman of the shop was a man of very limited education who had obtained his post by influence and who carried into effect the prevailing practice among English foremen of delaying his appearance until about half-past seven, and frequently he was not seen until nine o'clock. As no check was kept upon his time his superiors who did not arrive until after nine o'clock did not appear to be any the wiser. There being no supervision, the hours before breakfast were usually spent by the employees in discussing the latest racing betting, and general sporting news, and, broadly speaking, there was no work done before nine o'clock, as those men who attempted to do anything were so unmercifully chaffed and pestered that they were glad to join the majority.

As it usually took the shop from ten to fifteen minutes to get into working order, and about the same time to stop, it will be seen that not more than six of the nine and a half hours were spent at actual work. At five o'clock—the signal to quit—everybody, having finished and washed his hands some moments previously, made a rush for the street from every available hiding place in the vicinity of the gate.

In this factory the workmen had one unusual privilege. The firm had rented a large room provided with tables, seats and a large cooking stove for the benefit of those of its employees who lived at a distance, and who partook of their meals in the place. It was my practice to take with me a large bottle of milk which I had to hold under the table while pouring it into my tea, to avoid being the victim of endless and unmerciful chaff for my "babyness," the others favoring the more manly liquid, beer, upon which fluid a considerable percentage of their earnings was spent. Many of the men had a really deep-rooted conviction that they could not get through a day's work without the assistance of some such alcoholic stimulant. And so it was not to be wondered at that I was surprised during my first few days in an American shop to see great, grown laborers openly drinking bottles of milk, and, what was more, their not seeming to be ashamed at being seen doing so.

Having spent about two years in these English works, it was my good fortune to meet some Americans who were touring in England at the time, and who were good enough to offer, if I cared to come, to see me employed in one of the largest engineering works in the United States, where they assured me that if I were prepared to push for myself my chances for getting on were much greater than in England. On receiving this offer I approached my employers with the view to having my indentures cancelled and steering my freedom. To this request they demurred, as I had now become fairly useful and profitable to them; finally, however, seeing that I was determined to go, and probably realizing that

a dissatisfied man was undesirable about the place, they acquiesced. I accordingly forfeited the premium that I had paid and sailed a fortnight later for America, and within a week or so after my arrival I had commenced work in an American workshop.

After having been questioned about my previous experience by the foreman of the department of these works I was started to work and was agreeably surprised to find that I was paid ten cents an hour, or \$6 a week, for this was a substantial jump from \$1.25. I also received intimation that as soon as I proved myself worth it, I should get a rise. This promise proved to be no delusion, as six weeks later they voluntarily increased my rate two cents per hour, and three months later I was again raised to fourteen cents, and within a year I was receiving eighteen cents an hour, or \$10.80 a week, which is more than the journeyman mechanic gets in England.

The division of the working hours of the day in America is a more important item than appears at first sight. Working from 7 a.m. until 12, and again from 1 till 6 p.m., gives two periods of five hours each. This necessitates the workman taking breakfast before he comes to work—which is infinitely healthier and more natural than leaving home at 5.30 a.m. and fasting until 8.30, for I think most people will agree that one cannot work honestly on an empty stomach. This system does away with the lost time in the morning so common in England, and I think it is safe to say that 60 per cent. of British workmen do not work twenty-five full weeks in the year. They usually lose one, and frequently two quarters (which is the term applied to the

first two and one-half hours of the day) per week.

It is difficult for those who have not worked under both systems to realize to its full extent the economic value of this difference. The diligent attention to work and the general hustle of the place impressed me greatly. Immediately on the signal to start everyone moved off to his respective place and within a minute everything was in full swing. No one paid any attention to a new arrival, and work proceeded steadily and evenly until it was time to quit. When this signal had been given, the men leisurely took off their overalls, washed their hands, and went home.

It did not take me long to find out that the foremen followed the progress of each man and job with considerable interest, and if the job proceeded tardily, the man was soon reminded that a little more expedition would be appreciated. The foremen all struck me as being men of superior intelligence and education who took as keen an interest in the welfare of the place as the employers themselves, being always the first to arrive in the morning and the last to leave at night. They had all risen from the ranks by sheer merit and ability, as it is the boast of this particular firm that they keep no kid-glove superintendents.

The men on being kept waiting for material or any other cause displayed what was to me a quite unexpected amount of patience. It seemed ingrained in them that the only natural thing to do during working hours was to work, consequently the amount of loafing and idling was infinitesimal.

One great difference between the Americans and British workman is his method of starting a job. The Yan-

kre's first care is to find out what are the vital and important parts and measurements and what are unimportant, and, by being accurate and careful and wasting as little time as possible, he saves an immense amount of time and labor. In English shops every part is finished with equal care and accuracy, regardless of its relative importance. The English product is more highly finished, a large amount of time being spent in polishing, painting, and decorating, which though more pleasing to the eye has little practical value. Then again the expense arising from this extra and unnecessary work creates an almost prohibitive price which in these strenuous and competitive days is liable to exclude it from the world's markets. Another noticeable fact is the growing tendency in America toward specialization, which really reduces the cost of manufacture. This is a doubtful benefit to the country in the long run, for it means less good all-round men. For the British workman, as a mechanic, is undoubtedly a superior all-round man to his American cousin, who in turn, however, excels in some special groove and displays more ingenuity in the invention of small labor-saving devices, which relieve him of much superfluous work and afford him the time to attend to other things.

In the works to which I am referring—which is one of the largest in the United States and which is, as far as I have been able to judge, typical of the country—a great deal of loyalty is displayed by workmen co-operating with foremen and superintendents in securing all possible despatch of work. There is nowhere to be found that feeling of awe of the boss which is so customary on the other side of the Atlantic. Here a

common interest, that of getting out the work in the shortest possible time, overcomes to a large extent the barriers of position, the foreman paying little attention to the niceties of address provided the work is being pushed rapidly forward.

One of the most important differences in the management of American and British workshops is the custom of one workman running two, three, and sometimes as many as four machines at the same time, moving from one to another as occasion demands. Any attempt by an English employer to increase his output per man by these methods would be almost certain to provoke a general strike, the principle of one man to one machine and as little work as possible having been for many years one of the main planks of the trades unions' platform. The workman in his blindness and stupidity regards anything else as an effort to reduce the number of men employed and the amount of work which the world requires, which to him is definitely fixed. He quite loses sight of the fact that in economics this procedure would ultimately react to his own advantage.

The American workman usually sets his machine going and having adjusted it properly sharpens the tools not in actual use in order to be ready for the next cut and looks after any details requiring attention, which course generally assists him in turning out the work without delay. The Englishman, on the other hand, sits down and waits till his cut or whatever operation is being performed is done, and then, and not till then, does he shut off his machine and attend to those duties. It would no more occur to him to wait and take a drink of water while his machine was running than it would for the

American to shut his machine off in order to do the very same thing.

These little things, perhaps not of much importance in themselves, are unmistakably significant of the two characters. The Yankee takes a certain pride in the quantity of his output and every day tries to beat his own record, while the Englishman upholds the theory and practice of what his unions teach him—in other words, the longer he lingers over his job the longer it will give him employment.

What, however, appears to be at the root of the whole matter is the educational advantage which the American has over the rest of the world. Let me then examine the apprenticeship systems of the two countries. In England after the apprentice has paid his premium, hardly any more attention is paid him. He can come and go when he likes, although to run away before his time is up would render him liable to be arrested in any place he might hide. He can work as hard or as little as he pleases. And lastly (and this is where the beginning of the divergence of the characters of the two types takes place), no supervision is exercised over the moral or mental side of his character outside the works.

In America, however, the meaning of the word premium is unknown. In the works in which I am at present a man receives at the expiration of his term a bonus as large as the ordinary premium that would be demanded from him by his employers in England before he even set foot in the shop. In this particular works (in one of the three courses which they offer) they pay the apprentice 20 per cent more than an English trades union mechanic receives. Strict attention is paid to him during work-

ing hours, and if he does not do the work with sufficient accuracy or at a reasonable rate, he is soon called up "to the front" for it. Strict attention is also paid to the hours he keeps, and if he is often late he is told that his services are no longer required. This supervision is by no means relaxed after working hours, for he is required to attend such night schools as his employers specify, and he is also required to recognize their supervision over his conduct out of the shop as well as in it.

Another very striking difference is that everybody starts right at the bottom in America, he is the son of a railroad president or the son of a laborer. Not only does he do this eagerly and cheerfully, but it never even occurs to him to start in anywhere else. Nobody points to anybody else with awe, as being the son of Mr So and So, the great railroad magnate, or the son of one of the members of the firm, nor is any such favor shown to such young men as in England. Everybody is equal at the start, nobody better than anyone else until he has shown himself to be better.

The ambitions of the younger generation of workmen in the two countries add another layer to the foundation for the superiority of the American. In England he has, with possibly a few exceptions, practically no ambition beyond becoming a good journeyman mechanic or the questionable ambition of having enough to enable him to lay a few bets on the races and to treat his friends. But this no doubt is due to the present existing social laws of England. In America there is no limit to his ambition.

Although there are, undoubtedly,

equally good opportunities to obtain education in the two countries, only the American seems to want to take advantage of them. In short, the American looks ahead all the time; the Englishman is perfectly content and satisfied with his present level. America is steadily producing a generation of mechanics, highly trained, not only in the practical but also in the theoretical side of their business, who are prepared and qualified when opportunity occurs to step into high-

er and more responsible positions; and the way in which inventive genius is fostered and encouraged is bound to tell.

Can we, then, wonder that the products of this country are slowly but surely gaining in the markets of the world and making the United States the foremost commercial nation on earth? It is simply a case of the victory of an educated workman with high ambitions over an uneducated man with lower ambitions.

China's Attitude Towards Japan

BY SIR R. E. DOUGLAS IN ASIATIC QUARTERLY

Li Hung Chang's advice to his fellow-countrymen to do nothing during the hostilities between Russia and Japan has been fully wise. Japan has won and we now see her teaching the Chinese the art of military service, with a view to enabling the latter to maintain their independence, and so act as a bulwark against Russian advances in Eastern Asia.

THE diplomatic tactics pursued by China during the recent war were precisely those which have always guided the policy of that huge and inert nation in similar circumstances. Li Hung Chang, who directed the destinies of his country for so many years, left on record his idea of what the action, or rather inaction, of China should be towards the two combatants. In a despatch which has been published he gave his countrymen the following cynical advice. They should, in his opinion, do nothing, and may so hope to reap some advantages, whichever side issued victorious from the conflict. If victory should declare in favor of Russia, Japan would suffer extinction, and a possible enemy would thus be removed from the Eastern seas; while in the destruction of a former foe China would enjoy the additional gratification of a satisfied revenge. If, on the other hand, Ja-

pan should emerge successful from the contest, Russia's hold of Manchuria would be weakened, a check would be inflicted on a formidable neighbor, and peace would be insured on the frontier for a generation at least.

The line of policy thus sketched by Li was faithfully followed by the Peking authorities. At the same time the emperor's advisers have not hesitated to profit by the superior knowledge and military skill of the victors in the fight. They have never shown any hostility to the nations which at different times have vanquished them in the field. Their lofty contempt for the military art softens the blow of defeat, and attributes the success of their foes to a kind of prowess which is contemptible. When, however, arms have been laid aside, they have always shown themselves ready to profit by the skill and weapons of their former opponents, and following this course they have

now sought the assistance of the Japanese drill sergeants and mechanics to improve the material and tactics of their national army.

This, doubtless, is a wise step, and the Japanese have responded willingly to the invitation, so that at the present moment the best armies in the northern and central provinces of the empire are practicing evolutions in obedience to Japanese words of command. Like opportunities were offered to us and to the French after the war of 1860, and again after the Boxer outbreak. But there were two reasons why these arrangements proved to be only temporary. The Chinese require stimulating influences to induce them to carry out reforms, and Europeans lack the qualities which supply this necessary impetus. The Japanese, on the other hand, have long been in close touch with the Chinese. They have absorbed their literature, and have adopted much of their philosophy and religion. Thus, in many of their ideas and modes of thought they are closely allied to their continental neighbors, and to this day are to some extent influenced by the dicta of Confucius and the doctrines of Buddha. These affinities place the Japanese in a distinctly advantageous position in regard to the Chinese, and in one to which we cannot aspire. A wide gulf separates the European from the Chinese. Their views of life and of conduct, of their duty to their country, and of their relations with their fellow-men, differ widely, and it is difficult to point to a link connecting them. As a natural consequence we make constant mistakes in our dealings with the Chinese. We offend their prejudices while trying to flatter their idiosyncrasies, and our im-

petuous ways outrage their sense of decorum.

With the Japanese it is not so. They have inherited like traditions, and have sat at the feet of those who have taught the Chinese wisdom. But though when the Japanese first became acquainted with them more civilized neighbors and assimilated their literature they only made it apply to those parts of their system of life which were in harmony with it. In the peace-loving philosophies of Confucius and Mencius there is no place, for example, for the "Bushido," of which we have heard so much lately. This side of the Japanese character was derived, not from books, but from nature herself, and no amount of teaching will ever make this flower of chivalry take root and blossom in the very mongrel soil of China. Thus, while the two nations have much to unite them, it would be practically impossible to unify them. During the whole stages of their histories they have followed divergent courses. The Japanese have from their earliest days been a fighting race, while the Chinese have as persistently followed the peaceful pursuits of literature and commerce. The result is that, while one nation has earned for herself an honored place among the most powerful states in the world, the other has sunk into a state of impotence and decay, relieved every now and then by a futile attempt to rejuvenate herself.

One such period has arrived, and the Chinese have done wisely in enlisting the aid of their former conquerors. For the present there seems to be a genuine desire on the part of the Peking authorities to benefit by the kindly intentions of the Japanese, and in other directions besides those of the despised military art.

For several years batches of Chinese students have been sent to Japan to study the methods by which the people of that favored land transformed, as in a moment of time, a feudal state into a modern constitutional empire. It is easy to imagine the Chinese youths, straight from the self-seeking society of their fellow-countrymen, being struck dumb with amazement when they learned to realize that it was owing mainly to the absolute self-negation of the official classes that such a reform became possible.

A Chinaman finds it hard to regard the throne as a rallying-point on which to centre the nation's reverent affection. A selfish individualism is his leading characteristic, and thus it must always be borne in mind that, before he can expect to approach the high level of Japanese patriotism, he must learn to put his full trust in his newly-found ally, and adopt unhesitatingly her progressive counsels. Throughout the complex negotiations which preceded the late war Japan showed herself well worthy to be so trusted. She announced that the main objects of her diplomacy, and afterwards of her military efforts, were to prevent the absorption of Manchuria by Russia, and to maintain the integrity of China. From these views she has never swerved, and she is as ready now, as she has always been, to maintain the existing frontier of China against all comers. In this, in the opinion of her statesmen, her own safety, as well as that of China, consists; and it would be well that China should recognize the solidarity of the interests of the two nations. Unhappily, there are not wanting signs that the Peking authorities entertain some suspicion as to the motives of the Japanese in

their professed anxiety for the safety of China, a suspicion which has been carefully fostered by the Russians. And it is this supposed "fly in the ointment" which delayed the signing of the treaty which had become necessary from the altered conditions of the two states. This treaty (signed December 22, 1906) fully carries out the conditions for which the Japanese have always contended.

As indicated above, China grants to Japan a lease of the Liadong peninsula, and gives that power the control of the railway on the peninsula as far as Changchun. China also concedes to Japan the right to build a railway from Antung on the Yalu to Mukden. But the most important article, and one which is of the greatest possible interest to the world at large, is that by which China agrees to open to the commerce of all nations sixteen of the principal ports and cities of Manchuria, including Karbin. Thus the fruition of Japan's far-sighted designs has become an accomplished fact, and furnishes another instance of the persistency of her policy. When she buckled on her armor she proclaimed that she was about to fight for the commercial equality of all nations, and for the restoration of Manchuria to China; and now, when she is laying aside her weapons, she is able to point to this treaty.

It cannot be too often repeated that it is only by means of a frank and whole-hearted alliance with Japan, such as is foreshadowed in the above treaty, and a genuine adoption of her progressive system, that China can hope to maintain her integrity against the machinations, both secret and open, which threaten her very existence as an independent empire.

Smuggling Chinamen into the U.S.

HERALD MAGAZINE

Many are the methods employed to get Chinamen into the United States both over the Canadian and Mexican borders. Dozens of various kinds are favored, while in many instances the Chinese are contrived to be absent from their native land at certain hours as a reason for a crossing. The coasting steamers are used to do a big trade in landing Chinese out of the way places.

IT is the lure of wages so high that five years' savings make a fortune that is drawing venturesome Chinese these days into the country by novel shifts and in strange disguises.

Officially the smuggling of Celestials across the borders is dead. Experts in immigration and some inspectors will say when questioned that there is no such thing. As a matter of fact, however, although the Chinese population of the United States is not increasing, and timidity and the severity of the enforcement of the exclusion act deter many who might otherwise attempt to gain this promised land, plans for getting the contraband race into the United States are bolder and more skillfully concocted than ever.

Messages sent along the New England coast a few days ago to intercept the *Frohn*, a schooner yacht, with her consignment of thirty-five coolies, called public attention to the fact that the Chinese are still mindful of the opportunities offered in this country. Tactics similar to those attributed to the vessel's charterers are used by shrewd speculators, many of whom are Americans. Chinese who have persistence and courage are able to make their way here in spite of the utmost vigilance of the authorities.

From a sentimental point of view it would appear that Chinese would not care to come here for fear they would be subjected to indignities by the inspectors who are stationed at

ports of entry and in the principal cities and towns on both the north-eastern and southern borders. This does not apply to the more conservative of the race, but there are hundreds of shrewd and bold spirits who see a chance to gain wealth and they miss no means of gaining admittance to this country. They are eager to take the places of the thousands who are now leaving the United States for good with fortunes and competencies.

Express companies which have branches in Chinatowns in the larger cities are busy transferring accounts of thrifty Celestials to Pekin, Hong Kong and Canton. Hundreds of the returning Chinamen are buying large establishments in the trade centres of their native country, while others are investing in farms and plantations. They return with stories of how they are often ill treated in the United States, but they also clutch the American gold which they have garnered. The depletion of the Chinese population is, as investigations made in the principal colonies in the United States show, hardly met by the birth rate or by the influx of the Orientals across the borders. The result of all this has been to increase the wages of Chinese workmen in America to exorbitant figures.

Although smuggling them across the Canadian border is now almost stopped, some of the most ingenious schemes are employed with success. It is a popular fallacy that all Chinese look alike and that no matter

how they are arrayed they will betray at a glance their Oriental origin. There are white men in Vancouver, B.C., who do not accept that theory, for by shrewd manipulation they are able to convert the most thorough-going Chinese into an American or Canadian farmer.

A coarse shirt, a pair of blue overalls and a straw hat will work wonders in the hands of an expert. Parties of Chinese going across the Dominion in hand not infrequently leave the trains forty or fifty miles before reaching the boundaries of the United States. Here they are taken in hand by one who understands something of theatrical make-up and converted into tramps, farmers, or whatever he thinks would best suited to their talents. After that it is a walk to the border, and in many cases it is possible for the coolies to gain their destination. Once within the borders of this country they usually prowl forty or fifty miles farther before they think it safe to board a train and proceed in a more conventional manner.

Chinese have been intercepted in the State of Washington making their way on boats in the rivers, ostensibly bound to work as laborers on some of the large farms. They are disguised as immigrants of other nationalities. Many of them have essayed the roles of Italians, after encasing themselves in corduroy jackets and trousers and tying gayly colored silk handkerchiefs about their necks.

It is along the Rio Grande border, however, that the smuggling of disguised Chinese is conducted with consummate finesse. The schemes in use there, if followed by a really capable Chinaman, are usually effective. Hundreds of the more intelligent are

landed in Havana and at Mexican ports, whence they can make their way to this country.

Chinese immigration is welcomed in Mexico. There is a tradition preserved in the old histories of the Celestial Empire that centuries ago trading junks from China landed on the western coast of Mexico and opened up commercial relations with the subjects of Montezuma. The Chinese often have in mind this ancient relation when they go to the country over which rules President Diaz. The Chinese learn Spanish, adopt the Mexican dress and manners, learn to wear a sombrero with grace, and often, after waiting for two years to perfect themselves in being imitation Mexicans, they boldly cross the southern border and make their way to the nearest Chinatown. They do not like sombreros much, neither do they take a great fancy to Jingling spurs.

Once in their element, they are back again in slouch hats, blouses and wooden soled slippers. As Mexicans, however, after they have permitted the hair to grow on their heads and have learned a glib command of Spanish, they are able to pass master without having suspicion attracted to them. Many of the stations along the Mexican railroads or restaurants near them are used as depots for receiving Chinese-Mexicans who are to be conveyed into the United States.

Some of the Chinese under the direction of shrewd agents have even passed over both the Canadian and Rio Grande borders garbed as nuns. Most of them are born imitators, and once they have seen their instructor in familiar poses they follow his directions to the letter.

Little is heard these days of the

spectacular methods of running the blockade which were once employed by eager Chinese and have dropped into disuse. Chinese no longer have themselves packed up in boxes or chests and sent by express, neither do they go in vans, which are likely to be suddenly tipped into rivers. There are seldom wild chases across the snow from Canada to the United States, with accompaniments of haying bounds and barking revolvers. Such methods are irregular and unreliable and they have been supplanted by those which are esteemed as more businesslike.

This recent expedition in which it is alleged the *Frolic* has taken part has more of the melodramatic spirit in it and it had its origin in peculiar conditions. Chinese are not welcomed in Canada any more than they are here and a head tax of \$600 each is placed upon them. It is regarded as, in fact, prohibitive. Until three months ago, when a law was passed assessing them at \$300 a head, no such tax was exacted in Newfoundland.

Chinese could be carried in bond from Vancouver without having to pay the impost demanded of them in the Dominion, and the result has been that many of them availed themselves of those conditions. It was until quite recently the custom to permit Chinese who were supposed to be on their way to the United States with proper credentials to remain in Canada for ninety days before they were notified to proceed with their journey. By a special arrangement, however, with the Canadian Pacific the Chinese were rushed through the British territory without having the advantage of the ninety day clause. This arrangement, however, did not hold with certain small-

er railroads which carried passengers to Newfoundland. The United States Chinese inspectors have negotiated an arrangement within the last few weeks under which Chinese supposed to be on their way to the United States must be bonded, even if they are carried to destinations in the provinces.

There are now said to be hundreds of Chinese in Newfoundland who have for months been waiting their chance to attain their ultimate goal, the United States. The *Frolic* is credited with landing two consignments of them in the neighborhood of Boston, despite the vigilance of revenue cutters.

One of the problems which have worried the Chinese inspectors stationed at Malone, which is the point in this state where many Chinese are brought from Canada, is the nativity clause. Scores of them present themselves and submit to arrest, for they have about them as a usual thing nothing which indicates any claims which they may be inclined to make. Hardly have they been taken into custody, however, when relatives or friends, accompanied by a shrewd lawyer, go to the rescue with birth certificates and affidavits which show that the persons detained were really born in the United States and as such are entitled to admission. It is estimated by a prominent inspector that if all the claims to American birth made by Chinese to be true every Chinese family in this country must have seventy-five children.

Until within the last few weeks the Chinese who made this claim to native birth under instructions from their advisers did not talk, but they are now required to submit to a cross-examination. Occasionally fatal and glaring inconsistencies in their

claims are detected, which result in their exclusion.

Another method employed in getting across the border depends upon the making of one passport do for several Chinese. Even by the use of elaborate anthropometric measurements it is difficult to distinguish one from another. Even the photographs on these documents are changed to suit the various persons to whom they are given. The fact that the color of eyes, the complexion and the facial appearance of them are so much alike aids in making one passport do more service than it was intended should be required of it.

Chinese of intelligence who can give any evidence that they are not laborers, but actually merchants, are able to get into the United States with little trouble. One of the familiar schemes—and it is one which is often successful—is employed by merchants for the benefit of friends and relatives who may wish to establish themselves here. The merchant will practically close out his business, leaving, however, a few outstanding accounts. Sometimes, if his customers

are good pay, two or three obliging friends may consent to be debtors. The merchant, after comfortably establishing himself in China, sends his friend or kinsman over to the United States to close out his business, looking after his bad debts and generally adjusting things. Duly certified accounts are shown to the inspectors to demonstrate the necessity for admitting the "merchant" without delay. Frequently such a one is found ironing shirts in a laundry, but his legal status is that of a dealer.

Aside from the Chinese who gain admittance through the gates of the country by means of keys to which they have no legal right, there is a vast majority who as merchants, students, travelers or actors are entitled to all the privileges guaranteed them under the statute. The classes with money do not have to fear being submitted to inconvenience. As far as the Celestials are concerned who get in without complying with the law the high wages and the industrial opportunities here make the game for them well worth the candle if they succeed.

Recreation is intended for the mind as whetting for the scythe. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation is ever whetting, never mowing, and that always toils and never recreates is always mowing, never whetting.—Bishop Hall.

Causes of the Trouble in Cuba

BY ATHERTON BROWNELL IN REVIEW OF REVIEWS

In its first stages this revolution in Cuba hardly surprised others that have been raged in the bud and for a time it looked as if it might easily be quelled. But in later phases it became so serious that United States intervention had to be secured. The author traces in a clear way the causes which brought about the trouble.

In one sense the situation in Cuba to-day, so far as the relation of American capital to the Government is concerned, is not wholly unlike that which existed in the Transvaal at the time of the Jameson raid, followed by the Boer war, that made British territory of the coveted country. Beyond this fundamental similarity the resemblance ceases when we consider Cuba and American capital. There is no necessity, however, of concealing the fact that the representatives of the one hundred and sixty millions of American capital invested in Cuba would welcome annexation. The Tobacco Trust, for example, which owns perhaps one-half of all the tobacco raised in Cuba, and the Sugar Trust, which owns perhaps a quarter of all the sugar, are compelled to pay annually upward of two million dollars in duties to bring their own product raised on a foreign soil into the United States. Any step, whether in the nature of political annexation, or of a permanent reciprocity treaty, which would give these products admission to our markets free of duty, would naturally appeal to the producer. Revolution, however, with its consequent destruction of property and blighting influence, would not seem to be the most economical method of accomplishing this result.

More important than these American interests are those Spanish-born Cubans, who, being heavily engaged in trade and industry, are known to be pro-American in sentiment, be-

cause they see that the only possible industrial salvation for Cuba lies in the establishment, on a permanent basis, of close relations with the United States. Keenly in their mind's eye they see the example of Hawaii, the sugar industry of which was saved from the results of a disastrous industrial warfare only by annexation. Cuba, alone, is defenseless in the industrial world. Too small to defend herself, she is yet too rich to be overlooked by the commercial nations of Europe. Her chief industry, cane sugar, is a direct menace to the heavily subsidized beet sugar interests of Europe, and it is only the protection afforded to her in a measure by the tariff wall of the United States that has enabled her to recover from years of industrial warfare, followed by years of bloody strife. The interests of American capital in Cuba and of Cuban industry are common, and the pro-American in Cuba see but one means to protect them permanently from the industrial condition of Europe without and from their own volatile fellow-countrymen within.

Even with this stimulus to bring about a situation that would lead to annexation, it is not evident in any way that either the American interests in Cuba or the pro-American Cubans are concerned in this revolution. Nay, yet can it be said that the rebelling factions desire to provoke a situation which would lead to armed intervention, thereby robbing themselves of that which they desire

—namely, the reins of government. On the contrary, what may be called the American sentiment in Cuba is striving to bring about an understanding between the revolutionists and the Government which will permit the industrial progress to continue unchecked. Though the present writer has found in Cuba a large and healthy annexation sentiment, he has never heard it claimed that this can be accomplished save by popular request. The only strong anti-annexation sentiment that can be found is on the part of the two factions now at odds, the revolutionists in the field, who claim to represent the Liberal party, and the Government in Havana, which represents the Moderate party. These two have this in common, that they are anti-American in sentiment, and the struggle between them is a somewhat novel method of political warfare for gaining the administration of the country.

The ostensible cause of the present revolution is the abuse of power by the Moderate party at the polls at the last election, which reseated Palma in the presidential chair and illegally—it is asserted—deprived the people of the franchise, to the extent that Gomez, the Liberal presidential candidate, was defeated. This was the first national election to be held in Cuba without the quieting effect of the United States army. Although there was no political issue to arouse rancor, the campaign was an acrimonious one, and was waged about the personality of the candidates rather than the principles for which they stood. At the head of the Moderate ticket stood Tomas Estrada Palma, who had remained in the United States during the war with Spain, and who was not personally

close to the people. During his term as president he had proved himself rigidly honest, but unable to check the grafting propensities of his following, and, moreover, had, by his resentfulness of little things, his lack of diplomacy and stubbornness, driven from himself the hearty support of the strongest interests in the island. Nearly every official of the Moderate party had waxed wealthy during his term, public improvements, bravely begun, had finally almost ceased, and large appropriations had so been handled as to excite the covetousness of those politicians who were not in favor with the Government.

On the other side stood Jose Miguel Gomez, a man of the people, personally known to them, magnetic and winning, with the great prestige of his own service in the field as a successful guerrilla general in the last war. An issue was manufactured out of the Platt Amendment, the Liberals following the Jingo policy of declaring themselves in favor of the immediate abrogation of that appendix to the Cuban Constitution. The Moderates took a more conservative ground and declared that, while the Platt Amendment placed the island in the enviable position of being practically under the thumb of the United States, the friendship of this great country was necessary for the time being, and that, moreover, the time for abrogation was at a later date. Both parties knew perfectly well that, without the active protection of the United States, Cuba's position is absolutely defenseless, and neither of them would seriously suggest any step which would antagonize this country.

The election which was held last Fall was really a farce and a sham.

To strengthen the Moderate ticket, Mendez Capote, a prominent lawyer of Havana, was induced to make the canvass for the vice-presidency, with the distinct understanding that he might resign, if elected, before the time came for him to assume the duties of his office. Freyre Andrade, prosecuting attorney, was brought into the cabinet as secretary of Government, to handle the elections. Bribery, intimidation, illegal voting, wholesale arrests and incarcerations and the guarding of the polls by the rural guard, to prevent any but Moderates from voting, were the flagrant methods charged, and beyond a doubt used, so successfully that, before the day was ended, word was passed to the Liberals to refrain from further voting. Under these circumstances, President Palma was returned to power and was re-inaugurated in May last.

Since the election the intriguing Cuban scene has been busy. Plots have been hatching all over the island, and it has been difficult for any three men, not of the Government party, to assemble without being charged with conspiracy. It is the general belief in Cuba that the Liberals actually had a majority of the voters. Possibly to satisfy the anti-American sentiment in Cuba, the Government has dealt with Great Britain in the matter of the negotiation of the Anglo-Cuban treaty, the purpose of which, apparently, was to give British investors a particularly favorable opening in Cuba, in order that they might offset the growing influence of American capital. The frown of our State Department has been sufficient to cause that treaty to become quiescent, but it is a favorite pastime to introduce resolutions which do not pass, limiting the

amount of land that can be acquired by Americans. This policy, however, has not served to satisfy the leaders of the Liberal party.

In February last an incipient revolution was nipped in the bud when a party of Liberals, who had attacked the quartel of the rural guard at Guanabacoa and captured many horses, were in turn captured in the jungle. The confession of the leader of this band implicated a Liberal Senator, Morua Delgado, who escaped punishment through the fact that the Cuban constitution provides that no member of the Congress can be arrested during the sessions of that body, and the Liberal party promptly caused "no quorum" and prevented adjournment.

The habitual political attitude of the people of Cuba may roughly be divided into five classes, as follows: (A) A small portion taking an interest in politics for profit only, and who are in favor with the existing Government. (B) Another small portion who take an interest in politics for the same reason, who are out with the existing Government and are consequently affiliated with the opposition party, the Liberals. (C) A very large, ignorant population, composed of the field laborers and small farmers, mostly native Cuban, of partly African descent, who care little for public questions and policies and who, in the last political division, were attracted more to Gomez than to Palma. (D) A very considerable number of small merchants, tradesmen and regular employes, who favor annexation to the United States from the rather indefinite belief that their material advantages would be increased, and who, probably, voted largely for the Moderate ticket as being the more conserva-

ture. (E) The heavy Cuban commercial interests, really pro-American in sentiment, for economic reasons, but taking little or no active interest in the politics of the island. It is among this class that the ablest men of Cuba are to be found, and it is from this class that President Palma desired to draw his cabinet. The unwillingness of the representatives of this class, as a rule, to annoy themselves with the somewhat hectic attitude of the politicians, is responsible for the low quality of the cabinet officers of the Palma administration. To this there have been exceptions, but they are few.

It may be said that the present revolution is simply an armed conflict between the first two of these classes. Any continued disturbance leading to the cessation of industrial activity and containedlessness would naturally involve the third class, while the influence of the fifth may reasonably be expected to be thrown strongly in the interest of peace and quietude, although not necessarily favoring either side of the controversy. If there is one thing that neither of the parties at issue desires at this time, it is intervention; for it is the firm belief of both of these parties that, if the United States ever lands troops again on Cuban soil, the occupation will be permanent. The revolutionists are, apparently, very desirous that President Roosevelt shall use his moral force to persuade them to be good by indicating, in a way that will permit of no refusal, his desire for a new election, which is the sole object of the revolution. They look upon his power as a peacemaker, because of his previous successes in that direction, as supreme, and it is the distinctly Cuban and ingenious method of intrigue to create a situation and then suggest the solution which will gain for them what they desire.

No cheating nor bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half-price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be happy?—we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think.—Ruskin.

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The Art of Keeping Young

BY CHARLES RATTLE LOOMIS IN SMITHS

Here is a lesson for the man who feels himself growing old and who is ready and willing to push aside among the "has-beens." As Mr. Loomis points out, this was himself not long ago among the "has-beens." Now imagine the old man in San Francisco, who is starting all over again with high and hopeful spirits.

DO you say every morning when you get up, "I am still young"? It will be worth your while to do it, my friend. A man is not the framework that holds in place his clothes. To reverse it, the framework that holds in place his clothes is not the real man. That framework does age, there's no doubt of it. Its joints creak, the muscles grow flabby, the legs and arms grow rebellious and refuse to move as fast as they used to move, the eye gets tired of seeing things clearly and sees things "as in a glass, darkly."

But don't we all know that a man's clothes-house, so to speak, is not the man himself? The real man is that something that no one has ever been able to see or to put his hand upon, that something that lives forever. And does immortality age?

The stars are to all intents and purposes immortal, but have you noticed any perceptible diminution of their brilliance since, well, since we became the greatest nation that the sun ever shone upon? (You all remember the exact date—just after the Mexican War.)

We—our spirits—are immortal whether we believe everything in the Bible or not, and for us to age is for us to commit an unpardonable folly.

Don't look at your face in a glass and ask yourself, "Am I getting old?" Look at your spirit in the glass of your friend's treatment of you and try to discover whether it is getting old. And if it is—drop ten years.

It will not be so hard as it seems. Think young thoughts. Keep your mind wide open to the reception of new ideas. Don't, when you get to be forty, say to yourself, "I'm one of the 'has-beens'." Only forty years old! Why, you ought to be a ~~old~~ at forty.

Take, for instance, Manuel Garcia. I don't mean the Cuban patriot, but the Manuel Garcia who over eighty years ago brought to America the first Italian opera company (If I'm mistaken as to the kind of opera he brought it does not spoil my point).

I say, take, for instance, Manuel Garcia. The young man died recently at the age of one hundred and two.

They gave a dinner to our young friend, Manuel, when he was a hundred, and he made a speech full of wit, a speech that showed that he did not consider one hundred years half as heavy a load as some undergraduates esteem their twenty-one years.

If Manuel Garcia was still alive and busy at one hundred and two, and is, in our own country, Charles Hayes Maxwell—born in the same year as Lincoln and Mendelssohn and Gladstone and Holmes and Edgar Allan Poe—the mechanical engineer, at ninety-seven still goes to his office on Broadway every day, buoyant and blithe, who has a right to establish a "dead-line" at forty and push you over it and say, "By-by, old man Glad to have met you. Hope you'll be happy among the used-to-wases!" ?

You can't shove me over that way, and I've forgotten just when I was forty.

Why, for all I know, I have sixty years before me. And if a man has sixty years to come, what are forty odds that have gone? Nothing. A mere fortnight's holiday in the country.

Don't you let these beardless fellows—oh, dear, I forgot; we're all of us beardless now since the wind blew our whiskers away—but don't let the youngsters tell you when you're to get old.

They tell of a youth of one hundred and seven, in San Francisco, who was met just after "the fire"—there was no earthquake; it was only a fire—and who was asked how he had fared.

"Lost everything. Got to begin life over again," said he jauntily.

That's the stuff! He was the quintessence of the spirit that is going to make the new San Francisco the wonder of the world.

Do you suppose that that forty line counts for anything out there? No, my Christian—or heathen—friend, it does not. They are all young men and women together over there. And they are going to build the City of Youths out there by the waters of the Pacific.

It is almost too soon to say it now, but the time will come when San Francisco will look on her disasters as a great blessing.

Why? Because it was the touchstone that showed her citizens what stuff was in them. They have agreed to stop believing in old age; and the septuagenarian painter whose landscapes—the glory of the coast states—were destroyed by fire and who wrote a friend in the east who had consoled with him, "I am going to paint better pictures than ever," and

the octogenarian whose hotel was blown up to stop the progress of the flames and who, being in New York at the time, went back at once to render aid to those worse off than himself, and the young man who lost his job as a clerk and found another as a city builder are all working together, shoulder to shoulder.

The earthquake—there really was an earthquake—stopped the supply of water in the great mains, but it let loose the fountain of youth that was formerly supposed to be in Florida, and men, women, and children are drinking of it eagerly.

Read the private letters that some of your friends or you yourselves must have received from those living in San Francisco when the shock came. But one spirit breathes from them all. It is not a vain cry of "Time is flying!" that we find in those letters, but "There is yet time. We're starting afresh—to-day!"

And starting afresh is only another way of saying, "We are young."

Keep young, then, of the east, and the south, and the north. Let San Francisco's quake shake out of you the feeling of old age that was creeping into your senses.

To be sure, there are sky-rockets of twenty-five and thirty that rise brilliantly, but they may be spent sticks in a few years. Let your flame of life burn steadily, and replenish it from time to time with young thoughts—"Young's Night Thoughts" would help—and you'll be young at fifty and sixty as you were at forty or thirty or twenty—no, you were old at twenty; older than you'll ever be again—and you'll force these ardent young masters of three decades or less to move the dead-line farther on, or perhaps relegate it to the limbo of useless things.

Why should there be a dead-line until you are lying prone and your friends have neglected to "omit flowers"?

If disease spares you, youth lies in your own hands.

What is the secret? Kindly thoughts, good cheer, and the feeling that you have not robbed another man in getting what you need. Of course, if you have failed to see that other people have rights and have simply played the fascinating, but wicked, game of "grab," you'll grow

old so fast that people will forget that you ever were young.

They say a woman's as old as she looks, but a man is as old as he feels.

Make it your pleasure to feel as young as you can, and induce your wife to do the same—for I don't believe the ungrateful first clause of the aphorism—and you'll get so young that your son will call you "my boy," and you'll call him "old chap."

And a nation of "young men" is unconquerable.

A South African Confederation

BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR BLEEKLEY IN NEW YORK POST

According to this writer the possibility of a confederation of South African States is not remote at any mighty measure. The new constitution for the Transvaal will give the British element in that colony a large share in the government of their country, while preserving to the Boer all the benefits accruing from their victory in the late war. The Transvaal anti-British statement of that country will do the rest to further the confederation movement.

HERE is much speculation at present throughout the British Empire, regarding the ultimate result of the new constitution just granted to the Transvaal (the late South African Republic) by the Liberal Government (in conformity with the conditions of the Vereeniging Peace Convention). It was distinctly understood that responsible government should be granted at an early date to the defeated republics, who should be permitted to manage their own internal affairs, including the serious question of native administration. In some quarters anxiety is professed as to the issue of the confidence placed in the Boer population by the present British ministry, who seem desirous of acting in good faith in terms of the Vereeniging treaty, and so place considerable reliance on the patriotism

and disinterestedness of the Boer leaders.

The new constitution gives the Dutch element a large share in the government of their country, while preserving to the British all the benefits accruing from their victory in the late war. It has been drafted with great forethought, after an exhaustive inquiry and investigation on the spot by a special royal commission, sent out to probe local feeling and requirements, and its compilers have exercised every endeavor to frame a workable constitution, acceptable to Boer and Briton. It is believed they have succeeded to a surprising degree.

Framed on a voter's basis of manhood suffrage, the constitution provides for a paid legislative chamber of sixty-nine members, of which thirty-four are allowed to the Wit-

waterstand gold fields, six to Pretoria, and the balance, twenty-five, to the rest of the country. This distribution strikes a happy medium, and is a fair balance of the two great political parties. The chamber will be the popular legislative one, but there is to be also a second chamber, which, as a sop to the Imperialist faction, and an evident endeavor to safeguard British interests, will be nominated by the Crown for the duration of the first parliament and thereafter be elective.

On the upper chamber will depend the fate of all legislative enactments for the Transvaal, and to a great extent the future welfare and prosperity of South Africa. The Transvaal is the pivot on which all the other colonies hinge. On the personnel depends everything, for on this chamber will devolve a great responsibility. Much attaches to the selection of its members, but as the Liberal Government has hitherto shown an evident desire to inaugurate a new era of mutual trust and confidence, it may fairly be assumed that men of influence and high character will be appointed from both sides; men who have the esteem and confidence of their followers and the respect of their opponents. Of such men there is happily not a dearth in the Transvaal.

This being done, the success of the new regime may be anticipated, as the Boer leaders are likely to re-ciprocate this confidence and sink all individual differences in the task of promoting the common weal. It is difficult to say under the present circumstances which party may have the victory at the polls, for the fight will be stubborn and mainly conducted on national lines, while the Chinese re-patriation, native policy, and cus-

toms union issues will cause a distinct cleavage in both the Imperial and Boer ranks. The former will be largely assisted by the financial aid and influence of the Rand capitalists, while the latter will be supported by the labor vote, always anti-Imperialistic, and, under the system of a secret ballot, a very powerful factor in local politics.

Be the victory as it may, there is no reason to think the new Government will fail in its duty, or that the Boer, now admitted to a due participation in the conduct of affairs, will not loyally second the Britisher for the advancement of the country, and aid in the march forward to that Ultima Thule of all far-seeing patriots, the Confederate States of South Africa.

There is much more in this federation of the South African colonies than appears at present on the surface, for while it is true that such federation cannot be forced by resolutions of parliament, it is equally the fact that such a measure must come from within, and originate with the masses. Such a feeling has already sprung up and is fast gaining favor with all political parties, as well as with the "man in the street." Federation is no longer a chimeraical issue, but a very palpable prospect in the near future.

Natal, seriously disgruntled by the railway policy of Cape Colony, which is fighting to hold its own in the Orange River Colony (whose railroads it first exploited under the aegis of the late republic), and indignant over the unwanted interference with its entire policy by the mother country (which has largely fomented the serious rebellion in Zululand, from which the plucky little colony is just emerging), is continually

ly discussing the question of unification with the Transvaal. The Transvaal, smarting under the selfish treatment accorded it by the Cape at the last customs convention, is favorably inclined to the proposition. The plan is fast assuming concrete form, and will be one of the planks of the Progressives in the forthcoming political campaign.

The disadvantages of the union to the Transvaal are small and the advantages enormous, while the gain to Natal would more than counterbalance her losses. The union of the coast with the inland colony would give the latter the advantages of a harbor and such seashore as would place her independent of the Cape or Delagoa Bay, while the former would benefit hugely from its extended market and free trade with the gold fields.

The new constitution for the Transvaal is not expected to come into effect (or at least the elections under it completed) till the early part of

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. — Carlyle.

The Labor Movement in Canada

BY J. RAMSEY MACDONALD, M.P.

Mr. Macdonald is one of the representatives of the Labor Party in the British House of Commons. He visited Canada this summer and gave several labor addresses here. The results of his observations are recorded in brief form in the following article which he contributed to a recent number of the *London Daily Chronicle*. Because he has viewed the subject from the point of view of a politician, his conclusions are possibly more pertinent than would be those of a native writer.

THE labor movement in Canada, like the country itself, is as yet only in the making. A band of trade union organisers keep flying east and west, like shuttles, and trade union membership mounts up. The class struggle stage of the movement is in full swing, and our successes at the last general election have fired some of the labor leaders of Canada to march their unions on to the political field of battle. Mr. Gouges has given the word from Washington that this is now to be done. Six months ago the trade unionists of Montreal elected one of their number, Mr. Verville, to represent them at Ottawa, and another Montreal constituency, where a by-election is pending, is also to be fought by a labor candidate. In Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and even more strikingly in the mining districts of British Columbia, the ferment of a labor movement is at work. What is to be its future?

He would be a rash man who would dogmatize upon this question, for the condition of Canada places special difficulties in the way of a great national labor party, and makes opinions regarding it largely matters of conjecture.

To organize such a party here would require a leader of national reputation and unusual genius. For Canada does not as yet cohere into a national whole. A paternal and enterprising Government at Ottawa, which has thrown to the four winds

all the laissez-faire notions of the state entertained in the Old World, is doing its best to write the word "Canada" across the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and no one who went through the country nine years ago, as I did, and is crossing it again to-day, as I am doing, can doubt but that Ottawa will ultimately succeed. But that is not yet, and the nationalist results of the Macdonald and the Laurier grandmothers will not ripen for some time to come.

Meanwhile, away in the east are the Maritime Provinces, brought into the Confederation by the promise of a railway, and remaining in the Confederation to get a quid pro quo in public works for everything done to develop the west. They have a labor movement of their own, consisting mainly of miners and railroad men, separate, with its own leaders and policy.

Coming westwards we reach Quebec. Here the workman is French and Catholic. He dreads United States dominance, and he has split away from the unions that have their headquarters in the United States (called international unions), and has formed a Canadian Federation of national unions, the motto of which is "Canada for the Canadians." He is handicapped by a lack of leaders, and he is not willing to pay heavy subscriptions, so he also suffers from a lack of funds. West of Montreal this

section ceases to exist. The Ottawa River is its western frontier.

In Ontario and west to British Columbia the unions are branches, with their headquarters in the United States. Towards the east the members of this section are Protectionists, and though they pay their dues to offices in Chicago, Cleveland, New York, or Washington, they vote as citizens against the United States and in favor of a high Canadian tariff. They pile up the Conservative majorities in Ontario. Round Winnipeg, and to the west, they are less frightened of the Yankee, and vote Liberal in the main.

In British Columbia the labor movement is in a state of flux and flow at present. The western miners have hitherto been influenced by the revolutionary spirit of the western states across the border, and the unions have been inspired by a kind of barren Marxist Socialism which has weakened in recent years as a settling influence has crept over the country. Changes towards a middle course of Socialist and Labor methods seem to be coming over this province, and British Columbia will probably soon become allied with the international unions.

The long days and nights in the train crossing Canada, the vast stretches of forest and wheat field which one has to go through, explain to us this lack of labor coherence. Nature has hitherto defied the creation of a Canadian labor movement on lines parallel with the political and economic interests of the Dominion. This long, narrow strip of industry, stretching from Sydney on the Atlantic to Victoria on the Pacific, broken by hundreds of miles of forest and farm at a stretch, cannot cohere. Willy-nilly Canadian labor

cannot stretch its arms east and west only; it is doomed to fraternize with the south as well. To the manufacturer, Canada is an industrial entity; to the workman it is not.

It is a grim comment, however, on what passes as Imperialistic sentiment that in the province where Imperialism is said to be at its lowest ebb, Quebec, the trade union movement is organized nationally, and suspicion of the United States finds expression in independent Canadian labor organizations, whilst in these provinces supposed to be most British, organized labor pays fees to United States headquarters.

This cannot be helped at present, but it brings a dualism into the life of the Canadian trade unionist as worker and as citizen, which will undoubtedly hamper him in creating a labor party for the Dominion.

But the most formidable of all the tasks of a Canadian labor party will be to get hold of the agriculturist, and without him it will be impossible to send more than a dozen to a score of labor members to Ottawa. With him, however, the Canadian labor movement will cohere, and the magic will then operate. A good many of the immigrant farmers from the United States have been influenced by the Populist and Bryanist movements and some of the wiser labor leaders—particularly those in Winnipeg—are looking hopefully to Saskatchewan for political developments. Moreover, the circumstances of Canadian agriculture necessitate a vast army of workers being upon the fields in Autumn. In the Winter that army is encamped in the cities, living as it best can, subject to the fermentation of idea which goes on in towns. Thus the spectacle which we see is a kind of Nile overflow of population upon

the western plains, bearing with it not only a rush of labor power, but a sediment of ideas, and so soon as the labor movement in Canada deliberately faces the work it has to do, this circumstance will be a precious opportunity for it. At this feverish moment of settlement, the conquest of Alberta and Saskatchewan by labor and Socialist opinion seems nothing but a dream—a dream, however, of the same substantiality as that which haunted those intelligent men who believed ten years ago that these wilderness plains could grow wheat. The problem of transport charges is to be the practical issue which will bring the workmen of the towns and the farmer into political co-operation.

Finally, one comes to what after all is the grand determining factor in what the future of the Canadian labor party is to be. In discussing matters with men here and in getting into instinctive touch with the like of this new nation one feels a silent but

sullen conflict going on far down beneath the surface. It is the conflict between the British and the United States tones of life. As this conflict affects the labor movement here it presents problems like these. Will public life become more corrupt? Will the machine fed by patronage become more powerful? Will expressions of the national will become more brutally honest and selfish? Will plutocratic instincts become predominant? Will the labor leader continue to leave the labor movement for more lucrative commercial or political employment? If so, the labor movement will remain in the hackwater of class conflict, revolutionary methods, Marxian Socialism, where it is in the United States to-day.

This is one of the most fascinating studies in the evolution of the Canadian spirit, but it is too complicated to be discussed at the end of an article on the prospects of the labor movement here.

Work is a test of character; drudgery in work is a greater test; but the supreme test is patience and perseverance in the task on which you have entered.

Personal Character of the Sultan of Turkey

BY CHESO MIJATOVICH IN PORTLIGHT REVIEW

The author of the following sketch of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, which forms a portion of a long article on that ruler, was formerly Serbian Minister to Turkey. He writes with singular frankness of the personalty of this sultan, intermixing his statements with anecdotes and illustrations, which go to prove that Abd-ul-Hamid is not such a terrible man as we might suppose.

AS is well known, Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid is one of the sons of Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid. His mother was an Armenian beauty. Abd-ul-Medjid was a kind-hearted and generous man, handsome, but not very strong physically, intellectually belonging to the mediocrities. When I first saw, and spoke to, Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, I felt that he was the son of his mother, viz., that by far the greater part of his individuality he has inherited from his mother. The Armenians, as a race, are well known to be very intelligent. It is quite true that in the East they have a bad reputation as an exceedingly selfish and unscrupulous people. It is said that in cunning and astuteness the Jews are innocent bakes when compared with the Armenians. Personally, I do not believe that that has anything to do with the race, and probably it is the result of the peculiar circumstances in which they live. Give them liberty, give them the responsibility of a self-governing nation, give them possibilities of higher culture, and the Armenians, in a couple of generations, would prove to be a noble and generous, as well as a highly intelligent, race.

There is in Abd-ul-Hamid a peculiar modesty, timidity, and tenderness which are quite womanly. He always looks earnest, almost sad, as if he were subdued by the consciousness of his great responsibilities. He smiles quietly, almost sadly, very often, but he hardly ever laughs

loudly. He is distinctly a man of aesthetic taste. He is fond of flowers, of beautiful women, of fine horses, of lovely views of sea and land, of everything that is beautiful. He is an affectionate father. He takes care that the ladies of his harem shall enjoy higher pleasures, and provides for them concerts and theatricals. He can be, and is, a devoted friend to his friends. He is able to contract deep and faithful friendships. The former British Ambassador in Constantinople, Sir William White, won his personal friendship and retained it to the end of his days. The great ambassador was not always able to carry his point, but when the Sultan's trusted friend, William White, spoke with his friend Abd-ul-Hamid, the case was always won for Great Britain. I know that the Sultan retains the most affectionate remembrances of Sir William. The so-called successes of German diplomacy in Constantinople are really not the successes of the supposed superior ability of German diplomats; they are simply the results of the deep personal attachment of Abd-ul-Hamid to Emperor William. He honours with his personal friendship the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Baron Calice, also the Spanish Ambassador, Count Sagrado. He is very fond of the highly cultured and patriotic Armenian Patriarch Ormanian, and treats him as a personal friend.

I shall never forget with what pathos he spoke to me on one occa-

sion of the need of his heart to have near him a personal friend to whom he could talk as friend, and in whom he could confide unreservedly. One day, in September, 1860, he called me to come at once to see him. He received me most graciously, but I noticed that he looked somewhat more melancholy than usual. He told me that he had heard that King Milan lived, broken-hearted and very sad, in Vienna, and that he had invited him to come to live in Constantinople, where he would gladly place at his disposal one of the imperial palaces on the Bosphorus.

"Knowing that King Milan is fond of you and trusts you," the Sultan said to me, "I called you to ask you personally to write to him to support my invitation. Write to him that I should feel happy to have him near me. He knows that all my sympathies are with him, and that his friendship is precious to me. Tell him that I have—thank God!—many good and faithful servants, but that I often feel quite lonely, and that I am longing with all my heart and soul to have near me a man to whom, as to a faithful and sincere friend, I could confide what I have in my heart, with whom I could freely exchange thoughts and take counsel, and with whom I could share joy and sorrow. I feel deeply that in Milan I should find such a friend. Write to him to come, that we as friends may help each other to bear bravely the load of our destinies."

There was a tone of sadness and earnestness in his words and manner. I felt that he spoke from deep conviction and in perfect sincerity.

As I am speaking here of the friendly sentiments of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid towards King Milan, I may mention also an incident which is very characteristic of Abd-ul-Hamid's

fine diplomacy and of an entire absence in his character of any vindictiveness. The story was told to me by King Milan himself.

Going to Jerusalem after his abdication, Milan came to Constantinople, and naturally had to go to Yıldız Kiosk to pay his respects to the Sultan.

"Having as vassal risen twice in rebellion against my Suzerain," King Milan told me, "having by our war against the Sultan made the Russo-Turkish war, so disastrous for Turkey, inevitable, I felt that I really had no right to expect from Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid a very brilliant, and certainly not a very hearty reception. Besides, I was no longer a reigning Sovereign, but a poor ex-King, going as a humble pilgrim to the holy places. All this made me doubtful about the reception which I should meet with from the Sultan. But what an agreeable surprise I had! When I arrived at Yıldız I found the Sultan waiting in the entrance hall, surrounded by all his great dignitaries, generals, equerries, all in grand uniforms with decorations. He moved a step forward, gave me his hand, and said: 'I am sincerely pleased to be able to greet to-day as my friend the man who has restored to Servia the dignity of a kingdom. This pleasure is the more sincere because I know from history how much the Servian nation, through its sons, who were Ottoman statesmen and leaders of the Ottoman armies, have contributed to the power and glory of the Ottoman Empire.'"

Such a salutation, and in such circumstances, was indeed the highest diplomacy. And more than that—it was generosity.

What I especially admire in Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid is his evident desire

to be fair, not to do injustice, even indirectly, to anyone. He loves to consider almost every question from a philosophical point of view I can give you a typical instance of this.

When the telegrams announced the formal engagement of King Alexander of Servia with Madame Draga Mashin, the Sultan sent for me, asking me at the same time to bring, if I could, a photograph of the King's fiancee. I did so. The Sultan looked at the photograph for some time, observed that Mme. Draga was evidently a handsome woman, and that she had beautiful eyes.

"Yet," he said in his quiet, earnest manner, "I cannot sufficiently wonder that King Alexander, who seemed to me a very shrewd young man, should commit such a folly! No doubt the day will arrive when he will see clearly himself what a folly he has committed."

And then, after a prolonged silence, he continued:

"But, after all, what right have we to complain? What right have we even to criticize? Can a man escape his destiny? And is it fair to forget what an irresistible power love has? Where is the strong man who is not weak when he finds himself alone with a woman with whom he is in love? And are we not all liable sometimes to commit follies? Does love ever ask what is your rank and dignity? Does love ever ask what your father and your mother will say to that? Does it ever listen to reason? I, verily, do not think we have a right to laugh at the folly of this young man. Poor Alexander is evidently deeply in love with Draga. All we can do is to wish for him that his love be crowned by true and lasting happiness. I will wire him my best wishes, but you must also let him know that I

shall always rejoice to hear of his happiness."

I was so charmed, and really deeply impressed by this philosophical discourse of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid on the power of love, that on my return to the legation I wrote it down immediately. He never seemed to me to stand in a better light than on that occasion. He evidently knew what love was, and he seems to have reduced his own experiences to philosophical principles, which led him to be fair and charitable to others.

He is no doubt a sincerely and deeply religious Mussulman, and has all the virtues which the Al-Kuran succeeds in instilling in the True Believers. He is considerate, modest, charitable, and patient. His consciousness of his responsibility towards God makes him hesitate to punish anyone severely. Certainly he was never carried away by impulsiveness. He even exaggerates in his desire to consider every question from all points. He is slow, often much too slow for the nervous and impatient sons of the west. Even in the eyes of the Turks his conscientiousness, the mother of his hesitation, makes him appear a man who lacks energy. But he is not without energy. The re-organization of the military forces of the Ottoman Empire is a great work, implying great intelligence and great energy, and it is really his own work.

Nor is he lacking in initiative. To establish in his own palace a modern stage, on which the artists of European fame are invited to give their productions, shows in itself no lack of initiative. Once he let me through a long gallery in the Merassim Kiosk (one of the several kiosks in the extensive grounds of Yıldız), the walls of which were

covered by hundreds of pictures by famous European painters, representing victories and defeats of the Turkish army. That picture gallery by itself shows that Abd-ul-Hamid is capable of having, for a Turk, quite original ideas, and that he sees that they are executed.

Indeed, only a man of great initiative and unusual energy could have concentrated all the governing power in his own hands. He is not satisfied to reign only; he governs also, and that in all and every detail. The Grand Vizier and the Ministers are, in reality, only the secretaries of the Sultan. They come to report every single event, wherever it may have happened, and ask for his orders. He knows everything, or, at least, he has the ambition to know everything. Of course, he needed agents who would report to him everything. The system developed into a peculiar, probably vicious, detective organization which seems to be the curse of life in Constantinople. He not only tries to know everything, but he has the ambition personally to decide everything. No European sovereign has the tenth part of the work through which Abd-ul-Hamid passes daily. Such an amount of work would have killed any European sovereign in less than five years. It will, in the end, kill the wily system of Abd-ul-Hamid too.

This sketch would be incomplete if I were not to mention that Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, terribly earnest as he is and so sensitive to everything touching his personal dignity, has much of quiet humor in him. He quickly perceives the comic features in things and men, and in a peculiar quiet way enjoys it. His sky is generally and almost permanently covered by clouds of state anxieties and personal melancholy. But from time

to time, and most unexpectedly, those clouds are pierced by the sunny rays of a mild humor.

On one occasion, in the empty Court Theatre in the Merraissin Kiosk an Italian company was playing the opera Robert le Diable. The Sultan took the Russian Ambassador Zinovyeff, the Persian Ambassador and myself in his box. In the adjoining box were a few equestrines of the Sultan. Those two boxes contained all the spectators on that occasion. Abd-ul-Hamid, as a true lover of music, listened attentively to the singing of the artists on the stage, and during their singing never spoke a word with us. But when Pepita, after her beautiful prayer to the Madonna, began to undress herself, prior to going to bed, and took off first her dress, then her bodice, then her top petticoat, the Sultan turned, alarmed, to Zinovyeff.

"No doubt," he said, "your Excellency knows the habits of the European young women. Do you think this young actress is going to undress herself altogether in our presence?"

"I hope not!" answered Zinovyeff. "But I do not know; the actors, and more especially the actresses, like to humor the desires of their patrons."

The Sultan immediately caught the meaning of the Russian Ambassador, and laughed heartily.

The following authentic story illustrates still more vividly the quiet humor of the Sultan. The Grand Vizier gave a grand dinner one evening, at which, with the Sultan's sanction, several court officers were present. One of these, the next day, gave the Sultan a verbal report of the exhibition of "magic power" by a poor dervish, which followed the dinner.

"Would you believe it, sirs," he

said, "that poor dervish swallowed silver spoons one after the other? It was simply marvellous."

"Do you say marvellous?" the Sultan asked him. "I do not see anything so marvellous in the fact that a poor dervish swallowed a few of the Grand Vizier's silver spoons. That feat is as nothing in comparison with thefeat which Hassan Pasha, my minister of the navy, used to perform. He swallowed entire ironclads without changing the color of his face for a moment."

Hassan Pasha was notorious for the boldness with which he diverted moneys, granted for ironclads, to the needs of his own renowned harem.

Among many stories of the Sultan's good-humored nature and wit, I have heard the following one also. It was once desirable to send a Turkish war vessel to greet a British Royalalty at Malta. A favorite of the court was entrusted with that mission. He managed to bring his ship successfully out of the Golden Horn, and then—distraught European naval charts—spent several weeks among the islands of the Aegean asking if there was such a place as Malta. At last he returned to Stamhouli with a

laconic report: "Malta Yok" "There is no Malta." The Sultan, instead of being angry with his ignorant modern Hayreddin, laughed at his impudence and said: "Now I understand why the English wanted Cyprus! Of course they wanted it, since Malta was no more—Malta Yok."

Yet one word more as to Abd-ul-Hamid's personal character. I know that many Englishmen think him a cruel man, and as justification of such an opinion they point to the Armenian massacres. Personally I could detect in the character of the Sultan not even a shadow of cruelty. At the same time, I must say that several important members of the diplomatic corps, who were in Constantinople during those massacres, have told me that their impression was that the massacre of the Armenians was—the work of Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid! I mention this opinion, but personally I have no reason to endorse it. To accuse a man of cruelty—still more to accuse a man of murder—we ought to have undisputed proofs and hard facts, and not only personal impressions and bold conjectures.

There never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

The Formation of the U.S. Steel Corporation

BY HENRY N. CARSON IN MURKINS

In his story of the romance of steel and iron in America, Mr. Carson has adhered to the theory of consolidation and the formation of the steel trust. It was J. Pierpont Morgan who stood behind and engineered this enormous merger, by means of which a full two-thirds of the most gigantic American industry was absorbed into the largest of the world's corporations.

In the early Spring of 1901 J. Pierpont Morgan stood among the steel kings like a benevolent giant. Two years before, he had refused to become the overlord of the iron world, but several things had happened since that time. He was now to a large extent a steel king himself. He had successfully organized the Federal Steel Company. He was a heavy stockholder in the National Tube and the American Bridge Companies. Moreover, his intimacy with Frick had given him a better knowledge and a more favorable impression of the steel men.

Besides, at the present crisis, his own life-work was in danger. For more than thirty years Morgan had been a builder and a peacemaker. He was the most implacable foe of hostility among capitalists. He was the champion of "team play" and "community of interest."

From his point of view, therefore, the exit of Carnegie was a business necessity. Carnegie was preparing to parallel the Pennsylvania Railroad and to compete with the National Tube Company, both of which were in Morgan's "sphere of influence." To permit such a man to control the steel market was unthinkable.

From a business standpoint, Carnegie was invulnerable. He had his own coal, railroads, steamships, and steel mills. In his commercial and personal interests he stood entirely outside all associations of capitalists. He enjoyed to the full what his Scottish poet called "the glorious

privilege of being independent." It was an amazing feat to win a place absolutely alone in an age of interdependence — when even the nations were clinging one to another for support; but as a factor in the business situation his position was not to be tolerated. The stability and peace of mind of the American financial world demanded that Andrew Carnegie should abdicate his throne.

Morgan rushed at his work like a Titan who had at last found a task worthy of his strength. At first his plan was to combine only four companies — the Carnegie, the Federal Steel, the National Tube, and the American Steel & Wire. But a quick survey of the field showed him that four other companies would be easy to persuade into the confederation — the National Steel, the American Tin Plate, the American Steel Hoop, and the American Sheet Steel, while if these concerns were left out, they might offer an inconveniently active competition.

Frick hurried to Pittsburg and offered about thirty million dollars for the big Jones & Laughlin plant, but was refused. On his return he found that Morgan had been trying to make terms with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for the purchase of the Rockefeller ore mines. The negotiations had come to a standstill. For several days it appeared as if the powerful Standard Oil group would be left outside of the steel combination.

To break the deadlock, Henry H. Rogers suggested that Frick, who is

a better buyer than Morgan, he sent to Rockefellers. This expedient was tried and succeeded completely.

"I gave Rockefellers forty million dollars in preferred stock," said Frick, "and forty millions in common, for his ore. For his ore-carrying fleet I paid him eight and a half millions in cash. We needed the Rockefeller property, for without those rich ore-tracks we should have been in a vulnerable position."

In this way the United States Steel Corporation obtained about two-fifths of its ore and nearly one-half of its ore fleet.

The speed with which the great structure was built is almost incredible. Schwab had secured Carnegie's selling price in January, 1901, and by February 25 the corporation had taken definite shape. According to its New Jersey charter, its purpose was practically to manage the business of the human race—to own and operate the whole world, with the sole exception of the railroads and canals of New Jersey. Its actual capital was declared to be three thousand dollars, which it had power to increase. Its three nominal incorporators were men who were comparatively unknown. Its life was to be "forever." All this, however, was only the formal and legal way of making a beginning.

On the following day the fog of rumor was dispelled by an official announcement from Mr. Morgan's banking house. Next came his advertisement for the stock of the smaller shareholders in the companies that were to be absorbed. It was signed by about forty well known names. Each one represented millions. Some could speak not for themselves alone, but for whole cities.

Morgan peremptorily announced

that all stock of the companies going into the trust must be in his hands in eighteen days. But the minds of the small stockholders did not work with Morganic swiftness, and he was obliged to give them twelve days longer. By April 2, however, Morgan's greatest task was accomplished. The corporation which is his financial masterpiece—by which his reputation will stand or fall—was complete. Its capital was fixed at a little more than a billion dollars, besides three hundred and sixty-six millions of bonded and mortgage debt. The stock, half seven-per-cent preferred and half common, was being sold to a greedy public.

Seventy per cent. of the American iron and steel industry had become organized. More than that, it had become Morganized; it had been put together on "community of interest" lines. Instead of being cut apart from other branches of business and dominated by one man, it was now linked to a dozen banks, a score of railroads, and an unknown number of other corporations.

Its officials and directors were not steel-makers. Less than a third of them understood the language of steel. Schwab, a practical steel man, had been made president at the request of Carnegie, but in the management of the corporation, the president ranked, not first, but third. Judge Elbert H. Gary was first, as head of the executive committee, and Robert Bacon—who was succeeded, a little later, by George W. Perkins—was second, as head of the finance committee. Strictly speaking, the president was merely the head of the manufacturing department. Gary was a lawyer, Bacon a banker, Perkins an insurance man.

The United States Steel Corpora-

tion was a financial event more than a manufacturing organization. It was first for money and second for steel. This was a new and important development in the evolution of the steel business. On its board of directors was only one steel-maker of the old-fashioned sort, Abijah S. Hewitt, and he entered unwillingly. To his mind a billion-dollar corporation was a dangerous innovation. The modern steel-maker was typified in H. C. Frick; the others were men who had evolved into financiers from all sorts of beginnings.

More than half of the officials and directors were self-made men. The three who stood foremost — Gary, Perkins and Schwab — had climbed from the ladder's lowest rung. They were young men. The average age of the officials was forty-eight, the oldest being fifty-five and the youngest, Charles M. Schwab, thirty-nine. For their services in managing the immense corporation, Schwab and Gary drew salaries of a hundred thousand dollars apiece. Perkins received nothing.

"Mr. Morgan would not permit him to get a salary," said Judge Gary.

It has often been stated that Morgan himself received a huge fee for his successful work in effecting the consolidation. As a matter of fact, he received no direct payment whatever. He held a one-fifth interest in a syndicate that floated two hundred millions of the company's securities, and his total profits were less than three millions. "High pay for a few months' work," the outsider may say, but he should remember the magnitude of the achievement and the vast responsibilities that Morgan had to bear—and still bears, to a great extent, so closely does the pub-

lic identify him with the fortunes of his greatest financial creation.

"Morgan was big and fair and square," says Schwab.

"No man, no number of men, outside of Mr. Morgan, could have formed the United States Steel Corporation at that time," declared Judge Gary.

Another New York financier, in an outburst of enthusiasm, exclaimed:

"I believe that in the next twenty years a statue of J. Pierpont Morgan will be placed in some public square, to mark the general appreciation of his wonderful organizing ability."

In the consolidation of businesses it has been found that services of a company promoter are indispensable. A business man naturally dislikes to sell to his competitor. He prefers to deal with an outsider.

"Every manufacturer imagines that his plant is better located and better managed than his neighbor's," says W. H. Moore, who is, next to Morgan, the most successful consolidator in the steel industry.

And now, for the practical people who like facts and figures, here is a feast of statistics. In the long history of commerce, where has there been a corporation with possessions like these?

The United States Steel Corporation owns as much land as is contained in the three states of Massachusetts, Vermont, and Rhode Island.

It employs one hundred and eighty thousand workmen—more than the combined armies of Meade and Lee at Gettysburg.

More than a million of the American people—as many as the population of Nebraska or Connecticut—depend upon it for a livelihood.

Last year it paid out in wages one hundred and twenty-eight million dol-

lars—more than the United States pays for its army or for its navy. "Our workmen have a first mortgage on United States Steel," said Charles M. Schwab.

It owns and operates a railroad trackage that would reach from New York to Galveston, or from Paris to Constantinople. It possesses thirty thousand cars and seven hundred locomotives.

It has nineteen ports and owns a fleet of one hundred large ore ships. This is the most numerous of all American fleets under a single ownership. It is the sixth largest commercial fleet in the world, and from the point of view of industrial efficiency, it is perhaps unequalled in any country.

It has ninety-three blast furnaces, nearly all of them running day and night, and it makes forty-four per cent of the pig iron of the United States.

From its fifty great mines it produces one-sixth of all the iron ore in the world. In one year it hauls up a mountain of more than sixteen million tons of red ore.

It makes three-fifths of our Bessemer and open-hearth steel, two-thirds of the steel rails, two-thirds of the wire rods, three-fifths of the steel beams, ten-elevenths of the wire, and nearly all of the wire nails, wire fencing, steel tubing, tin plate, and steel bridges produced in the United States.

It makes more steel than either Great Britain or Germany, and one-quarter of the total amount made in all the countries of the world.

To feed its ceaseless fires, it burns in a single year ten million tons of coal, eleven million tons of coke, and fifteen billion cubic feet of natural

gas. Its supply of fuel will last for sixty years.

It can make anything in steel from a carpet tack to steel tanks, from a tin can to armor plate, from a wire nail to an Eiffel Tower.

Its iron works and steel works are mainly in Pittsburgh, and twenty-five smaller "steel cities" within a hundred miles' distance, but it also owns large plants in Chicago, Joliet, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Muncey, Elmira, Philadelphia, Troy, Hartford, Worcester, and elsewhere. It is about to create a new industrial centre at the southern end of Lake Michigan. Its ore is mainly in Minnesota. Its headquarters are in New York, though as a New Jersey corporation it maintains a nominal "general office" in Hoboken.

If it had been organized in Pennsylvania, its first fee would have been fourteen hundred thousand dollars, and its yearly tax more than five millions, but being organized in New Jersey, its charter fee was a mere two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Even this comparative trifle was more than the fortune spent by Baron von Hasenclever in founding New Jersey's iron business. Its annual tax to the state—another trifle of sixty odd thousand dollars—is more than three times the cost of the famous Lynn iron works, built in 1645.

Its total responsibilities, as expressed in stocks and bonds, were as follows, at the date of its first annual report:

Bonds (mainly five per cent, bonds held by the Carnegie)	\$36,097,897
Preferred stock	510,381,190
Common stock	548,302,500
Total	\$1,384,681,297

And not even this stupendous total expresses the full power of this industrial empire. Behind it stood Morgan, Rockefeller, and Carnegie, representing about two billion dollars of well handled and aggressive capital.

Mr. Dooley on the Power of the Press

BY F. P. DUNNE IN AMERICAN MAGAZINE

The venerable Mr. Dooley discourses on the subject of the press vs his usual bairnes. Below his quaint coterie there is an great deal of truth, for he probes pretty deep down into the human heart. He begins with a dig at the big business, whose chief of industries is one, he goes on to talk over the power of the editor, whose fingers were possessed the greatest influence.

"A FEW years ago," said Mr. Dooley, "I thought that if I had a son I'd make a lawyer iv him. It wuz th' fine profession. Th' lawyers took all th' money an' held down all th' jobs. A lawyer got ye into trouble by makin' th' laws an' got ye out iv trouble by hustlin' them. Some lawyers on'y knew th' law, poor fellows, but others knew th' holes in th' law that made it so easy fr' a millionne to keep out iv th' p'intintchay as fr' a needle to enter th' cannel's eye, as Hogan says. These lawyers never had to worry about payin' their gam bills. A law, Hinnissy, that might look like a wall to you or me wud look like a triumphal arch to th' expereyenced eye iv a lawyer. Lawyers were everywhere, even on th' bench, he havens. They were in th' legislature seen' th' laws were badly punctuated an' in th' coorts seen' that they were truly punctuated. They were in Congress makin' th' laws an' the flaws in th' laws. They r-ran th' country. McKinley was a lawyer, Cleveland was a lawyer an' Bryan was a lawyer till he kew better."

"But 'tis far diff'rent now, Hinnissy. If I had a son 'tis little time I'd spend larnin' him what some dead Englishman thought Thomas Jefferson was goin' to mean when he wrote

th' Constitution. No, sir, when me son an' heir was eight years old an' had read all th' best iv th' classical authors fr'm Deadwood Dick to Ol' Sleuth th' Detective, I'd put a pencil in his hand an' above him out into th' world as a gr-eat editor. I wud say, 'Fr' th' lawyers ar-e too busy studyin' law as corpus proeedin's to do anything else, an' 'tis th' Palaeognath is our Liberties that is summ'n th' country an' is goin' to run it fr' a long time to come.'

"What's th' use iv a lawyer anyway? If I get a good way ye may hue a better. Th' more money a man has th' better lawyer he can get but th' more money a man has th' worse editor he's liable to get. All any lawyer can do is to holler at another lawyer. All a judge can do is to look unpleasant an' sharp off into dreams just at th' time when th' most excitin' evidence in ye'er fater as been' put in. No, sir, lawyers an' judges don't amount to anything. 'Tis th' twelve good men an' three shragged fr'm the butcher shop an' grocery store that decides. It's th' intilligent jury iv ye'e peers or worse that tells ye whether ye must put in th' rest iv ye'er days stickin' paper insides into ready-made shoes or weasin' out th' same lookin' fr' wantink. Th' lawyers make th' law;

MR. DOOLEY ON THE POWER OF THE PRESS

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th' judges make th' errors, but th' editors make th' paries.

"Sare 'tis th' fine business an' I'd be th' gr-eat hand at it fr' there's naught' I like better than gettin' people out iv trouble unless it is gettin' them into it. It's th' on'y power in th' world that's worth talkin' about. No head is so high that it can't hit it am' none so low that it can't raise it up. If a sudden current shud bear me out iv this here backwater where I'm anchored an' make me th' public character I wanna was when I was captain iv my precinct, 'tis not what I was but what th' pa-pers wud say I was that'd make th' goose flesh stand out on me an' disturb me dreams. What I've done I've done am' it rests between me an' Father Kelly. But it's what all th' world says I've done an' believes I've done that's goin' to make th' diff'rence with me. I take all th' pa-pers an' read them fr'm end to end. I don't believe a bad thing they print about amny iv me friends but I believe everything about anybody else. Many a man I don't know'd be surprised to hear I wouldn't speak to him on account iv what I think I know iv him. I'm personally acquainted with ivy prominent man in th' world through th' pa-pers but I caidn't swear there was amny such a person as Tiddy Rosenfeld. I never see him. So far as I'm concerned, Hinnissy, th' man that's president iv ye an' me an' sixtyn million others was made in a newspaper office be some bright young fellow in his shirt sleeves an' smokin' a corn cob pipe. He happened to be feelin' good so he made an attractive character. But th' male Tiddy Rosenfeld instead iv bein' a short, thickset man, with rows iv fashin' teeth, a cheerful demeanor an'

a pogonacious disposition, may be a long, lean man with red side whiskers, no teeth at all an' scared to death iv Scretty Shaw. Some day th' young fellow that made him may make him over an' then I'll have another beasted idol. It's th' same with William Jennings Bryan, th' Caesar, King Edward or anybody else. They're all made out in newspapers th' way yer little boy makes a cocked hat an' then turns it into a boat. Destroy th' newspapers an' they'd disappear. Like th' figures off a kinescope screen. They're alive while th' ink lasts, they're dead th' minyit th' editor says: 'We pass on to th' next cage.' He havns, Hinnissy, if I can't believe what I read about people I don't know, I'm a lost man.

"People tell ye they don't care what is said about them in print. They don't if it's pleasant. If ye said a man was a greater pole than Shakespeare, a greater gun'n than Napoleon, a greater statesman than Thomas Jefferson, he'd have a feelin' that ye done him scant justice on'y because if ye didn't ye're readers wud indignantly stop th' pa-per. Ye never read iv anybody writin' in that his attention has been called to a paragraph prasin' him an' regrettin' that stuff has been published about him that shud be kept fr' his tombstone. But if ye print a squit down in th' right hand corner iv th' twelfth page following pure advertisin' matter to th' gen'l effect that his past life in Missouri is known to th' editor he'll be around that mornin' with a gun an' a Lawyer. If I'm the expeeryence with newspapers I'd advise him to leave both on th' sidewalk an' go up th' elevators on his knees. Th' on'y people that don't mind what's printin' about them ate those whose pitch-

ers are already in th' Rogues' Galaxy. But let a man be only half or three-quarters square, as most us are, as he fears less a rumpist in sogers with a gatling gun poundin' at th' dure than th' touch in a ray-porther's hand on th' dure bell. These he sets, th' patriarch, carvin' th' turkey an' scowlin' down on th' assembled fam'ly. He is th' boss in that establishment, a man in ruthless power with wife an' childer, a model husband an' father to them. His conscience is clear because he thinks nobody knows. He's about to tell them how underscarin' they are in such a spouse an' papa wh' hired girl whispers there's a rayporter in th' parlor. Why, childer, does Iather's knife an' fork an' jaw drop at wanst? Why does a pale green bush of indignation mantle his bold brow? Why does his legs wobble a little as he leaves th' room? Ah, little wans, I can't tell ye. Finish yester supper an' sleep wan more night in peace. Yell know all about it in th' mornin' when ye an' ye'r playmates gather aroun' th' fast special ex-thy.

"Th' printed wurrud! What can I do against it? I can buy a gun to protect me against me inamy. I can change me name to save my fr'm th' gran' jury. But there's no escape fr' good man or bad fr'm th' printed wurrud. It follows me wheriver I go an' strikes me down in shewsh, is me office, in me very home. There was me friend Jawn D. Three years ago he seemed insured against punishment ayther here or hereslether. A happy man, a religious man. He had squared th' highschools, th' courts, th' politicians an' th' Baptist clargy. He saw th' dollars hoppin' out iv ivry lamp chimbin' in th' wurrud an' burryin' to'd him. His

heart was pure seen' that he had never done wrong save in th' way iv business. His head was hairless but unbowed. Ivry Mondiah moran' I read iv him leadin' a chorus iv 'Oward Christian sogers marchin' fr' th' stuff." He was at peace with th' wurrud, th' flesh, an' th' devile. A good man! What cast harm him? An' so it seemed he might proceed to th' grave whin, to an' behold, up in his poth leaps a lady with a pen in hand an' off goes Jawn D. fr' th' tall timbers. A lady, mind ye, dips a pen into an ink-well! there's an explosion an' what's left iv Jawn D. an' his power wusden't frightened crows away fr'm a corn field. Who's afraid in Rockefeller now? Th' presidint hits him a kick, a country grand jury indicts him, a golif caddy overcharges him an' when he comes back fr'm Europe he has as many policemen to meet him on th' pier as Doe Owens. A year ago, anybody wad take his money. Now if he wanted to give it even to Chancellor Day he'd have to meet him in a hauz at midnight.

"Down they come, these here joynts that have set on our necks fr' years, not crushed be th' hand iv th' law which happens to be busy in their pockets at th' time, or shot out be th' bombs iv a revolution or even liquidated out be Congress, but smashed he wan tap iv a lead pencil be a man or a wozza that has about as much money as wed buy cuttlefishbone fr' their canary bus-rus an' doesn't want any more. A cry goes up: 'Here comes Rayporter Baker.' an' th' haughty insurance magnates break th' mahogany furniture on' th' quarter mile record in a dash fr' th' steamer. A novel smashes th' best thrust an' a blow fr'm th' relentless Faber Number Two knobs

th' props out fr'm under th' throne iv Rooskya. A young fellow comes along an' writes a novel an' th' villain in it is th' Boston an' Maine Railroad. Th' villain is all modher novels is a corporation iv some kind, a packin' house, a karosene lie factory or a railroad. Th' Boston an' Maine Railroad is a handsome wretch that eathers a peaceful New Hampshire village with its cursed city ways, deceives th' borroines with a false bill iv ladings, forges th' will an' acquires a morgedge on th' old homestead, but is toled at last by th' author. Th' State iv New Hampshire arises as wan man, so it seems, an' calls upon th' young fellow t' run fr' governor. None but writing men need now apply. Fr' th' first time in thirty years we have a presidint who isn't a lawyer, th' well known an' popular author iv 'Alone in Cuba,' 'Private Correspondence (ninthy-five volumes),' 'Wild Beasts I Have Met in Wyoming an' Washington,' 'Th' Winnin' iv th' West an' How I Did It,' an' so forth. Th' hopes iv th' dinamycatty party is divided between th' editor iv a Nebraska weekly an' th' editor iv a New York seventy times daily an' a few at night.

"When a state wants to blot a governor or a city a mayor they don't go as wanst they did to th' most gracefule tax dodger in th' community fr' advice but apply to th' Polytactical Intelligence Office set up he me friend Lincoln Steffens. No wan can get a job without a charekter fr'm him: 'Grover Cleveland, honest' but grumpy; don't get along with other servants an' disposed to lecture his masters; industries but not very bright; wud make a good judge in a probate court; since leavin' his last place has been keepin' bad compny.' Theodore Roosevelt; excellent man

iv all wurruk, honest, sober, but a little quarrelsome. Sometimes threes too hard to please all his employees at wanst; wants to do too much fr' them at other times an' has been known to compel them to take a bath when they didn't need it. Wed make an excellent watchman fr' th' front door but doesn't pay much attention to th' back iv th' house. Very well satisfied with his present position but may have to make a change." Wilburn Jennings Bryan, has been a second man fr' ten years, a position to which he is well suited. Wed like to improve his condition. Cheerful, economical, but not to be threatened with salver."

"No, sir, as Hogan says, I care not who makes th' laws or th' money iv a country so long as I run th' pusses. Father Kelly was talkin' about it th' other day. 'There ain't anything like it an' there never was' says he. 'All the palets in this diocese together preach to about a hundred thousand people wanst a week an'.' he says, 'all th' papers preach to three millyun wanst a day, aye, twenty times a day,' he says. 'We give ye hell on Sundaus an' they give ye hell all th' time,' he says. 'Th' a wonderfule thing,' he says. 'I see a bar'l iv painter's ink gon' into a newspaper office an' it looks common enough. A bar'l iv painter's ink, a bar'l iv benzole, ole an' lampblack, with a smell to it that's half stink an' half perfume. But I tell ye if all th' dinamycate, lyddie, cordite an' gun cotton in th' wurrud was hid behind thuse hoopps there wouldn't be as much disturbance in that bar'l as there is in th' messy stuff that looks like so much tar,' he says. 'Painter's ink! A drup iv it on wan little wurrud in type,' he says, 'will blacken th' fairest name in Christen-

dom or,' he says, 'make a star to shone on th' lowestin hrow,' he says. 'It will find its way into millions iv homes an' hearts an' memories, it will go through iron dures an' stone walls an' will carry some message that may turn th' current iv ivy life it meets, it's th' Emperor iv China to th' baby in th' cradle in Haungan's flat,' he says. 'It may undo a thousand prayers or start a million. It can't be escaped. It end during me out iv me parish house to-morrah an' make me as well known in Pekin as I am in Halifax street, an' not as far'stly. To-day th' pope may give me no more thought than he gives Kelly th' Rowlin' Mill Man. To-morrah he may be readin' about how great or bad I am in th' Poppin' Romanos. It's got Death heat a mile in levelin' ranks. No man, be he king or potentate or millman, is safer bigger or any littler than what he see in him in th' papers. Ye say it invades our privacy. But so does th' polisman, on'y he carries a warrant an' th' press makes us fr' crimes that are too intelligent for th' public to understand. It rules be findin' out what th' people want an' if they won't want anything it tells them what it wants them to want it to tell them. It's against all tyrants but itself an' it has th' boldest in them croakin' th' knee to it. A few years ago if th' editor iv th' Saint Petersburg "What'd-yo-call-it" wanted to print an item announcin' a picnic iv th' Epworth League he'd have to take it

around to th' Czar to have him look at it first. To-day if ye end read Rooshyan ye'd see this:

"Dear Sir:—Me attention has been called (first be th' headlines an' then be my wife) to an item in ye're usually accurate an' fair-minded journal to th' effect that I had been assassinated. While I command ye're enterprise, I beg to say that th' print mentioned has, through an oversight, not yet occurred. I hope with ye'r customary fairness ye will insert this correction in a place as conspicuous in ye'r valuable columns as th' original statement, an' thus prevent an unintentional injury to a de-savvin' man.

"Yours cordially,
***Alex. Romanoff."

"Yes, sir," says he, "it's hand that rocks th' fountain pens is th' hand that rules th' world. Th' press is fr' th' whole universe what Maligian was fr' his seat. He was th' best polisman an' th' worst I ever knew. He was a terror to evil doers when he was sober an' a terror to everybody when he was drunk. Martin, I diamink to th' la-adds all over th' wurlrd who use th' printer's ink. May they not put too much iv th' ried stuff in it an' may it never go to their heads."

"An' what did ye say to that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I said 'twad never hurt anybody's head whose heart was in th' right place," said Mr. Dooley.

The New Route to Europe

BY J. O. ELLIOTT IN TECHNICAL WORLD

The possibilities of the Hudson Bay route from the Northwest to Europe have frequently been discussed. The difficulty has always been advanced, however, that the ice and fog will prevent the practical utilization of the route. Both these are taken with faith, and along comes a Mr. Elliott, who believes in the future of the Hudson Bay route.

A LARGE share of the grain traffic of all Western Canada and the Northwestern United States will eventually it is probable, pass through Hudson Bay to Liverpool and Europe, instead of down the Great Lakes and thence by rail to New York or Boston or Montreal to be shipped across the ocean, for the reason that over the new route there will be a total saving in transportation cost of nearly fifty per cent. This saving will be brought about because the Hudson Bay route is from 700 to 1,300 miles shorter than the former route, and because the greater part of this distance is on the water, thus eliminating much of the rail haul necessary over the old line, with the consequent rebundling of freight. How great a saving may be made from the difference in rail haul alone, will be seen from the fact that the average rate per ton-mile on the Great Lakes is about one-tenth of the corresponding rate on the railroads of the United States. This tremendous reduction in the cost of getting grain to the consumer, means not only a complete overthrow of present shipping conditions, but cheaper grain for all Europe. The new route also traverses a latitude of much colder climate, and will therefore be better for the shipment of perishable goods.

But, strange as it may seem, Hudson Bay has been neglected and ignored ever since the stalwart Henry Hudson, having discovered it (1611), was turned adrift in an open boat by his mutinous crew, being

never afterward heard from. This great sea, six times as large as all the Great Lakes put together and stretching into the very heart of the North American continent, has been shunned for three centuries, as though the weird story and unknown fate of the wild and daring Hudson had cast a superstitious dread over the hearts of adventurous pioneers, and they dared not encamp on those shores where perchance the phantom skiff might pass and the unbured ghost frown upon their intrusion. A fort was built at Churchill, and in time a small hamlet, called York Factory, sprung up at the mouth of the Nelson River, but for the most part the country was given over to Eskimos, Indians, and fur-traders. While an enormous grain trade and freight traffic developed along that commercial midway of America, the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence, the shorter outlet to the Atlantic was left desolate and forsaken. Even now, it is said that not five thousand out of the five and a half million Canadians have ever seen the waters of their great possession, Hudson Bay.

But there must be some reason why this route through Hudson Bay is not used. Yes, there is an apparent reason, at least. The possibilities of the route have been officially recognized since 1884, when the Dominion Government sent out an expedition to investigate its merits. This trip in the ship Neptune lasted for three seasons; and the party returned an adverse opinion of the new

route, because they said that the mouth of the bay was blocked with ice so as to be unnavigable except during about three or four months in Summer. In 1897, another ship was despatched by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in compliance with many requests upon the part of his constituents, as they felt that political reasons had colored the report of the first expedition. But vested railroad interests again secured the decision, and the route through Hudson Bay was declared impracticable. But the length of the season was determined, the period of open water being placed between the first of July and the first of October. The people, however, were not satisfied with the results which had been obtained, and another expedition was despatched in 1902, with the twofold purpose of establishing Canadian supremacy on the waters of the bay and finding out how long the passage through Hudson Strait was open. They returned last Fall, and declared that the way was available for transportation during four or five months of the year, and the sending of another expedition to the same waters this Summer has given additional impetus to the movement for the establishing of a traffic route through Hudson Bay to Liverpool.

Many people to-day think of Northwestern Canada as a bleak, barren country, as cold as Alaska or Greenland. But in areas which are in the same latitude as Greenland, fine wheat crops have been raised. At Fort Providence, nearly 1,200 miles north of Montreal, they raised and harvested a large crop of wheat in ninety days. And the cost of transporting this crop to the Atlantic by way of Hudson Bay, would be only about one-half the cost by the present route through Montreal. And the same proportion of saving in

shipping cost holds westward, clear to Vancouver. From Vancouver to Liverpool, there is a saving of 1,300 miles by the Hudson Bay route. As the route has been found to be open until the first of October, ample time is given for the shipping of the season's wheat crop.

The tremendous amount of territory that will be affected by this new grain route makes Hudson Bay one of the greatest inland trade arteries of the world. Vast agricultural lands stretching as far west as the Canadian Rockies and a thousand miles north of Montreal, are enclosed within the cost-saving reach of this New World Mediterranean. In the valley of the Saskatchewan is grown the finest hard wheat in the world, and this great river is navigable for 1,500 miles, giving direct water communication into the very heart of Canada from points of junction with the new route. The vast territory of the Peace River will, in future, produce millions of bushels of grain. The Red River valley, extending far into the United States, is already producing 50,000,000 bushels of cereals. The part of the Red River lying south of the international boundary, has been made navigable for hundreds of miles. A little work on the part of the Canadian Government will allow boats to navigate clear to Lake Winnipeg. From there to Hudson Bay is 700 miles, along which the Nelson River affords a possible waterway, which, with dredging, can be made safe for large river steamers. Thus, again, there is the possibility of direct water communication with Europe through the very centre of the American continent, and at a saving of a thousand miles over the route through the Great Lakes.

Here, then, is the opportunity, per-

haps the greatest opportunity of all times, to bring Northwestern Canada a thousand miles nearer to Europe, and place the farmers who cultivate 600 million acres of land in control of the grain markets of the world by making possible a fifty per cent re-

duction in cost of transportation. To attract and control the future traffic of the Hudson Bay route, would be—it would seem—to control the destiny of all Western Canada and the commercial supremacy of the New World.

Charles E. Hughes—A Worker

SUN MAGAZINE

The Encyclopaedia has been thrown both to Hughes and Blaauw but for some reason Blaauw has rejected most mistakes. Possibly his connection with journalism and his continual travels account for this. In a previous number of this magazine appeared a sketch of Howard. We now give an account of his opponent.

CHARLES E HUGHES was born at Glen Falls, N.Y., on April

11, 1862, the son of a Baptist minister, David Charles Hughes. His grandfather on his father's side was identified with the founding of the American Bible Society in London, and an uncle, Richard Hughes, was a popular preacher in North Wales. The nominee's father was born in Wales and came to this country in 1835.

Mr. Hughes' mother was Mary Catherine Connolly. She lived in Ulster County and was a school teacher before she was married. Her forte was mathematics. She is living now at the age of 70 years at the home of her son in West End avenue and while the insurance inquiry was on it used to delight her to recount the distinguished counsel for the committee that she had first drilled him in his three R's and was, therefore, no small factor in all the trouble that was being made by him for some of the highly respectable life insurance actuaries and other dabblers with figures. On his mother's side Mr. Hughes is of Scotch-Irish-English descent.

Soon after Mr. Hughes was born his father and mother moved from Glen Falls to Sandy Hill, a rural and rustic place in the same county. Two years later the family moved to Oswego, where Charles Evans, at the age of 6 years, entered the public school.

He hadn't been there but a few months when he surprised his father one day by announcing that he considered a large part of the time in the public school wasted. There was too much line drawing and other blackboard work to sum him up. He had prepared his case thoroughly, so when his father began to argue with him he produced the evidence, which consisted of a schedule he had drawn up showing how he could carry on his studies at home under the tutelage of his parents and not only save time but make greater progress.

Mr. Hughes has told his friends who have asked him about that story that he doesn't remember anything about the incident and that it doesn't sound very probable. He was no prodigy when a boy, and if he made any suggestions for saving time back in those days he probably had about

the same reasons for doing it that the average schoolboy would have.

At any rate he was taken out of school and remained under the tutelage of his father and mother until he was 10 years old. The family had in the meantime moved to Newark, N.J., and there he entered a public school, hence graduated in 1873.

A year later his father was called to a church in this city and the boy entered the old high school No. 35, in West Thirteenth street. This was one of the city's most notable high schools back in those days.

Young Hughes began to blossom out as an essayist. Like most high school boys he chose the most pederous and awe inspiring subjects that could be found. "The Limitation of the Human Mind" and "The Evils of Light Literature" are two examples. In the high school with Hughes was H. Floyd Clarke, now a well known lawyer. Clarke was the star orator of the school, and every time Hughes would come to the front with one of his essays Clarke was certain to break out with a declamation.

Mr. Hughes made his first appearance before a New York audience when he was thirteen years old. That was at the commencement exercises of old 35, which were held in the Academy of Music and were attended by several thousand persons. Hughes read an essay on "Self Help."

Hughes had planned to enter the College of the City of New York, for which most of the boys in the high school had prepared, but he was so young that they would not accept him. He would have to wait a year until he was fourteen. That year he spent under the tutelage of his father and decided before it was over that he would enter Madison College, now

Colgate University, rather than the New York institution.

At that time Madison had a five-year course, but Hughes conceived the notion that he would like to get through at the same time as his old high school chums who had entered the College of the City of New York. So he set to work at home, and in one year read Virgil, Homer, the *Anabasis* and studied up in Latin and Greek composition. Before he began to study he had had only one term of Greek and Latin, but he managed to knock a year off his course at Madison. Hughes entered Madison College when he was fourteen years old. He was at that time a tall, sickly looking boy, with absolutely no indication that he would ever attain the physical development which he now enjoys.

Hughes took his freshman and sophomore years at Madison. While there he worked hard and had a good standing. At the end of his sophomore year, though, he decided that he would prefer to enter a larger institution. He selected Brown. He entered the sophomore year at Brown with the class of 1881. He could have entered the junior year, but he was looking for "college spirit" on the advice of his friends.

As a result he had scarcely any work to do in his first year at Providence, but he didn't waste his time. He read voraciously, chiefly fiction and history. His father's library had not been rich in fiction and young Hughes made up for lost time when he got the opportunity. He specialized in English and in the junior year took a prize in English literature.

Hughes when he entered Brown had not taken the examinations for rank. Not having passed these special tests he was not eligible for honors. One

day Prof. Lincoln of the university faculty came to him and said:

"Look here, Hughes, you are making a great mistake. If you pass those examinations for rank you will get your key."

The young collegian protested that he didn't feel like taking the examinations. It was too much like conforming to a set rule. If he was good enough to pass the examinations for entrance into the sophomore class of Brown he didn't see why he should be obliged to undergo another test for rank merely because he had entered from an outside institution. There was a pleasure to him in being independent and a free lance.

But the professor pressed his argument, and Hughes finally consented to take the examinations after he had been excused from some of them. He passed high and got his Phi Beta Kappa key at the end of his junior year. In the senior year he worked in harder than ever, specializing in philosophy and history. When the final examinations were over he was third in his class and delivered the classical oration at the commencement exercises. There were forty-eight in the class. One of Hughes' classmates was W. C. Baker, who was three times mayor of Providence.

Hughes became a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity at Madison and when he went to Brown joined the chapter there.

Hughes was only 18 years old when he was graduated. He had no well formed plans for the future. Being an only son it was the ambition of his father that he go into the ministry. The lad himself leaned more toward teaching than anything else, but the great difficulty was that he was so youthful looking that he couldn't get a place. The Brown pro-

fessors who knew him well said that he was fully qualified to fill almost any ordinary academy chair, but they feared that he wouldn't be able to keep the boys in order. Besides being youthful in appearance he was small and by no means rugged. Finally, though, he got a place as teacher at Delhi, N.Y.

The idea of studying law first occurred to him when he was writing the prophecy for his class at Brown. A classmate suggested that that was the proper profession for him to follow, but Hughes did not have any idea at that time of practising. He thought a knowledge of the law might help him in his teaching. Besides, his family, he has told his friends, were of a non-litigious and Christian character and opposed the idea of his appearing at the bar.

He taught Greek and mathematics at Delhi and studied law in an office there. He decided after a year at Delhi that the only way to get a knowledge of the law was at law school and entered Columbia. He was there two years, being graduated in the class of 1884. In his senior year he was a fellowships, by which he was appointed to conduct a quiz for three years at \$60 a year. This was a big help to the young lawyer, who was just starting out and had to shift for himself. The quiz duties occupied about four nights a week. Later Hughes organized a private quiz of his own and carried both of them on at the same time, while he was getting started in a law office.

He had a desk first in the office of Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, who was then United States District Attorney. Mr. Hughes had no standing in the office but was simply allowed by the general to use the place to carry on his studies. Hughes knew no law-

yers in town and he was just about beginning to despair of getting started when a friend of his father suggested that he go down and talk with members of the firm of Chamberlain, Carter & Hornblower.

Armed with a letter of introduction, Hughes presented himself to Walter S. Carter, one of the well known lawyers of the city. Mr. Carter liked young men and it was his hobby to interest himself in them. He turned the applicant Hughes inside out in regard to his ambitions and qualifications and then suddenly branched off on the subject of German universities. He insisted that Hughes was foolish to think of going into the law then, that he ought to take a course abroad. Hughes listened for some time, thinking good and hard about those four nights a week which he was putting in in the quiz room, then he remarked to Mr. Carter,

"Well, Mr. Carter, if I had the good fortune to be your son I might think about a course at a German university, but as much as a living is the principal thing which I want now I am obliged to remind you that I should like to enter your office."

Little did Hughes think at that time that he would in reality be a son of Mr. Carter within a few years. He married the lawyer's younger daughter, Isomette.

Mr. Carter took Hughes in at first merely to give him an opportunity to study, but shortly afterward he made him a clerk in the office with a salary. Among the other lawyers in the office at that time were Lloyd W. Bowles, who is now general counsel for the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad; James Byrne, who is now a partner of William B. Hornblower, Robert Grier Monroe and Paul D.

Cravath. Henry W. Tait had left the office only a short time before Hughes entered.

The first case which Mr. Hughes had was not of the sort which he has cared to touch in recent years. There wasn't much money in it for the young lawyer, but there was a lot of practice. It involved a good deal of scandal and was fought in the courts for more than a year. Mr. Hughes was mightily interested and Mr. Carter and the other lawyers in the office sat back and laughed to see him working his head off, but they were ready to congratulate him when he got a favorable decision after more than twelve months of work.

In 1886 the firm was changed to Carter, Hornblower & Byrne, and Hughes still continued on salary. A year later Mr. Hornblower and Mr. Byrne withdrew and Hughes was admitted to the firm. It was then known as Carter, Hughes & Cravath. In 1890 Cravath left the firm. Mr. Hughes had by that time made a reputation for himself among lawyers of his acquaintance as a thoroughly capable man. His work was mostly confined to drawing briefs and passing on legal questions which arose in the office.

He had worked hard for several years and his health had run down. He had never given up the idea of teaching. The life appealed to him and he was interested in the professional side of the law more than in the practical. He happened to mention to a friend one night that he would be glad to accept a chair in law in any university. A little later he heard from the friend, offering him a place at Cornell University.

Mr. Carter tried to dissuade him from accepting the place. The older lawyer predicted a brilliant career for

Hughes at the bar, but the latter had made up his mind and left for Ithaca.

That was in 1891. Mr. Hughes then being 29 years old. He remained at Cornell two years. Mr. Carter kept urging him to return to New York. Finally he yielded to his father-in-law's wishes, but it was a very different Hughes that returned. In his two years stay at Ithaca he had exercised regularly and built up the substantial physical structure which he now has. Hughes re-entered the firm of his father-in-law, which was known then as Carter, Hughes & Dwight. The firm continued under that name until 1904, when Mr. Dwight retired and George Schurman, a brother of President Schurman of Cornell, succeeded him. Mr. Carter died in 1904, and Mr. Hughes became the head of the firm, which is now Hughes, Rounds & Schurman.

Long before Mr. Hughes was called upon to serve the public as a legislative investigator he was known to lawyers and judges as one of the ablest lawyers in this city. Mr. Carter, when asked several years ago to express his opinion as to who was the best lawyer in the country, answered without a moment's hesitation: "Charles E. Hughes."

Mr. Hughes was not known to the public prior to his appearance as an investigator because he did not deal with the sort of cases in which the public is generally interested. He devoted the most of his time to advocacy. He did not touch divorce cases or cases of negligence or assault. He was engaged altogether on difficult problems of law and fact — work which is very gratifying to a lawyer but does not appeal to the public.

There is little wonder, then, that Mr. Hughes refused at first to consider the offer of the legislative com-

mittee appointed to investigate gas in this city in 1904. He had absolutely no desire to appear before the public. He rather shrank from it. Besides, he had the same opinion as most other people in regard to legislative investigations. He told the investigators that he would have nothing to do with it. A message came back to him from Albany. It said:

"We are after the truth. We mean to find it. No one can call us off."

That message set Mr. Hughes to thinking. It was urged upon him that he owed it as a public duty to accept, and he consented. In that investigation he established a new standard for work of the kind. He amazed the specially trained men who represented the gas companies by his quickness in grasping the technical problems involved and by his lucidity in presenting them. It was only natural that the insurance investigating committee should have turned to him about a year later.

Mr. Hughes when his services were being sought as counsel to the Armstrong committee was in the Tyrol. What the negotiations were which passed between the committee and Mr. Hughes by cable have never been made known, but it is certain that he demanded and received an absolute pledge that he would be untrammeled in his work.

One of the many admirable qualities of the man which were impressed upon the public in the course of that inquiry was his enduring patience. No point was too trifling for his attention and no road too devious for him to travel in his search after the truth. It seemed to be only a question of time with him. If there had been no limit to the period of inquiry he might be there yet, re-

tracing his questions to unwilling witnesses over and over again.

Those who followed him through the inquiry are certain that no lack of patience on his part would have driven him off. There was only one occasion in the entire inquiry when Mr. Hughes' patience really left him and he showed his anger. That was when Richard A. McCurdy, then president of the Mutual Life, was on the stand.

Mr. McCurdy's lawyer had implied that Mr. Hughes was taking an unfair advantage of the witness, that he was leading him up to a point where the impression made against him was most unfavorable and then dropping the line of inquiry without giving him a chance to explain. In other words, Mr. McCurdy was left in a position which unfairly exposed him to the attacks of the newspapers.

That was the first time that Mr. Hughes' personal conduct of the inquiry had been questioned in any way. He was angry through and through. His face became very pale, his jaw set hard and his eyes flashed, but not for an instant did he lose his poise. He waited patiently until the Mutual lawyer had finished, then turning quickly to the committee he said:

"The record is more eloquent than anything I can possibly say of the extreme courtesy and fairness with which this examination has been conducted. If I have erred at all in my duty to the committee it has been in being more lenient than circumstances warrant. I have again and again subdued a very natural inclination to utter retorts which I think would have been entirely justifiable out of my desire that no one

should honestly discredit the fairness of the investigation. The witness who gets himself into a false position has himself only to blame. Candor and straightforwardness will ever be treated as they deserve to be treated and evasion will always be held up to the contempt which it deserves."

The crowd in the court room at the conclusion of Mr. Hughes' remarks broke out in applause, and persons who heard him on that occasion have no doubt of his ability to cope with any emergency that may arise on the stump. The effect of his speech on Mr. McCurdy was sufficient to cause him to rise from his seat and compliment Mr. Hughes on the fairness with which he was conducting the investigation. Mr. Hughes' perfect poise is the quality which his friends say he counts most highly. The most successful men, he believes, are they who keep cool and are able to pronounce calm, sober judgment under almost any conditions.

"It is not the man who reaches the corner first who wins," said he, "but the man who knows just what to do after he gets there."

Mr. Hughes has a keen sense of humor, but he doesn't allow it very free play in his trial of a case. When the opportunity demanded it, though, it was able usually to turn the tables on the witness in the insurance inquiry. For instance, Mr. McCurdy was protesting that the investigation had been turned into an inquisition; he believed that it ought to be raised to a higher level. Mr. Hughes listened attentively and then remarked:

"But you have now, Mr. McCurdy, an excellent opportunity to raise the investigation to a very high level by telling us frankly and candidly what

you, as an insurance man of forty years experience, think about those dividends, but you won't do it."

Mr. Hughes is an effective speaker, but he can hardly be called an orator. His voice is a little monotonous and his delivery forced. His speeches read better than they sound. He is, however, able to hold an audience well.

The New Cereal Rubber

BY R. WYAND IN WORLD'S WORK (ENGLISH)

A London inventor has tested a new source of rubber supply, which promises to be the equal of India rubber in quality, and is cheaper than the latter. It is made from cereal stalks, and is a good substitute for the rapidly disappearing supply of natural rubber.

FOR hundred years ago, it was noted by one of the companions of Columbus that the natives of Hayti played a game with balls made of the gum of a tree, and that the balls, although large, were lighter and bounced better than the wind-balls of Castile. It was not, however, until nearly two and a half centuries later that accurate information as to any of the numerous varieties of the rubber tree reached Europe, and Dr. Priestley, in the preface to his work on perspective, calls attention to india-rubber as a novelty for erasing pencil marks, and states that "it is sold in calico pieces of half an inch for three shillings each." It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the india-rubber industry may actually be said to have commenced, and it is an interesting fact that the quantity imported into England in 1830 was only 464 cwt.

For some years now there has been an uneasy idea in the mind of the public concerning the supply of rubber, and it is incontestable that the supply from the forests is continually diminishing everywhere. It is certain, too, having regard to the persistent increase in demand—an in-

crease, it has been said, which is accentuated year by year to a point where the market actually suffers from want of supplies—that in another five years the consumption will absorb a minimum of from eighty to a hundred thousand tons. Should the present industrial expansion continue—and there cannot be the least doubt that it will—future supplies will not be sufficient to satisfy the demands and shortage will be inevitable. Unfortunately, the natural supply of rubber must always be of a more or less limited character.

In these circumstances, the only hope for the industrial world lies in a substitute, and the prospect is not alluring when one finds that in England alone some 315 patents have been taken out for "plastic compounds" intended to take the place of the real article. Of these, all may be said to have failed, and we are still—or were until a few weeks ago—to face with a problem upon the solution of which the very existence of a certain section of the industrial world hangs. Even if the worst does not happen within, say, the next decade, prices are likely to advance very considerably, in which event the motor industry—to select

one from many—would receive a severe check.

Speaking at the recent meeting of the British Association held at York, Professor Dustan, in his presidential address before the chemistry section said: "Chemists may confidently predict that before the British Association again meets at York the synthetic production of rubber will be a fully accomplished fact," and no one would probably have been more surprised than the learned professor had he been informed that at that very moment this synthetic production of rubber was an accomplished fact. Certain elements had even then been united into a compound, in accordance with the chemical definition of synthesis, and a source of rubber had been tapped which promises to be inexhaustible.

The new substance is obtained by treating wheat with an organic chemical known to chemists as ptyalin, which (I quote from Dr. Sheridan Lea's work, "The Chemical Basis of the Animal Body"), "while occurring chiefly and characteristically in saliva, may be obtained in minute amount, but fairly constantly, from almost any tissue or fluid of the body, more particularly in the case of a pig." In solution, ptyalin acts as a ferment, and has the effect of turning the starch matter in the grain into dextrose. After the grain has been thus treated, another element is added in order to stop any further fermentative action, the precise moment of the introduction of this chemical being regulated by the purpose for which the material is to be utilized.

So far, six grades of the rubber have been manufactured, No. 1 in the form of a thin solution for waterproofing, No. 2 in thicker solution for tubing and other flexible materi-

als, No. 3 for tyres, No. 4 as a loaded substitute for linoleum, No. 5 still further loaded and hardened for paving purposes, and No. 6 again still further hardened for golf balls. Other grades will, of course, be introduced as required, but here one has a wide range, from the waterproofing solution to a golf-ball material, the latter combining "the lightness of cork with the toughness of chilled steel." Expressed in popular parlance, the substance is chewed wheat, and every country-bred individual will be able to recall the time when he himself plucked corn in the ear and produced by chewing a glutinous substance having a decided resemblance to rubber.

The inventor, it is only proper to state before going further, objects in toto to the term "substitute." The substance is not, he says, a substitute for rubber; he has merely tapped a new source of supply, and the proof of his assertion lies in the fact that his "rubber"—I apologize for putting the word in quotation marks—will vulcanize. As is well known, most articles cut from sheet rubber would be of very limited utility were they not vulcanized by the action of sulphur or some compound of that element. After vulcanization rubber is no longer effected by moderate heat, up to say 160 deg. C., nor is it rendered rigid by cold. The ordinary solvents, too, fail to dissolve it. When a comparatively small quantity of sulphur is combined—mere admixtures is useless—with rubber the latter remains elastic, but is not so apt to dissolve or adhere to other substances when exposed to heat as the pure rubber. When a greater quantity of sulphur is introduced the rubber becomes hard and horny, and is then known by the name of vulcanite or ebonite.

Now rubber is the only substance—if we except gutta-percha, which has many of the attributes of rubber, although it must not be confounded with it—that has hitherto been found satisfactorily to vulcanize, but now we have this new substance which is affected precisely the same by the process of vulcanisation as is the natural rubber. Combined with a small quantity of sulphur it remains elastic, combined with a greater quantity it becomes hard and horny, and so forth. It is, in consequence, capable of being worked and moulded for all of the numberless purposes which have hitherto been monopolised by the article to which we have become accustomed, while there is, in addition, an extensive field open before it in other and perhaps unthought-of directions.

In every invention the element of chance must enter, and the famous kettle of Watt and the historical apple of Newton have frequently been quoted as forcible illustrations of the theory; but there must ever exist the faculty of invention, and the mind of the inventor must be so constituted as to take full advantage of every fortuitous circumstance thrown in his way. It often happens, too, that an idea will lie apparently dormant in the mind for a considerable time, to appear suddenly, without apparent effort, in a finished and complete form. The mind has, however, not been idle. Slowly and imperceptibly the first confused idea has passed through its evolutionary stages, the mind has been incessantly engaged in adding to its storehouse of facts; from the daily experience of the individual essentially important details have been absorbed; while trifles of no moment by themselves have been welcomed by

this struggling chaotic idea and embraced by it.

The question of cost is an important one in the case of every material, product, or manufacture which is to be placed upon the market in open competition with others. Cereal oil, as it will be known, Threlfall Carr rubber, will cost considerably less than ordinary rubber, and will be utilizable in precisely the same proportions as is its rival. It is well known that tyres, for instance, contain only a small proportion of pure rubber, and in the future they need contain no more than a similar proportion of the Threlfall Carr article. In the industrial working of India-rubber, the first matter to receive attention is the removal of the various impurities present in the crude material. These impurities may be natural products which have originated with the rubber, or they may owe their presence to careless collection, or even to wilful adulteration. "Among the impurities of the former class," says a known authority on the subject, Mr. Thomas Bolas, "may be mentioned various gum-like or mucilaginous matters, and acid products arising from their decay or oxidation. The admixtures may range from fragments of bark or wood to stones or large lumps of clay, such as are sometimes introduced into negrohead rubber, hay, or a similar substance being also placed inside to make the mass about equal in specific gravity to the genuine article. Alum and sulphuric acid are often employed to effect the coagulation of the juice; and traces of the latter remaining in the rubber appear, in some instances, to work mischief." With the Threlfall Carr material neither fortuitous impurities nor added adulterants will be present,

and there will be a saving up to as much as from 25 to 30 per cent. of the material in consequence.

A small syndicate has already been formed, with merely a nominal working capital, for the purpose of developing the uses to which the new material can be adapted in its varying grades, and works in the metropolis have been opened to this end. There is no intention of dealing in manufactured articles. The patents are already perfected, and before the world-wide patents which have been

secured were taken out offers of a business-like nature were made by at least two Continental Governments. What preliminary business has been opened up at home has been entirely with private firms.

I have thought this fact worth mentioning as a striking testimony to the commercial instincts which dominate foreign Governments, while at home the exploitation of new materials and new processes is left entirely to the initiative of private individuals.

The Change in Sunday Reading

NEW YORK EVENING POST

Within the lifetime of many now living, a great change has come over the character of Sunday reading. The old distinctions between sacred and secular literature have almost disappeared, and whatever appeals to their taste. The writer seems to think that it would be a good thing to return to the old order and make a distinction between the two.

In speaking of Bunyan a few weeks ago we ventured the opinion that the writings of the great allegorist are less read than they were a generation ago, partly because the old distinction between "Sunday" reading and that which is appropriate for week days is disappearing. "Pilgrim's Progress" used to be the nearest approach to a story of adventure that well-brought-up children were allowed to look at on Sunday afternoon. England, too, is falling away from the old tradition if we may believe a recent London critic, who joins us in lamenting the declining popularity of Bunyan. Moreover, Macmillan used to publish a "Sunday Library," containing such works as Mrs. Oliphant's "St. Francis of Assisi," and Charles Kingsley's "The Hermits"; but though many of the volumes are still in print, the special classification has been given up, probably as of no commercial value.

In Scotland, however, religion is still a serious business. The descendants of the Covenanters, who are not to be blown about by every wind of doctrine, eagerly buy books for Sunday. The line between sacred and secular literature was often, of course, illogically drawn. No one can have any doubt about Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying." The worthy Mr. Tulliver himself used to fall asleep over them on Sunday. Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," Jay's "Mornings with Jesus," and Kittay's "Pictorial Sunday Book" likewise carry conviction in their titles. Todd's "Lectures to Children" would also pass the severest censor. But fiction offered difficult problems to judicious parents. Some fathers cut the knot by forbidding all works of imagination except "Pilgrim's Progress"; others temporized and admitted the churchly and impeccable Miss Yonge. From Miss

Yonge it was an easy step to Martha Finley's innumerable "Elsie Books," and thence to Louisa M. Alcott. The "Elsie Books," indeed, with their positively offensive piety, are far less wholesome for any day of the week than the stories of Miss Alcott.

The growth of the Sunday school library brought fresh complications. The books in these collections frequently bore the imprint of a denominational publishing house; they had passed the scrutiny of the pastor, the superintendent, and a committee of the pimpmest Sunday school teachers. Who, then, could object to the tales which Aaron, Simeon, and Enoch joyfully brought home from the "Liberty"? Yet we have known Sunday school libraries to possess complete sets of "Oliver Optic" and "Harry Castlemore." If you make a place for these stories of adventure, you have practically ceased to discriminate.

The obstacles to consistent practice do not, however, explain our abandonment of Sunday reading. We follow the line of least resistance and read the first thing that comes to hand. Men who profess to have outgrown any education from sermons devote Sunday to an orgy of sensational and vulgar articles. At present our souls are refreshed and uplifted before church (or golf) by the antics of Buster Brown, the Katzenjammer Kids, and Foxy Granda. The rest of the week we bathe on the newspapers and the cheap magazines. Our fathers' rule was good reading for the week and the best for Sunday, ours is bad reading for the week and the worst for Sunday. For most of us, then, nothing could be more wholesome than the revival of a valid distinction between Sunday

and other reading. There is no reason in the nature of things why we should democratize ourselves with trashy books and periodicals from Monday to Saturday; but if we must indulge in such mental dissipation, and if we must skim the newspapers on the way to and from business, we may at least on Sunday allot a little time to books that are worth while. These books need not be religious, if we are superior to religion; they can at any rate have some permanent value. They can suggest to us something beyond the routine of our shop, something that does not furnish a striking headline, something that offers a vision of the ideal.

A famous New England divine—long since gone to his reward—used to tell of his boyhood in which his Sunday reading was strictly confined to the Bible and the Catechism. Now the Catechism, we grant, is not a hood of positive charm; and yet much depends upon associations. This lad was wont to sit during warm June afternoons by an open window through which came the fragrance of roses from the yard below. In his memory that searching question as to the whole duty of man, and even the terrible threats against the unregenerate, who are "made liable to all miseries in this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell forever"—these threats from Sinai always recalled the soft airs of early Summer, its brilliant verdure, and the odor of the flowers. We doubt, however, whether the blindest air and the most brilliant blossoms can ever sanctify such reading as most of us now do on Sunday, or, on the other hand, can turn our minds from the shabby, sordid page to meditations on time and eternity.

Humor in the Magazines

ASCHOOL TEACHER one day, during the hour for drawing, suggested to her pupils that each draw what he or she would like to be when grown up.

At the end of the lesson, one little girl showed an empty slate.

"Why," said the teacher, "isn't there anything you would like to be when you grow up?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "I would like to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."



A Sunday school teacher persuaded a friend to take his place one Sunday, explaining to the substitute that all he had to do was to read the questions on the leaflet.

The lesson was the parable of putting new wine into old bottles, and, by aid of the questions, the substitute got on excellently, until, in an unguarded moment, he asked:

"Now, boys, what practical lesson may we learn from this parable?"

He hadn't the faintest notion himself, and as each youngster dubiously shook his head, the teacher began to grow nervous. But, to his relief, the last boy's face showed he had an answer:

"Please, sir, I think it means that if you put new religion into an old man, it will bust him."



A visiting clergyman was occupying a pulpit in St. Louis one Sunday when it was the turn of the bass to sing a solo, which he did very badly, to the annoyance of the preacher, a lover of music. When the singer fell back in his seat, red of face and exhausted, the clergy-

man arose, placed his hands on the unopened Bible, deliberately surveyed the faces of the congregation, and announced the text:

"And the wind ceased and there was a great calm."

It wasn't the text he had chosen, but it fitted his sermon as well as the occasion.



Two men, each driving a light team, were approaching each other from opposite directions when they suddenly and somewhat severely collided. One of the men, who was cross-eyed, exclaimed angrily: "Why don't you look where you're going?"

The other immediately retorted: "And why don't you go where you're looking?"



A trolley collided with a milk wagon and sent the milk splashing on the pavement. Soon a crowd gathered. "Goodness!" exclaimed a man. "What an awful waste!" A very stout lady turned and glared at him. "Just mind your own business," she snapped.



The minister's wife was busily engaged one afternoon in doing some mending, when a neighbor called for a friendly chat. After a few general remarks the visitor began to inspect a basket of miscellaneous hiccups on the table.

"Well," she exclaimed, "you seem to be well supplied with hiccups of all kinds. Why, there is one like my husband had on his last Winter's suit."

"Indeed," said the hostess, with a smile. "All these buttons were found in the collection bags, and I

thought I might as well make some use of them. Must you really go? Good-bye. Come again soon."



A certain nobleman, well known to society, while one day strolling round his stables, came across his coachman's little son on a seat playing with his toys. After talking to the youngster some time he said: "Well, my little man, do you know who I am?"

"Oh! yes," replied the youngster; "you're the man that rides in my father's carriage."



Andrew Carnegie enjoys telling how, until a comparatively recent date, the old-time Scotch prejudices were retained by the hard-headed professors at the University in Aberdeen.

There was a certain Prof. Cameron who had a weakness for the refinements and minor graces of life; so, just after "at home" cards became fashionable, one of the drier specimens of the old professional regale was the recipient of a missive from Cameron which read as follows:

"Professor and Mrs. Cameron present their compliments to Prof. Pirie, and hope that he is well. Prof. and Mrs. Cameron will be at home on Thursday evening, the 12th instant, at 7.30 o'clock."

The crusty old chap to whom this note was addressed replied in this wise:

"Prof. Pirie returns the compliments of Professor and Mrs. Cameron, and begs to inform them that he is very well. Prof. Pirie is glad to learn that Professor and Mrs. Cameron will be at home on Thursday evening, the 12th instant, at 7.30 o'clock. Prof. Pirie will also be at home."

Mary was in the pantry, when her mistress came in and found her in floods of tears.

"My good girl, what is the matter?" she asked kindly.

"I've just heard my sister Sally was in one of those dreadful earthquakes, ma'am."

"I'm very sorry," said her mistress consolingly. "Is she dead?"

"No, but everything she's got as been burnt to bits."

"Never mind. Don't take it so much to heart. She'll soon get another situation."

"It ain't that, ma'am," sobbed the irrepressible Mary. "She says she was carried down from the top floor by two beautiful policemen, and is going to marry one o' them (Sob). If I'd only went out there when she wanted me, I—I—" (a perfect convulsion of sobs here)—"I might 'ave him livin' helpless in the same building."



The members of a certain fishing club were having a "social" and telling fishing stories.

"When I was fishing in the West Indies some years ago," said one of the men, "a whirlwind carried off my vest, that was hanging on a branch just over my head. The garment had a watch in it and a tailor's account book. Well, the whole lot sailed out of sight in less than a minute."

"Seven years after a party of us were camped on the same river, only a hundred yards farther up. It was my turn to do the cooking, so I started out for some dry wood, stepped on a log which caved in, and there lay my watch with that same old tailor's account twisted through the ring. It was still running."

"Oh, dry up!" exclaimed one of

the listeners. "You want us to ask how such a thing could be, and then you'll explain that the whirlwind wound up your watch so tight that it ran for seven years."

"I didn't say the watch was still running," said the story-teller. "It had reference to the tailor's bill. It is running yet, in fact!"

* * *

Caruso, the great tenor, is a ventriloquist as well, and he recently told a story of his ventriloquial skill:

"I was one of a house-party at a millionaire's castle," he said. "Tea had been served in the garden, and after tea I sang. Then I consented to essay a little ventriloquism, and the fifty or sixty guests grew very still.

"Behind me rose a superb tree. Looking up into the thick foliage, I shouted in an angry voice:

"Hello! What are you doing up there?"

To my amazement, a thin young voice replied:

"I am not doing no harm, mister. I'm just a-watching the big hawks."

The guests glanced at one another, smiling appreciatively. Pulling myself together, I went on:

"Did anyone give you permission to climb up into that tree?"

"Yes, sir. The second groom, sir. He's my cousin."

"Well," said I, "so far there's no harm done. But be careful not to fall, and don't let anyone see you."

"All right, mister," said the humble voice.

"I turned to my audience, and smiled and bowed triumphantly. They broke into thunderous applause. They said they had never listened to ventriloquism so superb. And they hadn't."

A newly betrothed lover commissioned an artist to paint a certain secluded nook in the rocks on the shore, because there he had declared his passion. The picture was painted, but before it was done the lover said to the artist:

"Of course, I will see you through on that picture, but my engagement is off, and, of course, it would be painfully suggestive to me. If you can sell it to somebody else, I will take another picture, and be extremely obliged besides."

The painter assented to the arrangement; but within a week his patron presented himself.

"It's all right," he announced, joyously, "I'll take that picture."

"Am I to congratulate you on the renewal of your engagement?" the artist asked.

The other seemed a little confused, but quickly recovered his self-possession, and grinned as he said:

"Well, not exactly. It was the same place, but the girl was different."

* * *

Young Lady (to chemist): "Kindly make me up a dose of castor oil, and, if you please, make it as tasteless as possible."

Young Chemist: "Certainly, miss. This is such a busy day, please sit down and I shall have it directly. (Persuasively)—While you are waiting, allow me to offer you this glass of soda-water."

Young Lady: "Oh, thank you very much." (Dunks it).

Young Lady (after waiting ten minutes): "Is the medicine ready yet?"

Young Chemist: "You have taken it, miss, in the soda-water."

Young Lady: "Oh, good gracious! It was for my little brother" (Tahleaux).

Other Contents of Current Magazines.



In this department we draw attention to a few of the more important topics treated in the current magazines and list the leading contents. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. :: :: :: ::

ACADIENSIS.

The October number has as a frontispiece an excellent reproduction in color of General Otter's arms. The other contents are as follows:

Major Ferguson's Riflemen. By Joseph Howe.

Union of Maritime Provinces. By Reginald V. Harris.

Major Thomas Hill. By David Naswell Jack.

Judges of New Brunswick and Their Times. (Continued.)

AMERICAN.

Under its new publishers, great things are promised for the American Magazine. The November number is the first to show definitely the guiding hand of the new order. The names of its contributors are all familiar to magazine readers.

Hearst, the Man of Mystery. By Lincoln Steffens.

San Francisco Now. By Ray Stanard Baker.

The Hunt for the She-Wolf. By Philip R. Goodwin.

A Story of American Business and Politics. By Miss Tarbell.

Adventures in Contentment. New Serial. By David Grayson.

A Bird in the Hand. By Ellis Parker Butler.

AMERICAN HOMES AND GARDENS.

The October issue is a splendid production. Its wealth of fine illustrations are a delight to the eye. The contents include:

Notable American Homes. T. J. Coolidge's Sensible Home. By B. Ferree.

The Ornamental Value of Public Waters.

A Home in a Nutshell. By Janet Macdonald.

Transformation of an Artistic House Into an Italian Villa. By F. D. Nichols.

Three Houses of Distinctive Character. By Ellis Welch.

Wincrone, the Residence of Charles L. Wise.

The Wood-Fields. By R. S. Boudish.

How to Lay Out a Small Plot Successfully. By R. C. Estes.

Bulbs: How to Plant and Grow Them. By Eben E. Rexford.
A Rival of the Stained-Glass Window. By Benjamin Colcham.
Mushroom-Culture in France. By Jacques Boyer.

AMERICAN INVENTOR.

In the October number, the reader is entertained with several short and entertaining articles, most of which are illustrated.
America's Greatest Naval Display.
An Electric Device for Preventing Sea Sickness. By F. C. Perkins.
Day and Night in High Latitudes. By Frederic R. Honey.
Sir Hiram Maxim's Magic Sphere A Workshop Combination.
Rotors for Crossing Railroad Timber.

APPLETON'S

A character sketch of Canada's premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is a prominent feature of the November number of Appleton's Magazine. There are five stories in addition to American Amateur Ballooning. By Dr. Julian P. Thomas.
Reconstructing Skeletons. By Henry F. Ostrom and D. A. Wiley.
The Riddle of Personality. Mesmerism. By H. A. Bruce.
Through a Factory for Explosives. By W. A. Rinker.
The Ruin of the Forests.

Fallacies of Municipal Ownership. By A. L. Benson.
Sir Wilfrid Laurier. By Wm. R. Stewart.

ARENA.

A number of valuable articles are announced for publication in the November Arena.
N. O. Nelson, Practical Co-operator. By G. W. Ends.

Concerning Those Who Work. By Maynard Butler.
Polygamy and the Constitution. By T. Schroeder.
Richard John Seddon. By R. O. Flower.
Unrecognized Insanity. By Henrik G. Petersen.
Consumption of Wealth, Individual and Collective. By C. C. Hitchcock.
Shall Educated Chinamen be Welcomed to Our Shores. By H. M. Gengar.
Present Status of the Referendum Movement in Maine. By A. W. Nichols.
The Zeit-Gest and Miraculous Conception. By Rev. W. R. Bushby.

ASiATIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

The issue for October presents the following interesting table of contents:
China's Attitude Towards Japan and Russia. By Sir R. K. Douglass.
Self-Government for India. By G. K. Gokhale.
India and Anglo-India: Some Official Impressions. By Arthur Sawtell.
Congo Free State Administration. The Congo Question: A Case of Humanity. By Major Leonard.
Morocco—the International Conference at Algeciras.
Abandonment of St. Helena. By A. G. Wise.
Taoism. By E. H. Parker.
Therapeutics of Climate. By Geo. Brown.
Proceedings of the East India Association.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The first installment of "Some Unpublished Letters of David Garrick" appear in the November number of the Atlantic. There are

three short stories and the following articles:

The Fifty-Ninth Congress. By Hon. S. W. McCall.
Foreign Privileges in China. By Hon. B. Moore.
A Socialistic Programme. By John G. Brooks.
The Reader's Friend. By Agnes Repplier.
The American Grab Street. By James H. Collins.
Joseph Conrad. By J. A. Macy.

BADMINTON.

The lover of sport will find much of interest in the October number of the Badminton. The many fine illustrations are always a source of delight.

Sportsmen of Mark. XII. Earl of Lonsdale. By Alfred E. T. Watson.
Partridge-Driving at "The Grange." By "Gamekeeper."
A Race and Some Chateaux. By H. B. Money-Coutts.
Newmarket Heath and Stands. By John Fistman.
 Trout Fishing in New Zealand. By J. Turner-Turner.
The Past Cricket Season. By Home Gordon.
Tiger Shooting in China. By J. C. Grew.

BRITISH WORKMAN.

The contents of the October number are as follows:

Men Who are Working for Others. By T. S. Hutchinson.
Some Noted Blacksmiths.
Mustard and Starch.
The World's Beautiful Industries. Romance of the Glove.

BROADWAY.

Eight lively stories appear in the November Broadway, all calculated

to afford enjoyment. The art features are also excellent as usual.

The Pink and White Rate of Broadway. By James L. Ford.
The Future Terminal Facilities of New York. III. By Charles H. Cochran.

CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.

Canada's national horticultural publication is a very deserving periodical and all things considered is quite a creditable production. The October number contains the following papers:

Report on the Spenser Seedless Apple. By John Dryden.
Fruit Marks Act. By D. L. Fitch.
Handling Grapes for Market. By G. H. Carpenter.
The Bill-Board Nuisance. By F. C. Stearn.
Lawn and Garden Notes for October.
The Amateur Greenhouse.
Why Not Co-operative Experiments with Vegetables?
Harvesting and Storing Vegetable Crops.

CASSELL'S.

An excellent likeness of Lord Strathcona appears in the October issue of Cassell's in the department of "Biography by Anecdote." The stories in this number are particularly good.

The Uniforms of our Fighting Force. By R. Caton Woodville.
How London is Supplied with Water. By Walter T. Roberts.
The X-Rays. By Dr. Rutherford, M.P.
La Maison Paquin. By Mrs. Leon and Marshall.

CASSIER'S.

The October issue is a good all-round number, with several features

of general interest in addition to purely technical articles.

Engineering in Pike's Peak Region.

By John Birkunbine.
Reciprocating Steam Engines vs. Steam Turbines. By W. P. Hancock.

What Can America Learn from Great Britain in Transportation? By A. S. Hurd.

Seeing by Electricity. By William Mavor.

Advantages of Purchased Electric Power. By H. B. Gear.

Some Principles of Sound Engineering for Inventors. By Thorburn Reid.

Renewable Rail Heads. By William H. Booth.

Specialization in Manufacturing. By Alexander E. Outerbridge.

Some Economical Aspects of the Electric Drive. By F. M. Felker.

The Compound Locomotive in the 20th Century. By J. F. Gairus.

CENTURY.

During the coming months, the Century has arranged for the publication of a number of important contributions. Serials by Frances Hodgson Burnett and Elizabeth Robins, will begin shortly and there will also appear:

How the Civil War was Financed. By Ellis P. Oberholser.

Reminiscences of General O. O. Howard.

Lincoln in the Telegraph Office. By D. H. Bates.

The Ancient Irish Sagas. By Theodore Roosevelt.

The German Emperor's Voice. By E. W. Scripture.

Whistler in Paris and Venice. By Otto Baer.

French Cathedrals. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

The October number is a particularly bright and entertaining issue with a long list of articles, interspersed with several pieces of fiction.

Literature and Politics.

The Master's Hand.

The New Chinese Railway.

Romance of a Great English Lake.

The Servant Question Again. By Katherine Perrill.

The Medieval Republic of Andorra.

A Great Artist at Work.

An American in Germany.

Transvaal Treasure-Hunts.

In the Haunts of the Wolf of Badenoch.

The Story of Tokolome. By Louis Becke.

A King of Horsemen.

The Will to be Well.

Golf of Yesterday and To-day. By F. Kinloch.

The Australian Rabbit-Trapper.

The Year in a Deer Forest.

The Passing of the Duc. By Alfred Fellowes.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

September 29.—"The Scavengers," by Samuel Hopkins Adams; "Hearst and Hearstism," by Frederick Palmer; "A Retrospect of Football," by Edward S. Jordan; "The American Spectre in Cuba."

September 29.—"Which Flag in Cuba?" by Samuel E. Moffett; "Hearst and Hearstism," II, by Frederick Palmer; "Baltimore: a City Tried by Fire," by Samuel E. Moffett; "The Lure of the Pirate's Gold," by Josephine Fredericks.

October 6.—"Hearst and Hearstism," III, by Frederick Palmer; "Cooling Cuba," by Wallace Irwin; "Real Soldiers of Fortune:

William Walker," by Richard Hardinge Davies; "The Power Wagon," VI, by James E. Hormann.

October 13.—"Civil Strife at Home and Abroad," "What the World is Doing," "Hearst and Hearstism," by Frederick Palmer; "The South Americans and Mr. Root," by Arthur Ruhl.

October 20.—"The Peaceful Invasion of Cuba," "The Vanderbilt Cup Race," "Harriman's Raucous on the Gulf Coast," "What's the Matter with America?" by William Allen White, "The New Football," by Walter Camp.

CONNOISSEUR.

The feature of the October number of the Connoisseur is the first of a series of articles on Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's pictures, with reproductions of the more famous paintings.

Plates at the Cambridge Colleges. V. Emmanuel. By H. D. Catling.

Hengrave Hall and Its Art Treasures. By Leonard Wilcockson.

The Engravings of Andrea Mantegna. By A. M. Hind.

New Leaves in Turner's Life. By F. Izant.

Lowestoft China. By W. W. R. Spelman.

A Great Crickshank Collector. By G. S. Layard.

Moorish Remains in Spain. By A. F. Calvert.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

A lengthy article on the relationship of Canada and the United States by Edward Farrar is a feature of the October Contemporary. Other articles are:

England, Egypt and Turkey. By Harold Spender.

Literature and the Living Voice. By W. B. Yeats.

Resurrection of the Body. By W. S. Palmer.

Long Views and Short on Black and White. By Sydney Oliver.

Religious Education Before the Reformation. By G. G. Coulton.

Education and Mis-Education in Germany. By J. Ellis Barker.

Home-Industry and Peasant-Farming in Belgium. II. By Erik Gyurko.

Polygamy and Christianity. By Maurice Gregory.

Local Finance. By Moran Browne.

Foreign Affairs. By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

CORNHILL.

The October issue of the Cornhill is an excellent one, containing many features of more than passing interest. There are two serial stories by Stanley J. Weyman and the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" respectively,

The Ethics of Reviewing. By Arthur C. Benson.

News from Pontiers, 1356. By Henry Newbolt.

Pastels from Morocco. By L. J. B. The Tides. By Frank T. Bullen.

The King and the Anarchist. By W. E. Morris.

How I Saw the Assassin. A Spanish School Girl's Story.

A Private of the Mutiny. By Walter Firth.

CRAFTSMAN.

With the October number the Craftsman entered upon its sixth year. The occasion was marked by an enlargement and a new cover, together with an increase in the number of illustrations. The craftsman now takes front rank among the publications of its class.

Ethics and "The Ring of the Niebeling." By Charles H. Meltzer.
Rembrandt and His Etchings. By Louis A. Holman.
Edward Carpenter. The Philosopher. By John Sparge.
The Artist's Colony in Macdougal Alley. By P. T. Fairweather.
New York in the Making. By William Griffith.
Dresden Exposition of Craftsmanship. By Heinrich Peder.
Craftsmanship in a Village School. By George Bicknell.

ECLECTIC.

The Eclectic reproduces essays from the leading English periodicals for the benefit of American readers. In the October number appear:

Goethe's Orientalism. By A. Yusuf Ali.
Political Powers of Labor. By W. H. Mallock.

The Dominion of Palm and Pine. By Morton Frewen.

Church Restoration. By Thomas Hardy.
The Coming Hague Conference. By Harry Hodgson.

Silent Opinions.
The Valley of Briefby and its Romance. By F. C. Armstrong.
The Limits of Fire Insurance. By F. H. Kitchin.

EDUCATION.

The October number contains several valuable papers on educational subjects.

The College Versus the High School—Methods. By Robert J. Aley.
School Instruction in Religion. By Professor Hanus.

Phases of Modern Education. XII. Practical and Impractical Ways of Educating the Will. By Prof. Horne.

Special Classes in the Public Schools of New York. By J. Rosenfeld.
College English. By Clara F. Stevens.

EMPIRE REVIEW.

A number of questions of imperial interest are discussed by prominent writers in the October number.

Foreign Affairs. By Edward Dicey.

The Shifting of Authority. Danger of Parochialism.

The University of Johannesburg. By Hubert Read.

Care of the Sick and Hurt in our Merchant Navy. By H. G. Langwill.

Suggested Transvaal Land Bank. By A. St. George Ryder.

The Federal Capital of Australia.

Cotton Growing in Egypt. By William C. Mackenzie.

Builders of the Empire. Sir Augustus C. Gregory. By Joshua Gregory.

Problem of the Sea-Dyak in Sarawak. By Rev. Edwin H. Gomes.
The Ideal Commerce Protector.

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED.

The art section in the October number is devoted to a consideration of the work of Bernard F. Gribble.

The rebellious Zulu at Home.
Stories of H. M. the King. X. Professor Cockletoe. By Walter Nathan.

The London Stage. By Oscar Parker.

The Building of Canterbury Cathedral.

On the Moors. Illustrated.
The University of London. By George A. Wade.

EVERYBODY'S.

The November number contains a goodly number of stories, includ-

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ing Jack London's serial "Before Adam," and the following articles: **Soldiers of the Common Good.** By Charles Edward Russell.

Sporting Champions of the Year. By Ralph D. Paine.

A Mother of Americans. By John L. Mathews.

Bucket-Shop vs. Board of Trade. By C. C. Christie.

FORTNIGHTLY.

Fourteen articles on a wide range of subjects are to be found in the October Fortnightly. They are as follows:

The Problem of the Near East. (a) Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid. By Chodgo Mijatovich. (b) Pan-Islamism. By Alfred Stead.

Papal Aggression in France. By Robt. Dell.

The President's English. By William Archer.

The Inner History of Tristan and Irold. By H. A. Clay.

Is the Party System Honest? By Ian Malcolm.

The Present Condition of Poland. By R. C. Baskerville.

Glosses Cardned. By Annie Vivanti.

Edward Burne-Jones. By Prof. William Knight.

Lefcadio Hearn. By Dr. George M. Gould.

Archaeology and Infallibility. By Rev. E. L. Tunison.

Women and War. By Gertrude Sawyer.

Chant Sung in Darkness. By Herbert Trench.

The Abuse of Sport. By Basil Toller.

The Leakage of Population and Money in Ireland. By G. J. H. Berkeley.

FORUM.

The last number of this quarterly for the year contains the usual de-

partments and, in addition, four articles of special importance on timely subjects.

American Politics. By Henry Litchfield West.

Foreign Affairs. By A. Maurie Low.

Finance. By Alexander D. Noyes.
A Few French Books of To-Day. By Prof. W. P. Trent.

Educational Outlook. By Ossian H. Lang.

Applied Science. By H. H. Suples.
Relation of Education to Good Government. By Baron S. von Sternburg.

The University President. By Wallace N. Sterns.

The Birth of the New Nippon. By Adachi Kinnosuke.

The New Manchuria. By K. K. Kawakami.

GARDEN MAGAZINE.

The November number is devoted to getting ready for the coming of Winter. There are several articles along this line, accompanied by useful illustrations.

Getting Ready for the Winter. By N. R. Graves.

Winter Work Against Insects. By E. D. Sanderson.

The Best Aquatic Plants. By Henry S. Conard.

Fresh Vegetables all Winter. By Effie M. Barron.

Two Best Tall Lilies for November Planting. By A. Herrington.

Bulbs and Perennials for November Planting. By Harold Clark.

Raising Your Own Tulips. By Luke J. Dugue.

 GEOGRAPHICAL JOURNAL.

The October number keeps abreast of the most recent discoveries. Among its contents are:

The Indian Ocean. By J. Stanley Gardiner.

Recent Survey and Exploration in Sestan. By Colonel Sir H. McMahon.

Rivers of Chinese Turkistan. By Ellsworth Huntington.

Journeys in Northern Nigeria. By Hans Vischer.

Twenty-Five Years' Geographical Progress. By Sir George T. Goldie.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The November number is a special Thanksgiving issue, with appropriate stories and illustrations. The following articles of value appear in its pages:

Child Discipline. By Millicent W. Shiloh.

A Peter Pan Party. II. By Mary Blenckwell Studine.

How to Buy a Piano. By Rupert Hughes.

Literary Menu for Thanksgiving. By Edna Burns Sherman.

Troubles of Colonial Grandmothers. By Ella M. Kreischner.

GUNTER'S.

Stories are numerous in the November number and of an exciting character. Another installment of Archibald Clavering Gummer's "The Shadow of a Vendetta," appears. Articles include:

Coaching Extraordinary. By Chas. Frederick Hodder.

A Good Man in a Bad Place. By Hobart Austin.

HARPER'S.

Four remarkable pictures illustrating Shakespeare's tragedy "Macbeth" appear in the November Harper's, reproduced in full color and tint. The number contains eight

short stories and a long installment of Sir Gilbert Parker's new serial.

A Lawyer's View of the Andrew Johnson Trial. By Frederick T. Hill.

Macbeth. By Theodore Watts Dutton.

How Science Robs the Flowers of their Perfume. By Robert Kennedy.

A Log of a Forty-Niner. By William Ives Morgan.

HIBBERT JOURNAL.

The fourth number of this splendidly printed quarterly for the year is replete with interesting matter on religious topics.

Church and World. By the Editor. **Union and Breadth.** By Sir Oliver Lodge.

Reunion. By Rev. Dugal MacFadyen.

Christ in Education. By D. Ffrangon-Davies.

Bishop of Birmingham and the Education Bill. By Prof. Murrhead.

Vital Value in the Hindu God-Idea. By William T. Seeger.

Pierre Gassendi and the Atoms. By John Masson,

Do We Need a Substitute for Christianity? By Henry Sturt.

Psychical Research as Bearing on Veracity in Religious Thought. By J. A. Hill.

A Dialogue of Eternal Punishment. By Rev. John Gerard.

Jesus the Prophet. By Rev. Canon Kennett.

The Zoroastrian Messiah. By Rev. A. S. Palmer.

Phases of Religious Reconstruction in France and Germany. By James Collier.

HOUSE AND GARDEN.

The October number is a rich treasury of articles and illustra-

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trations, beginning with the story of the community of disciples of Ruskin and Morris at Rose Valley, Pennsylvania.

Italian Decorative Iron Work. By Marianne Medici.

German Model Houses for Workmen. II. By William Mayner.

Mediaeval Cookery.

Beaulieu Abbey. By Dowager Countess De La Warr.

Garden Accessories. By Loring Underwood.

Some October Flowers. By Eben E. Rexford.

Groton—Past and Present. By Elizabeth Prescott Lawrence.

Frauds in Old China. By Reginald Jones.

Children's Playgrounds. By K. L. Smith.

Garden Work in October. By Ernest Hemming.

IDLER.

As usual fiction occupies the bulk of the space in the October number. A noticeable feature is the beginning of the serial publication of Robert W. Chambers' capital stories, "The Tracer of Lost Persons."

A Provencal Bull Fight. By Francis Milton.

The Idler in Arcady. By Tickner Edwards.

Modern Homes. By T. Raffles Davison.

The Druse-Portland Case. By Kenneth Henderson.

The Idler's Club. By Robert Barr.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

Eight color inserts appear in the October number of the Studio, all beautifully executed. These are in addition to the many half-tone illustrations interspersed throughout the text.

A Note on the Recent Work of Anders Zorn. By Henri Frantz.

Walter Tyndale: the Man and His Art. By Clive Holland.

Some Inn Signs at Lucerne. By Arthur Elliott.

Hungarian Art at the Milan Exhibition. By Alfredo Melani.

The National Competition of the Schools of Art, 1906. By Aymer Vallance.

Frederick Macmonnies, Portrait Painter. By Edith Petit.

Technical Hints from the Drawings of Past Masters of Plating. IX. Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Animal Photographs of Charles Reid. By C. Lang Nell.

Personal Ornaments of the Austrian Peasant. By A. S. Lovett.

Recent Work in Objects D'Art and Artistic Jewelry. By Paulding Farnham.

Lace Collection at the Metropolitan Museum. By Eva Lovett.

Recent Work at the Art Institute, Chicago. By Mandie Oliver.

IRISH MONTHLY.

The contents for October are as follows:

The Bit o' Blues. By Stephanie de Maistre.

A Dublin Firm of Long Standing. The National Pilgrimage to Lourdes.

The Mountain. By Alice Farlong. From a Cottage to a Flat.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

The title of the novella in the November number of Lippincott's is "Young Love and Old Hate." It is written by Lewis B. Ely. There are also stories by George Carling, D. M. Henderson, Maarten Maartens, Captain Bechamaz and E. F. Benson, and papers by Wolf von Schierbrand and Mary Messa.

MCCLURE'S.

At present McClure's is running several strong serial features, not the least important of which is Rudyard Kipling's fantastic story, "Robin Goodfellow—His Friends." In the November issue are to be found in addition to a number of short stories,

Ben B. Lindsey: the Just Judge. II.
By Lincoln Steffens.

Carl Schurz Reminiscences. Part I.
of a new series.

The Story of Montana. IV.
By C. P. Connolly.

The Story of Life Insurance. VII.
By Burton J. Hendrick.

METROPOLITAN.

The November Metropolis is a bright and readable production with several first-rate stories and many illustrations.

Days of the Buccaneers. By Marvin Dana.

The Great Northwest. By Gerhard Brandt.

Caricature and Max Boerbohm. By Benjamin de Cassere.

Our Salmon Fisheries. By K. L. Smith.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

The October number is a standard issue with a full complement of readable articles.

Reorganization of the Unionist Party. By Marcus R. P. Duran.
Intellectual Conditions of the Labor Party. By W. H. Mallock.

The American Language. By Mrs. Campbell Damney.

Polar Problems and International Organization for Their Solution.

The House of Commons at Work. By Michael Macdonagh.

A Ridiculous God. I. By Mona Caird.

Some Reflections Upon English and German Education.

Possibility of an Intelligence in the Plant. By S. L. Benth.

Legends of the Abruzzi. By Janet Ross.

County Magistrates. By T. E. Kebbel.

Football of Yesterday and To-Day.
By Harold Macfarlane.

MOODY'S.

The special feature of the October number of Moody's is a symposium on "Municipal Ownership and Operation," participated in by a number of eminent writers.

The Money Market. By John P. Ryan.

The Eleventh Hour in Speculation.
By Thomas Gleeson.

Witham Watch Co. By H. E. Tuttle.

Depreciation of Telephone Plants.
By A. B. Kellogg.

The Witham Banks. By Dav Allen Willey.

Growth of the Harriman Lines. By John Moody.

Our Stake in Cuba. By Franklin Wood.

MUNSEY'S.

Eight short stories and an installment of Leroy Scott's serial, "To Him that Hath," appear in the November Munsey, in addition to the following special articles.

Golden Story of California. By Newton Dent.

World's Race for Sea Power. By Richmond Pearson Hobson.

Jean Jacques Henner. By R. H. Titherington.

Brides of Eisen. By Vance Thompson.

Ethel Barrymore. By Matthew White, Jr.

Romance of Steel and Iron in Am-

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PALL MALL.

Stories by the late "Fiona Macleod," Violet Jacob, Lawrence Mott, a new Indian writer, and several others appear in the November issue of Pall Mall. In addition there are the following:

Marksmanship and the New School of National Defence.

Whistler's Studio in Paris. Reminiscences by a Favorite Pupil.

The Goldfields of India. By Ian Malcolm.

Grey-Haired Boys. Personal Recollections. By Justin McCarthy.

A Socialist's Reply to Mr. Edison.

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

The after-effects of the San Francisco earthquake are still felt in the October Overland.

Red Cross Work in San Francisco. By Harold French.

Night on Glacier Point. By E. J. Hoarback.

Nance O'Neil. By H. F. Sanders.

Overland Among the Slovannians of Istria. By F. J. Koch.

Earthquake Days at Stamford. By A. W. Kimball.

Doves of St. Mark's. By K. E. Thomas.

Jack London, Lecturer. By P. S. Williams.

Knights and Barons of our Western Empire. By John L. Cowan.

PACIFIC MONTHLY.

The October issue is up to the standard of this magazine. There are a good many stories and a large number of illustrations.

Queens of Fashion on the Reservation. By John L. Cowan.

Twenty-ninth Century Soldiers of Fortune. By Arthur H. Dutton.

The Staff of Life. By Fred Lockley.
Needs of the Philippines. By Jewell H. Ahure.

PEARSON'S (American).

An article on the transportation problem in New York by James Creelman, well illustrated, is a prominent feature of the November number.

The Romance of Aaron Burr. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

The Shackling of Great City. By James Creelman.

Big Florrie's Red Light War. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

PEARSON'S (British).

In the opening article on "The Art of the Age," the various treatments by different artists of the "Rescue of Andromeda by Perseus" are illustrated. A new series, "The Adventures of Angels," by Mabel Inez, begins its course.

The Butcheries of Peace.

The Long Story of a Roeback. By S. L. Benesman.

A Lending Library for the Blind. By Nora Alexander.

Masters of Black and White. V. F. H. Townsend. By Gordon Meggy.

POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY.

This valuable periodical presents an interesting table of contents in its latest issue.
Economic Wastes in Transportation.
By W. Z. Ripley.

The Eight-Hour Movement in New York. By G. G. Great.

Municipal Codes in the Middle West.
By J. A. Fairlie.

Alsace-Lorraine. By Ben Estes Howard.

Procedure in the Chamber of Deputies. By A. P. Usher.

The Human Populus. By G. W. Rotterford.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

The November number continues the promise contained in the initial issue in October and is a worthy addition to the ranks of American magazines. The contents embrace the following:

Franklin's Social Life in France. II.
A Neighborly Emperor. By Willard Straight.

The Reading Habit in the United States. By Gustave Michand.

Captain Zenithon Pike: Expansionist.

The Early Victorians and Ourselves.
By George S. Street.

The Sociology. By Brander Matthews.

The Charm of Rural England. By W. Ward Fowler.

Lafcadio Hearn. By George M. Gould.

READER.

"**The Poet of Missing Men,**" a new serial by Meredith Nicholson begins in the November Reader. The cover is a particularly charming one, painted by E. M. Ashe.

Cannons—of Iowa. By Herbert Quick.

The South American Situation. II.
Brazil. By Albert Hale.

The Stage Is Own Master. By James L. Ford.

Why Our Lives are Growing Shorter. By Dr. John V. Shoemaker.

RECREATION.

The publishers are to be complimented on the handsome cover of their October number. It is one of the prettiest of the Autumn designs.

Duck Shooting with Gun and Camera. By C. S. Cummings.

The Bird of the Hour. By Reginald Goulay.

The Indians of Labrador. By Clifford H. Easton.

Mallard Shooting in the Timber. By Ernest McGaffey.

Cruising the Fjords of North Pacific. By D. W. Iddings.

Some Ducks of the Drylands. By Edwin Sandy.

Days in the Rockies. By Everett Drifner.

The Art of Camping. By Charles A. Bramble.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The October issue of this important periodical contains, among other articles an exhaustive illustrated article on recent railroad construction in America, which, of course, deals largely with Canada.

McIver of North Carolina. By Albert Shaw.

The Cuban Republic on Trial. By Atherton Brownell.

The Coal-Tar Industry and its Jabbies. By Charles Baskerville.

Chile and Peru: Rival Republics of the South. By G. M. L. Brown.

Our Greatest Year of Railroad Enterprise. By J. D. Latimer.

Are Prices Rising Abnormally? By George E. Roberts.

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The Philippine Postal Savings Bank.
By E. W. Kemmerer.

ROD AND GUN.

Each issue witnesses an improvement in this excellent Canadian periodical. The November number contains many interesting contributions.

To Abhibiti with the Prospectors.
By H. R. Hyndman.

Fishing in Northern Quebec. By W. H. Allison.

The Golden Eye. By Bonaventure Dale.

Some Common Mistakes of the Deer Hunter. By Dr. Franklin Hawley.

Our Hunting Trip on Georgian Bay. By Tamarae.

Duck Hunting on Lake Champlain. By J. S. Mandigo.

Salmon Fishing in New Brunswick. Western Ontario Woods in 1838. By Hopkins J. Nochouse.

The Alpine Club of Canada. By A. H. S.

A Fishing Experience in Vancouver Island. By Oscar C. Bassa.

Camping, Tramping and Fishing in Nova Scotia. By W. D. Tanton.

Ontario Fish and Game Association.

ROYAL.

As usual the October Royal is well supplied with short stories, all of a bright character. The many illustrations make the pages interesting.

Strange Tasks of Modern Mercenaries. By W. B. Nethrop.

Survivors' Tales of Great Events. By Walter Wood.

Confessions of Little Celebrities. I.
Miss Iris Hawkins.

The Noble Art. By A. E. Johnson.

ST. NICHOLAS.

During the coming year several entertaining features will appear in

this popular juvenile. Frances Hodgson Burnett will contribute a set of fairy stories and Alice Hegan Rice will publish a new serial. Kate Douglas Wiggin has promised a story. Mrs. George Madden Martin will contribute "Ahhie Ann" for the girls and Ralph Henry Barham will contribute "The New Junior" for the boys. There will be a number of biographical articles and the usual departments.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

September 8.—"Shying at Liberalism," "England and Germany," "Chinese Reform," "The County Championship," "Wheat Harvest," "A Female Sandford and Merton," "Canada: Final Impressions."

September 15.—"The Transvaal Campaign," "The Agitation in India," "A General Army Staff," "The Question of Railway Rates," "Robert Southey," I., by Arthur Symons; "The Old Bowing Green," by Alexander Innes Shand; "The Call of the Soul," by Harold E. Gorst.

September 22.—"Cuba and American Expansion," "The Uses of Mimed Warfare," "The Murder of Sleep," "Actuarial Responsibility," "Robert Southey" II., by Arthur Symons; "Hammer and Anvil," "Hyperactive Advertisement," "Hesperidea."

September 29.—"The Demand for Home Rule," "The New Boer Combine," "Railway Accidents and the Unknown," "The Battle of the Books," "The Nature of Undenominationalism," "A Note on the Genius of Thomas Hardy."

October 6.—"Socialism on the Railways," "The Church Among the Slavs," "The Kaiser and His Navy," "The Indian Mohammedans," "The Transfer of Life

Policies," "Religious Education," "Lord Rosebery's Randolph," October 13.—"Medieval All," "The Revenge of Dr. Leyda," "The Newfoundland Modus Vivendi," "Sir Robert Finlay's Opinion," "Doctors and Life Assurance," "Adelaide Ristori," "Household Music," "The Palace for Novels," "The Concealment of Brides."

SCRIBNER'S.

Stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, Kate Douglas Wiggin, John Fox, Jr., and others appear in the November number of *Scribner's*, along with a number of excellent articles.

Russia's Greatest Painter. Repin. By Christian Brinton.

Washington in Jackson's Time. Glimpses of Henry Clay.

Russia and Girlhood. Reminiscences by L. Allan Parker.

London, a Municipal Democracy. By Frederic C. Howe.

In the Black Pines of Bohemia. By Mary King Waddington.

The Last of the Indian Treaties. By Duncan Campbell Scott.

SMITH'S.

A special colored section devoted to art studies of American actresses opens the November *Smith's*. There is also an art section reproducing some of the work of William Robinson Leigh.

Keep Young. A Sermon. By Charles Battell Lowrie.

Worry: Its Consequences, Cure and Causation. By Dr. Saleby.

Childhood of the American Theatre. By C. Pollock.

The Out-of-Town Girl in New York. By Grace M. Gould.

A Painter of Personality. By Roxann White.

The Woman with a Youthful Figure. By Augusta Preecott.

SPECTATOR.

September 8.—"Naval Supremacy and National Safety," "Despondency and Violence in Russia," "Claim of Trade Unions to Stand Outside the Law," "The Limitation of Fortunes in America," "Journalism and Its Ideals," "Christianity and Conversion," "Future of English Cricket," "Autumn Leaves."

September 15.—"The Spectator Experimental Company and What It has Accomplished," "Universal Timining," "The Visit of the Amir to India," "The Black Pope," "Rival Memories," "The Claims of Accessibility," "The Spirit of September," "Hill Trout Streams."

September 22.—"General Trepoff: The Significance of His Career," "Our Difficulties in China," "Socinianism and Labor," "The United States and Cuba," "Old Age Prisons in Australia," "Eve's Diary," "The Urban Sentiment," "National History in Earlier Ages."

September 29.—"National Training Centres—Why Should not Lancashire Lead?" "Cuba and the United States," "Latest Channel Tunnel Scheme," "Situation in Humanity," "Chinese Opium Edict," "Isolation of the East End," "Table-talk," "Sense of Locality in Animals."

October 6.—"Unrest in India," "The Outlook for Labor," "Lord Rosebery on Statesmanship," "Political Parties and the Group System," "The Russian Peasant and Politics," "The Spoilt Child of the Law," "The Significance of Lights," "A Century Old."

October 13.—"The Hohenzollern Revolution," "Liberal and Socialism," "Russia: the Revolutionaries and the Crisis," "Recruits and Veterans," "The Times and the Publishers," "Letters to a Daughter," "A Literary Disease

and its Results," "The Sheep-Shearing."

SUBURBAN LIFE.

The annual subscription price of *Suburban Life* became \$1.50 on October 1 and the periodical is certainly worth it. The October number is a finely illustrated issue containing the following articles:

The Balance Sheet of a Country House. By E. P. Powell.

Must a Man be Rich to Grow Orchids? By Robert Cameron.

In Other People's Houses. By E. H. Harriman.

Keeping Fancy Pigeons as a Hobby. By Clarence E. Townshend.

Ten-Acre Forestry. By F. A. Waugh.

A Winter Garden in the Cellar. By Richard S. Adams.

The Varied Uses of Cypress. By Arthur T. Bronson.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

Readers will find the November number of the *Success Magazine* one of the brightest and best ever issued by the publishers. It takes front rank among the November periodicals.

The People's Lobby. By Samuel Mervin.

Funny Stories I've Heard. By George Ade.

Fools and Their Money. III. By Frank Fayant.

Children of Packingtown. By Upton Sinclair.

The Policy Holder's War. II. By Elliott Flower.

Economy that Costs too Much By Orison S. Marden.

SUNSET.

The October number of the *Sunset Magazine* shows a full recovery

from the effects of the San Francisco disaster.

San Francisco's Upgrading. By Charles S. Allen.

Some Reconstruction Figures. By Barton W. Carrie.

San Francisco at Play. By Edwin Emerson.

On the Road to Guadalajara. By Arthur North.

Young Mexico. By L. Thistle.

Chaining the Sacramento. By G. K. Swingle.

Books that Go Traveling. By W. R. Watson.

Idyls of Mission Dolores. By C. W. Stoddard.

TECHNICAL WORLD.

At least two articles in the November number of the *Technical World* are of special interest to Canadians, while the general table of contents is full of first-class matter.

Hudson Bay—New Way to Europe. By J. C. Elliot.

How a Dream Came True. By Edith Neale Perrine.

New Island Rises from Ocean. By J. M. Baltimore.

Hurrying up the Coal Mines. By Aubrey Fullerton.

New Path into Gotham Harbor. By N. J. Quirk.

Making a World to Order. By René Bache.

New Marvels in Physics. By Ben Winslow.

World's New Treasure Box. By O. J. Stevenson.

Predicting Next Year's Weather. By J. E. Watkins.

Wonders of New Zealand. By W. G. Fitz-Gerald.

All-Steel Railway Coaches. By M. J. Butler.

A New Outdoor Profession. By Guy E. Mitchell.

Life Artificially Counterfeited. By Dr. A. Gradenwitz.

WINDSOR.

The art feature in the October number consists of reproductions of the paintings in the Hotel de Ville, Paris. The serial, "Sophy of Krasovina," by Anthony Hope, is concluded.

Chronicles in Cartoon. XI. By B. Fletcher Robinson.
Direct Methods of Studying Nature. By Lillian J. Clarke.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The Thanksgiving number of the Woman's Home Companion has an extra supply of fiction, all of a good quality. The usual departments are full of interest.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's First Editorial Talk.

A Thanksgiving Retrospect. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The Employment Certificate. By Owen R. Lovejoy.

Davenport and His Farm. By R. H. Davis.

WORLD TO-DAY.

Recent events of historical importance are strongly treated in the World To-Day for November. The illustrations are both timely and good.

Strategic Points of International Commerce.

Heavy Salem Hubbell. By L. F. Perkins

Playing at Governing the Philippines. By Hamilton Wright.

Salvation of the Stage. By W. T. Stead.

Kansas City—A City that is Finding Itself. By Hugh O'Neill.

Dawn of the Concrete Age. By H. S. Hanson.

Tragedy at Atlanta.

Agricultural Cuba. By F. S. Earle.
French Colonial Exposition at Marseilles. By J. W. Pattison.
American Guardianship of Cuba.
Instruments of the Weather Service. By C. R. Dodge.

WORLD'S WORK (American).

A striking article on Hearst is to be found in the October World's Work, which is particularly timely in view of the coming election in New York. Other articles are of the usual interest.

Is it Safe to Invest in Southern Pacific Stock?

The Remaking of Our Cities. By C. M. Robinson.

The Work of Three Great Architects. By Gordon S. Parker.

The Hearst Myth. By "Q.P."
Raising Campaign Funds.

An English Mechanic in America. By James Blount.

Vast Undeveloped Regions. By Frederic Austin Ogg.

The Development of the Philippines. By Hamilton W. Wright.

The Stages of Vesuvius' Eruption. By Frank A. Perret.

Education in the New Japan. By Mary Crawford Fraser.

The Russian Revolution in Process. By J. A. Herzenich.

The Home-Culture Clubs. By Geo. W. Cable.

Revolutionary Changes in China. By Dr. W. A. P. Martin.

The Beginning of Reform in Packington. By Isaac F. Marcosson.

Labor and Politics. By M. G. Cuniff.

WORLD'S WORK (English).

The October number is one of the best ever produced by the publishers. The contents are particularly valuable.

OTHER CONTENTS OF CURRENT MAGAZINES

Drawing Pretoria 3,000 Miles Near-
er. By Ambrose Talbot.

An English Mechanic in America. By James Blount.

Reforms Wanted in Our Insurance System. By F. H. Haines.

New Cereal Barber. By B. Wyand.

Making Money: How it is Done. By George Turnbull.

Scent-Making as a Hobby. By B. J. Hyde.

The Ostrich Farm.

Patent Medicine Fraud. By Bernard Gasz.

Dainty Dishes Ignored by Englishmen. By Percy Collins.

Our Newest Battleships. By Fred T. Jane.

The Importance of Floating Docks. By Frederick A. Talbot.

Organized Self Help. By "Home Counties."

Beginning of Reform in Packington. By Isaac F. Marcosson.

Vast Undeveloped Regions. By Frederic Austin Ogg.
Cigar-Making in Holland. By B. H. How.

YOUNG MAN.

Helpful articles for young men on a variety of themes are to be found in the October issue.

The New Bishops of Truro. Dr. Stubbs. By the Editor.

A Young Man's Point of View. By L. S. Mumlin.

The Football Season. By John Lewis.

The Basal Qualities of Greatness. Illustrated at Gladstone's Statue.

At the Grave of Hartley Coleridge. By Charles F. Aked.

Everyday Life in Bengal. By William H. Hart.

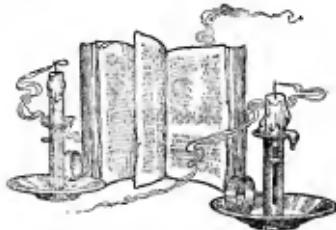
The Wisdom of Charity. By George H. R. Dabbs.

Business Success: Employer or Em-ployee?

The work that is performed only for the sake of what it will bring, not for what it will carry forth, is like shoddy cloth, which may please the eye but will not wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff, woven with no nobler purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought and paid for.

The Busy Man's Book Shelf

Some Interesting Books of the Month Reviewed



RUDYARD KIPLING has won yet another triumph, this time with a glorious conglomeration of history, folk-lore, adventure and poetry, all worked together into a delightful child's book, "Puck of Pook's Hill" (Toronto: The Macmillan Co.). Two modern children, Una and Dan, living in the neighbourhood of Petersen, through fairy influences meet with a Roman soldier and other distinguished and extremely interesting people, who used to live throughout in the early days of English history. Una and Dan were exceptionally favored children, for they accidentally enabled Puck to make his appearance once more before mortals. The aim of the writer, no doubt, has been to popularise ancient history and make it intelligible to children. And grown-ups, too, can be as much interested in these tales as the inmates of the nursery.

* *

It is said, no doubt with considerable truth, that no work of fiction

written in recent years, has created such an impression on the English mind as William Le Queux's prophetic romance, "The Invasion of 1910," (Toronto: The Macmillan Co. of Canada), which first appeared under scare-headings in the London Daily Mail. The book is written to illustrate what may happen to England in her present state of unpreparedness for war. It is recommended by Lord Roberts to any one who has the welfare of the British Empire at heart. The author spent four months on a motor tour over the whole of England from the Thames to the Tyne while working out the details of this invasion by a German army according to plans prepared by the general staff. All means of communication on the east coast were suddenly seized one Sunday afternoon. The invading fleet, crossing under cover of night from Holland, landed on the shores of Norfolk and Suffolk. Terrible scenes of panic ensued in London, Liverpool and Manchester. After heroic

attempts to drive back the enemy by British forces inadequate in strength and inferior in artillery, London is bombarded and sacked. No one can lay down the book before reading how the citizens of London finally saved the Empire.

* *

When Marian Keith introduced her first book, "Duncan Polite," to the Canadian public, it was in the nature of an experiment. She was a new writer, unknown to the reading world, and her chosen field was an untried one. The book succeeded almost to an unexpected degree and the name of its clever author immediately took its place along with the foremost writers on Canadian subjects of the day. Her second book has confirmed her position "The Silver Maple" (Toronto: The Westminster Co.) is a fine story. It has depths to which few modern writers possess the ability to penetrate. It is intensely human, plumbing the recesses of the heart. The scene is laid in the Township of Oro, near Lake Simcoe, where Highlander and Lowlander, Englishman and Irishman, have settled in colonies, each maintaining the dialect and traditions of the old sod, but each unconsciously learning from the others and gradually coming to understand their outlook on life. The story centres around the boyhood and youth of Scotty Macdonald, a very interesting character.

* *

A novel with just a suspicion of the burlesque about it, is "A Rye for a Crown," by W. H. Williamson (Toronto: Pools Publishing Co.). It is yet another imitation of the Zenda variety of romances. The succession to the throne of Tenemba was in

doubt owing to the fact that there were two heirs, nephews of the Grand Duke, whose claims were exactly equal. In order to prevent quarrelling, the Grand Duke arranged a covenant, under the terms of which the two claimants were banished from the duchy to points designated, situated at equal distances from Ruzick, the capital. Only on the event of the Grand Duke's death could they cross the border and then the first one to reach the crown would wear it. The story describes in detail the race for the crown between Rolle and Otto. This was no tame affair, blows being struck, plots laid and men impaled.

* *

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts' latest romance, "The Heart that Knows," (Toronto: Copp, Clark Co.) deals with the strenuous and adventurous life of the sailors and fisher-folk of the region at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The winds and waves and the salt fragrance of the sea are in its pages, and the strength of the tides that fight the great dykes of Tantramar. The vehement passions of those simple people in whose hearts emotion runs riot, and their deep natures which partake of the richness and steadfastness characteristic of the exhaustless meadows, make it a land where romance walks by day. A young sailor of Westcock Village, near the mouth of the Tantramar, believing himself deceived by his he-throated, runs away on the eve of marriage. Presently a son is born, who grows up to hate his father. When he arrives at years of manhood he sails away to avenge his mother's wrongs. Fate throws him in with his father, unknown to both, and the two men come to love each

other. Finally their mutual identities are discovered, there is a reconciliation and the early misunderstandings are righted.

Any one who has read "The White Company," by Conan Doyle, and who remembers Sir Nigel Loring, the gallant knight of that tale, would naturally expect to find in the new novel from the same author's hand "Sir Nigel," (Toronto : William Briggs), more tales of daring and danger in which he would be the protagonist. The new book traces the youth of Nigel and sets forth in detail the brave deeds and fortunate events by which he became the friend



Specimen illustration from "All the Year in the Garden."
(A Nature Calendar)
By Esther Metson

of Sir John Chandos and Sir Walter Manny and the favorite of the "Black Prince." England, in July, 1349, was a troubled country. Rain fell the whole month, and was followed by the "Black Plague." Edward III of England and Philip VI of France were ready to fly at each other's throat. The scene of the book is laid in England and France during and directly following this period. Paladian deeds crowd one on another in this story. The plot is highly colored, and concerns principally three deeds which Nigel swears to perform before he will return from Brittany to claim the Lady May Buttesthorn.

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Men's Attire

OCTOBER DRY GOODS REVIEW.

LINES of shirts for Spring have been shown the trade by manufacturers and jobbers. A new thing is the front with two large pleats. This is being offered for the Christmas trade, and is also included in the Spring samples. With people who have for the time dropped stiff fronts, and who are not very partial to negliges it should be found very acceptable. Then many will prefer it to the small-plated garment, which becomes badly crumpled after being worn for a very short time.

* * *

One of the smart Toronto stores had a window trim of soft flannel collars a few days ago. It is hard to determine from just what quantity sales were expected, unless from patrons of the golf links. Many of these collars were of heavy material. They were all of the style that is held erect by means of a fancy safety pin across the front. This was one of the novelties of the past Summer for outing wear, but was placed in some disrepute through indiscriminating persons adopting it for street use. Next Summer it is not likely to be very strong.

* * *

Of the colors in shirts for Spring, solid blues have been accorded leading place in the buying. A great many merchants have ordered right through the range. Pinks and blues are much in evidence, mainly in small, neat check effects. There is a slight showing of plain canary. The shades are medium and light with

quite a variety to choose from. Tans are out again, but do not seem to be regarded as worthy of a position among the leaders. Of course, there is a full range of whites, solids, and also the old staples with hair-line stripe and polka dot.

* *

The attached collar in self pattern is cut stronger than during the past Summer. This is designed, of course, for outing wear entirely.

* *

The range of neckwear being shown this Fall includes some of the richest shades that have ever been worn. Wine colors are decidedly the leaders, and associated with them in general favor are greens and purples, both in solids and fancy selfs, principally shadow effects. The four-in-hand holds the market almost entirely in two and a half inch widths.

* *

Glove travelers are on the road with samples for Spring. The outstanding feature of the trade is the rise in prices, which averages up to fully 33 1-3 per cent. This is directly due to the scarcity of skins, caused by the drought in Australia, the dandipper in South Africa and the famine in India. Millions of sheep, lambs and goats were victims. Over 100,000,000 animals succumbed to the Australian drought. Deliveries for Fall have been bad, and a very great improvement cannot be expected for Spring. Tan and oaks are, as usual, the colors to which trade takes most strongly. In dress gloves, small lots of colored chamois are being ordered.



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ed. The shades are bisent, French grey and pearl grey. Smokes are looked upon as good stock. Silks are shown, and their growing popularity in New York during the past season quoted, but merchants are awaiting little interest.

Some tailors are endeavoring to introduce braid-bound coats and waistcoats in sack suits. A black braid is used even with a medium shade of tweed. The fad will not in our opinion amount to very much.

Retailers anticipate an increased trade in knee-length and short sleeve and mesh underwear next Spring. Combinations are growing in favor.

Colors in Spring hoseery that are being found most acceptable are greys and lavenders in solids and shadow effects. A great deal of embroidery will be in evidence.

In mufflers the reefer style is a feature this season. It has been brought out chiefly in solid, subdued colors. Prominent among the shades are white, champagne, vines, pearl, and grey.

That there are now more conspicuously noticeable examples of smart dress among men than there have been in past years is not the case, but that more men dress well can hardly be disputed. The greater variety of materials, the marked improvement in manufacture, the closer relations between the styles of what may be called the exclusive makes and the ready-made trade, all tend to raise the general average and to lessen the distinction between classes. Fads are almost a thing of

the past. The dandy, or, as he was more latterly called, the dude, is so rare a sight that there has ceased to be any necessity for a slang word to describe him. Extravagancies, exaggerations and extremes are out of vogue. Fashions are broad to such an extent that smartness—this term has been much over-worked during the past few years, but there seems to be no other to take its place—is no longer dependent upon the exact cut of a coat or style of a waistcoat.

It would be futile to contend that money is not a tremendous aid to good dress, and in saying that extravagancies are out of date it is not by any means intended to imply that cost has been lessened—such a thing could not be in this day of luxury and rapid gathering of wealth—but merely that men are less apt to let their fancy roam, less likely to go to the extremes of fashion, to appear so ostentatiously and often ridiculously, gotten up for the occasion.

Shall we have a season of conservatism in dress, or one of daring departures from established forms? Whatever the conclusion of others regarding the Winter of 1905-06, we are constrained to the belief that the ever augmenting element who follows at the heels of Fashion whithersoever her fickle majest' turneth will ere long have their desire for change gratified to the full. And this opinion we make bold to reduce to writing because the indications which heretofore have been infallible seem to swing the pendulum in that direction. The men who influence the mode, men of wealth and social position, are given more to the exercise

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of personal preferences than at any previous time within memory. Indeed, individuality is the outstanding characteristic of dress to-day, and rare indeed is the man with the means and the inclination to avoid beaten paths in matters sartorial who fails to discover—or invent, if need be—some distinctive habiliment. This tendency has been so pronounced during the Summer just ended that it would be truly remarkable if it did not endure through months to come. Furthermore, we are disposed to agree with those critics of men's dress who declare it is too sombre and lacks variety. Yet there should be a word of warning to those who would not exceed the limitations of good form, in the event of a period of notable innovations. Too frequently the distorted ideas of some faddist are linked in the public prints with the tendency of fashion, and the man who must

perforce leave it to others to blaze the way for him is misguided. As a flagrant example of this sort we noticed at a number of the watering places certain eccentricities of young men who wore half-hose of different colors, that is, one tan and one black, or other ludicrous combinations. A grain of sense should suggest its absurdity, yet while the case was an extreme one, and the more aggravated by reason of the fact that the trousers turnups accentuated the effect, we are accustomed to hear just such dress dissipation—that's the word—heralded far and wide as the essence of smartness. Reform in clothes is no less desirable than some other kinds, but in the name of all that is commendable in present standards, we must move with deliberation lest fashion be permitted to fall from a rational place to one of wild vagaries and bizarre forms.

The individual can attain self-control in great things only through self-control in little things. He must study himself to discover what is the weak point in his armour; what is the element within him that keeps him from his fullest success. This is the characteristic upon which he should begin his exercise in self-control.

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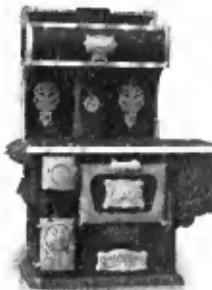
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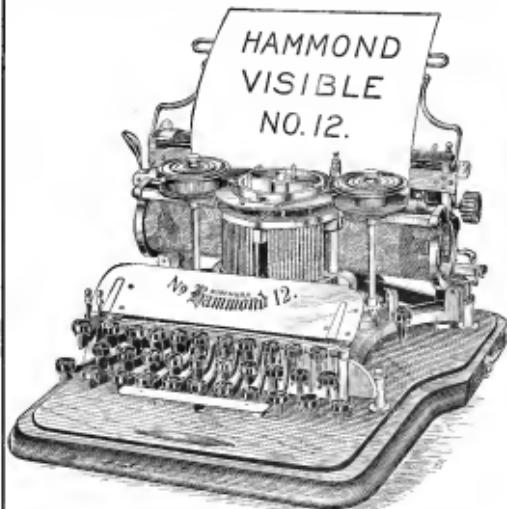
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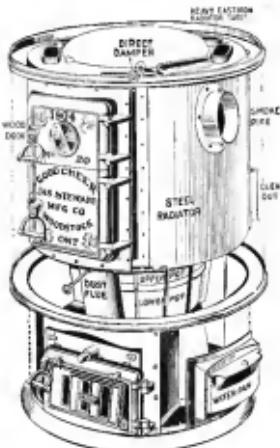
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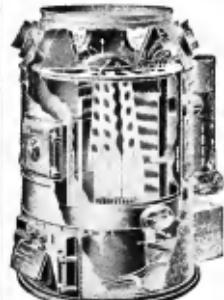
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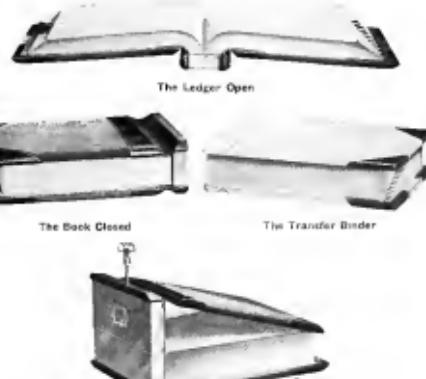
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What is Your Book-Keeper's Time Worth?

Is your ledger arranged on any special system?

Ten minutes wasted six times a day looking for an account means a daily loss of one hour. On a ten hour day, this means a loss of a month a year.

And your book-keeper has more than six accounts a day to look up.

Can you afford it?

* * *

Business Systems ledgers are all built on the loose-leaf principle.

Business Systems make your ledger accounts run automatically; if an account runs over the space you gave it, you merely drop in another leaf.

Business Systems loose-leaf ledgers open perfectly flat and give a level writing surface.

* * *

Write us to-day for full particulars.

This will not obligate you in any way and will enable us to tell you exactly how Business Systems may be most economically applied to your accounting department.



BUSINESS SYSTEMS

LIMITED

94 SPADINA AVE.,
TORONTO, CANADA

WE CAN MAKE YOUR



LOOSE LEAF SUPPLIES